

A D E L A I D E
AND
T H E O D O R E:
OR
LETTERS ON EDUCATION:

CONTAINING

All the Principles, relative to three different
Plans of Education; to that of Princes, and
to those of young Persons of both Sexes.

*Translated from the French of Madame la Comtesse
de Genlis.*

VOL. III.

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PRINTED FOR LUKE WHITE, (No. 86.) DAME-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXIII.

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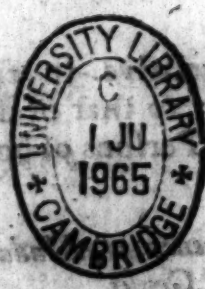
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L E T T E R S O F E D U C A T I O N

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T H E R O B O R T

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A D E L A I D E
 AND
 T H E O D O R E.

L E T T E R I.

The Baroness to the Viscountess.

TWO days ago, being alone in my apartment with *Adelaide*, Miss *Bridget* entered hastily, and calling to me from the door, said, she was certain I should be satisfied with the manner in which *d'Ainville* had executed my commission—At that instant he came in, leading the most charming child I ever saw; it was a beautiful little girl, of six years and a half, who, on perceiving me, ran to me, holding out her hands—I set her on my knee, and asked *d'Ainville*, who she was—he replied, it is a little orphan; she has lost her father some years, and her mother is just dead—Ah! Mamma, said *Adelaide*, you will take care of her! It will be a good action, said *d'Ainville*, for she is with an old woman who cannot afford

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to keep her any longer—I will, interrupted I, with pleasure accept the charge; but what shall I do with her till we find a proper situation to place her in? Oh! Mamma, let us keep her! She is so pretty, and looks so mild!—That is impossible!—But at least keep her here for some days—Well, I consent to that; and you, *Adelaide*, shall have the care of her; I have so many other employments . . . With all my heart . . . Mamma, she shall sleep in my chamber . . . Oh! the charming little creature! I will be her Governess! . . . I must talk to her in Italian. In short, as all this discourse had passed in French, the child did not understand one word of it.—*Adelaide*, embracing her tenderly, said, I am going to be your Mamma.—Shall I? At the word *Mamma*, the poor little thing wept bitterly, and cried, I have none! *Adelaide* fell on her neck, and taking her in her arms, my Mamma will be yours, she said.—The child then looked at me, her eyes still full of tears; is it true, said she, that I shall remain with you always?—She asked this question with so much simplicity, so tender an air, and sweet a tone of voice, that I felt it to the bottom of my heart.—Yes replied I, you shall never leave us.—These words made *Adelaide* as happy as the child, and more so, when I added, that I was really determined to keep her, because she appeared to be as sensible as she was pretty.—But Mamma! said *Adelaide*, you have promised also, that I shall be her Governess.—We shall see that, answered I, we will talk about it in the evening.—At half past eight, when the child was gone to bed, I had a long conversation on the subject with *Adelaide*.—Were you serious, said I, when you desired to have the

the care of this little girl?—Yes, indeed, Mamma, I doat on children, and — But you are yourself little more than a child, you are but thirteen years and an half old.—My dear Mamma has sometimes said, that I have a good deal of sense for my age.—That is true; but do you think that you are capable of educating a child? No, Mamma, I am not so vain; but I think, that with your advice and assistance there is nothing one cannot do—if I had a sister of that age, surely I could be of some use—for my own amusement I should teach her some things; I would make her read—I would tell her little stories—and if she was inattentive, I would rebuke her mildly—for instance, if she should be inquisitive—I know by heart all that I should say to her—I would tell her all that has happened to me—and the *Veillées des quarante*—and the *Bambolina Française*. All that would avail nothing, if you did not set her a good example.... How would she know that she ought to be attentive, if she sees you draw without attending—and play on the harp without looking at your notes?—Mamma, in general, I do attend—Yes, in general, I own you do; but good examples must be shewn constantly to have a proper effect.—The fear of spoiling a child by setting a bad example will be a sufficient reason for me to conduct myself well.—That may be, and I am rather inclined to let you make the trial—Oh! Mamma, do, I conjure you!—It is very likely, that you will some time or other be married and the mother of a family; if that happens, you will then have gained experience, which will be very useful to your children.—You have goodness of heart and generosity.—I am certain, therefore, that, though you are very young,

young, you are convinced of the important duty of a Governess.—I repeat to you, that it is all comprized in this one point, *always to set examples of those virtues you require in others*—I shall be watchful of myself.—You will do right, for nothing is more shocking than to spoil and corrupt a child born with natural good dispositions.—The bare idea makes me tremble.—You will one day be accountable to God for the unhappiness of that child; he will say, “*I created her good, and thou hast made her wicked: at the same time, barbarous, impious, and sacrilegious, thou hast spoiled and disfigured my work: there is no punishment too severe for thee.*” Oh, Heavens!—but at the same time, there is no reward that a mother like mine has not a right to expect; in saying those words, *Adelaide* gently touched my face with her’s, and I felt her tears run down my cheeks.—You frighten me, Mamma, said she; I dare no longer wish to be concerned in the education of this charming little girl.—You are too sensible how sacred this duty is ever to neglect it.—Mamma! you really think so!—What joy you cause me!—Besides, if this child should become dear to you . . . Oh! I shall love her passionately!—Well, it will cost you nothing; in endeavouring to make her perfect, you will insensibly correct your own faults—and the desire of deserving your confidence, and of contributing to your happiness.—I understand you; I will watch over your conduct, I will give you advice, and I deliver the care of this child intirely to you.—Intirely—Oh! my God!—Yes, that is to say, she shall sleep in your room, she shall not quit you, she shall play in the closet where you study; at your leisure hours you shall teach

teach her those little things she is capable of comprehending.—You shall in time procure for her those masters that you think necessary; and you will, in short, be her mistress, her Governess, and her mother.—Her mother! poor little thing, can I deserve the name of mother!—Yet, without doubt, if you supply that place.—She will then call me Mamma, oh! I wish it were to-morrow that she could say so!—Mamma, you must tell her that she must obey me, and call me Mamma; for perhaps she will not believe me.—I am sorry I am so little of my age; if you would let me wear heels, I should appear more respectable.—It is true, you have not a very striking figure, but reason, application, and mildness will gain you as much respect as high heels.

After this conversation *Adelaide* went to bed, but not before she had looked at her little charge, (who was in a profound sleep) at the risk of waking her, she embraced her several times, and doubtless dreamed of her during the night.—Early the next morning, even before I was up, she came to me leading her child, and told me she had given her a new name, as she did not like her own.—She calls her *Ermine*, because she is extremely fair, and her manner extremely mild.—*Ermine* is already accustomed to her little Mamma, and obeys her strictly.—*Adelaide*, on her side, thinks of nothing but setting her good examples; she makes her read, she translates my little stories into Italian that she may understand them; and she has desired *d'Airville* to teach her to draw.—Such, my dear friend, are the simple means I take to render *Adelaide* capable of bringing up one day or other her eldest daughter. She will pass this important apprenticeship.

apprenticeship under my own eyes; and it will not interfere with any of her other employments, because she has only to attend to a child, whose age requires no other care than to correct her if she speaks amiss, or if she fails in mildness and docility.—*Ermine* draws by the side of *Adelaide*, who will not suffer her to look off, and piques herself on setting her an example of attention.—We are determined, that *Ermine* shall not learn Musick; we would have her know all sorts of work; write and cast accounts perfectly; understand French as well as Italian, and have a competent knowledge of History.—As she will not play on any instrument, she may always follow her studies in *Adelaide's* apartment, without disturbing her—*Adelaide*, by observing her with care, will learn to know children, their inclinations, their little tricks; in presiding over her studies she will be accustomed to be diligent; she will become more attentive, more sagacious, more patient; in short, the desire of being well thought of and esteemed by her pupil will make her correct many little faults in herself, and ripen her understanding.

The Roman Ladies, my dear friend, are in general neither handsome nor well dressed; they use no rouge, nor white nor yellow powder, as I had been told—they have a strong dislike to perfumes, and never use any; and, as they know the French women are always very much perfumed, when they think they shall meet any, they fill their noses with little green leaves to prevent them from smelling—I own, I was a little surprized the first time I saw this green appearance half out of the noses of all the women—*Adelaide* did not shew the least astonishment at this custom, for, since the *Veillee des quarante*, nothing seems to surprize her.

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At Rome, it is a great mark of politeness to place the most considerable person backwards in your coach.—You would be unhappy here, because it is not customary to drive fast; they think it beneath their dignity; and they never stop in the streets; if they have any orders to give to their footmen, they receive them as they walk slowly on.—When the manners are corrupt, fashion must necessarily feel it. I cannot give you an idea of what is here called gallantry, nor of the general manner in which they express themselves.—The man of fashion, speaking of a woman, describes her very familiarly—as as *la Marsesotti*—*La Palestina*—*La Barberina*, &c.—Wit is perhaps more common here than in France; but there is no civilized country where education is so neglected, and ignorance so profound. Besides, as, in all parts of Italy, all the great Lords, whose Palaces are so sumptuous, live like little citizens. It is true, that they are fond of ostentation, and that on particular occasions they display great magnificence; but, otherwise, they have scarce a dinner or supper; no establishment; and think themselves well lighted by a single candle; and that they live well on half a crown a day.—With regard to jealousy, they pretend, that it now exists only among the lower people, who possess it to a terrifying extreme; for here they stab, instead of boxing as at Paris.—You cannot imagine how common murders are at Rome. The assassin is always favoured by the people. All the shops and houses are open to him; and he saves himself in one of the Churches, where he finds an asylum as safe as it is sacred.—Are these the Romans which History celebrates? Is it the climate which produces these

these manners?—It is the form of Government which does every thing.

Adieu, my dear friend, embrace *Constantia* for me, and tell her that I will certainly answer her pretty letter by the first post.

LETTER II.

The Viscountess to the Baroness.

I AM also going to commence travelling, and set out on Monday for Spa; my Physician wished to send me to Plombieres, but I assured him that place is so tiresome it would be death to me; and that I had a great desire to spend some time at the Spa; which he not only consented to, but ordered me thither immediately. I propose taking *Madame Valey* with me, whose health is really much impaired since her miscarriage; otherwise I should not have thought of indulging the extreme desire she has of taking this journey; for her late proceedings have entirely overcome the blind affection I once had for her. I expect to meet many acquaintance at the Spa, particularly the *Chevalier d'Herbain*, who set out for that place yesterday, and took *Porphyry* with him, as they are now inseparable; also *Madame de Blesac*, and her daughter-in-law the little Countess *Anatole*, *Monf. d'Osalis*, and *Madame de Germeuil*, who has been returned only three months to Paris, but says her regard for *Madame de Valey* is her only motive for going to the Spa, as she must be near her; so that connexion is again revived. But never

was divine friendship so much in fashion as at present; for the women are always together; even at supper, they run and place themselves next each other in order to avoid the men, and, if one unfortunately slips among them, the whole set are disconcerted, and shew visible marks of displeasure in their countenances; however, some people will maintain, that they are as envious and satirical as in our time; and that the men are not essentially worse treated than they were eighteen years ago.— Oh! but, my dear, have you heard that the pretty, the grave, the insipid Madame de N—— has a male friend? Undoubtedly you will be surprised to hear me so positively accuse a person who has always had a good reputation; but one may without scruple mention Madame de N——'s conquest, as she talks of it herself to every one who will attend to her; otherwise, no woman, in my opinion, has a right to attack the character of another, even to her most intimate friend. This free confession, however, is supposed to do infinite honor to Madame de N——, and renders her perfectly engaging; all the world commend her sincerity, and think her integrity and honesty ought to excuse every fault; in short, this lover has gained her admiration and friends innumerable.

Upon my word, this is an indulgence which puts one much at one's ease, and will establish an universal freedom, as people will now honestly avow their faults and follies; and I hope, in a short time, the dread of telling a falsehood will be so great, that villains and cowards will no longer conceal their cheats or their fears. And, from the appearance of things at present, there is a prospect of this happy revolution in our manners.

taking place. I heard the other day, a man with whom you are acquainted, presumptuously boast, that he had *taken in* two men at billiards; he undoubtedly did not say *I robbed*, but as *taking in* is a synonymous term for cheating, there is all the reason from this example to believe, that the men will very soon equal the women in sincerity. Farewell, my dear friend, my health is already mended; the very idea of going to Spa has revived me, judge then the benefit I must receive from the waters themselves.

LETTER III.

The Baroness's Answer.

Rome.

SO then, now one is to confess without reserve that one has a lover, and this assurance is to be looked upon as frankness and sincerity!—Formerly, decency would scarcely tolerate a weakness, and now imprudence excuses vice.—“Why do you say (says J. J. Rousseau) that modesty makes women false? Are the most abandoned more sincere than others? Quite the contrary, they are a thousand times more false, they acquire this height of wickedness by the vices which they cannot divest themselves of, and which exist only by intrigue and falsehood.”—“I know,” says Rousseau again, “that women, who openly give themselves up to gallantry, make a merit of this frankness, and swear that”

independent of that, nothing is to be found in them but what is praise-worthy. But I know also, that on that head none but fools will believe them.—The greatest restraint on their sex taken away, what can deter them? And what honour will they value, having renounced that which particularly belongs to them? Having made themselves once easy with regard to their passions, they have no occasion to resist them.—Who can help being struck with the solidity of reasoning in this fine passage in *Emilius*?

Adelaide becomes every day more sensible; *Ermine* contributes infinitely more than I do towards forming her. The other day, *Adelaide*, for the first time since *Ermine* has been here, did not draw well, and all the time of schooling seemed absent and careless. When her lesson was finished, I said to her very low, you are negligent, you are going to set your daughter a bad example.—At these words she looked up, and then seemed very thoughtful.—A moment after she came to me and said aloud, Mamma, this is my play-time, I beg you will permit me to employ it in drawing.—Why? You have drawn your two hours.—Yes, my dear Mamma, but I have been unfortunately inattentive to-day; I ask you a thousand pardons, and I will repair my fault.—Observe, *Ermine*, said I, what a charming example your little Mamma gives you.—*Adelaide* is too young yet not to commit faults sometimes, but you see how she makes up for them, and therefore she will certainly soon be without any.

During this discourse joy sparkled in the eyes of *Adelaide*, and she immediately brought her porte folio, and for a whole hour applied to her drawing with

with the most steady attention.—You may suppose, my dear friend, that I am not a little pleased with myself for having found so simple and easy a way to improve her.—Besides, I also enjoy the satisfaction, which results from doing a good action, in preserving from misery a poor little orphan, whose fate, without my assistance, would have been so unhappy.—She was selected from an hundred others:—she is really charming both in person and disposition.—Her first education was very good; she was not even born in the situation in which I found her.—A variety of accidents ruined her family; and the death of her mother, who had no subsistence but a small annuity for life, completed her misfortunes.—I preferred an Italian child, because it must accustom *Adelaide* to that language.—The only person in our house, who is not very fond of *Ermine*, is Miss *Bridget*,—who holds the Italian in high contempt, and has no idea of wishing to speak it, when one has the happiness to understand English; so that she does not know one word of it, which makes the journey to Italy not very agreeable to her.—She is always angry with the servants on account of their *ridiculous jargon*.—Her natural aversion for *d'Arville* is increased, since we have talked so much Italian; but we must overlook all these little oddities, on account of her excellent qualities, and the exact manner in which she seconds my plan.—Adieu, my dear friend; I wait with impatience for your account of Spa. I am sure you will recover your health, and am charmed with the life you lead.

LETTER IV.

The Baroness to the Viscount.

Naples.

A KIND of epidemical disorder has hastened our departure from Rome, and I shall pass the months of August and September here.—You desire me to send you some account of the women. I am surprised you have not already received a letter I wrote to you from Rome, wherein I mentioned the Roman Ladies.—It is said that their manners are still more corrupt at Naples; however, I was at a ball yesterday, and I returned even edified by the constancy of the Neapolitan Ladies.—They chose a partner for the whole year, and during that time never dance with any other; yet they are said to shew their fidelity in no other kind of engagement.—There is a woman here, of whom they tell you adventures that appear incredible, if they were not confirmed by people of probity: she was at the ball yesterday, and spoke several times to my son.—I observed that *Theodore* did not answer her with great politeness—to-day I reproached him for it; he replied, *Madame de D.* is so despicable!—and, because she is despicable, would you appear to have received an imperfect education? besides, in shewing disrespect to *Madame D.* you fail in that politeness you owe to more deserving women.—How?—Certainly—since *Madame D.* is admitted into company, you cannot be uncivil to her without being uncivil to all the Ladies of the party.—Always remember, that a man of sense and delicacy should appear to behave with respect to all

all women; and that he can never have the air of a man of distinction, if he takes any liberty even with the least amiable:—he should never seek the company of those he believes unworthy, but in public he should ever treat them with deference—this conduct will gain him the esteem of those whose interest and acquaintance he ought to cultivate;—in short, believe me, it never becomes a man to appear to despise the other sex.—For example, what do you think of that young Frenchman whom we saw at Rome, and who has followed us here?—The Marquis de Herny.—The same; does he seem amiable to you? I would not wish to be like him, though he has wit, is not ignorant, and behaves well; but he is ridiculous—infinitely so; that is true, because he is always treating women lightly and contemptuously. He thinks that kind of familiarity gives him an air of ease, and that disdain is a mark of superiority; he is mistaken, it only proves that he is a fool, and has been ill educated—yet he has sense, is not that surprising?—a bad education destroys the sense, as it corrupts the heart—he has good parts; his conversation is even sometimes solid. The artists at Rome say, that he is a judge of pictures and statues; or at least he talks well on those subjects.—He seems to be acquainted with history;—how is it then that his company is so little desirable. It is, because he is so important, and he spoils all the good things he says by a severity of manner, a self-sufficiency which is intolerable in most people, but in a youth of twenty is absolutely absurd, impertinent, and ridiculous.

You see, my dear Viscount, how much I endeavour to disgust *Theodore* with pedantry; for, as
you

LETTER V.

The Baron to the Viscount.

THEODORE to-day gained some credit, which was very flattering. We dined at the French Ambassador's, where one meets the best company; there were seven or eight people, three or four of them of distinguished knowledge and wit; of whom two were Englishmen. I had business with the Ambassador, who took me after dinner into his closet. I left *Theodore* for near an hour with the company. At our return the conversation was animated, and on the subject of literature: the Englishmen maintained, against the Marquis d'Hervey, who pretended to understand, and against two Italians who really did understand English, that the *Paradise Lost* was the finest poem in any living language. They told us, that to support their opinion they wished to quote many passages in the first and fourth books, but their memories failed them: they asked if the Ambassador had a Milton? No, said he; but Monsieur d'Almane used to have it by heart: he, perhaps, can assist you. My memory, replied I, is not so good as it was; my son must make up for it. Every eye was now turned with surprise on *Theodore*, who had hitherto listened in silence to the debates; no one having applied to him. They exclaimed, Does your son understand English?—From his infancy, replied I: the lines you allude to being very remarkable, I am sure he recollects them. *Theodore* endeavours to repeat them! He, blushing, recited
near

near 200 verses, without a blunder, and with a just English pronunciation. Much praise was given to his memory, and more to his modesty. When alone, embracing him, I said, You have given me great pleasure: I could not be vain of your repeating Milton; a fool, had he learned it, would have done the same: it was your reserve of modesty that gave me such satisfaction: preserve these valuable qualities, they will increase your success, and disarm envy. That merit which is boasted of will be ever questioned; that which others discover will insure praise: for our own sakes, we should endeavour to get the better of the vain wish of displaying our abilities and knowledge: without our taking any pains these will be opportunities enough of their being made public. *Thence* agreed to the truth of this reasoning, and frankly owned the satisfaction my approbation of his behaviour gave him. Modesty is the only virtue in a young person to be praised with safety; other commendations serve to render men vain and affected. How many are there, who by being extolled for their sincerity, ease, knowledge, and politeness, become blunt, forward, pedantic, and comical? Modesty cannot be made too much of; nor is it possible, since in the greatest extreme it cannot degenerate into a vice: place her in the most amiable light to your pupil, and never fear that he can follow her too far.

I am determined, my dear Viscount, to stay six months longer in Italy, and not return to France this autumn. I spend the winter at Rome, and leave it by the end of February; pass a month at Florence, the same at Turin, and I shall be in Languedoc in April: where I shall reside seven or eight

eight months: come to me there, if you can, according to our old engagement; if you cannot, I will seek you at Paris. After an absence of two years, I cannot resist the desire of seeing you, and of presenting *Theodore* grown, well formed, and as amiable as possible for one of his age. This dear son!—Who, I hope, will one day be your's.

LETTER VI.

The Viscountess to the Baroness.

OH! this charming Spa! I shall be ill every year, in order to be sent hither; every thing is here to be met with; variety of company, play, entertainment, dissipation, or retirement; in short, perfect liberty: were you here, nothing would then be wanting. In the mean time I have got a new friend; for how is it possible to appear at the water without one? She is a person I was acquainted with about fifteen years ago; but at that time I had not an idea I could ever like her: 'tis *Madame de L*— and now we agree perfectly: I never question any of her pretensions, which, by the bye, do not at all interfere with mine. Her great pleasure is to disconcert modest people, or those who are just entering the world; she is delighted at having a harsh voice, which is really enough to frighten the most courageous; and from inclination she has adapted a blunt manner of expressing herself, and at the same time a pouting, angry countenance; and her great joy is to find that she distresses people, and that they fear her. Now, as I wish to please, rather

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rather than produce all these grand effects, we suit each other perfectly: but, in truth, notwithstanding all her odd ways, she has many amiable qualities; for she possesses a great and feeling mind, is extremely frank, and has a fine understanding; she is a person you would avoid, were you only to have a transient view of her; but she attaches you, when you know her better.

We have also another French woman, *Madame de Rainville*, but I have no acquaintance with her; she neither attracts you at first sight, nor attaches you on a nearer acquaintance; she is never one instant free from affectation, is naturally insipid, trivial, and silly; but has undoubtedly been told, that, when people are tired themselves, they are sure to tire others; and she is so deeply struck with this maxim, that she appears eternally entertained; consequently, she is passionately fond of every thing: music, dancing, public diversions, walking, family parties; in short any thing delights her; she sets up to be an epicure, and not to have a single liking in a moderate degree; she is all *fire and enthusiasm*, and disputes with warmth and vehemence. She is an eternal talker, never listens, understands nothing; foolish, puts herself on the rack to persuade you she has feeling and a ready wit; and only is able, after all her endeavours to convince you that she is troublesome, ridiculous, and indeed insupportable: she fires me to death, and makes me almost take an aversion to those things I like best: the other day we dined at the water-fall of Coo; *Madame de Rainville* was in such an extacy, and praised with so much energy the water, the verdure, and even the sun which burnt us; and accompanied her words with

actions

actions so *expressive* and *animated*, that she has given me an aversion, which perhaps I shall never get over, to rivers, cascades, and dinners on the grass.

Monsieur *P'Ostalis* arrived last week at the Spa, and dines most days with us: I spend my time also with Madame *de Blesac*, the little Countess *Anatole*, the Chevalier *de Herbain*, and my new friend Madame *de L....* I often go to Vauxhall, and I carry *Constantia* to dance there: we walked on the mountain of *Annette and Lubin*; but it hurts our pastoral ideas to find Annette very plain, and Lubin selling beer.* I return home at nine o'clock, my little society are then assembled, and we converse till midnight; for I have not the simplicity to go to bed at ten, and rise with the sun, in order to drink the waters, which I like much better to have before I am up.—They tell me, indeed, they are more wholesome at the fountain: now, in my opinion, nothing is wholesome that thwarts my inclination.

I am less dissatisfied with Madame *de Valey*, since I have been here; that is, with her outward appearance and behaviour.—As to her affection,—I ought no longer to reckon upon that;—but, however, she is only two and twenty!—she is still young!—Oh! how the heart of a mother is ready always to forgive!

Farewell, my dear friend, you will be equally happy in *Adelaide* and in *Theodore*; and you deserve

* This mountain so called after two peasants, who were united about fifteen or sixteen years ago by a Frenchman, who named them Annette and Lubin, and built for them a pretty little farm on the top of one of the hills which surround Spa.

deserve to be so. I envy your felicity, but at the same time believe me it lessens my afflictions. Yes, I enjoy your happiness, as much as I pride myself in your virtues and your friendship.

LETTER VII.

The Viscount to the Baron.

YOU will now be satisfied, my dear Baron: I have at last for ever broke with Madame de Ger-ville. She had deceived me in an affair in which she appeared desirous of serving me, and she sacrificed me in the most shameful and ridiculous manner. I confess I find myself at a loss, as, for at least seven years I have had, in fact, no other society than her's. I know what you will say, *return to your family again, and reconcile yourself with your wife.* I know the amiable qualities of Madame de Limours; but I am deterred from doing this by the trouble of getting acquainted with her; for we are become absolute strangers to each other. However, I promise you to try what can be done.

All the world are returning from Spa. It is said M. d'Osalis has shewn a great affection for the young Countess Anatole; but they do not think she returns it; she is very young to determine so quickly; she is only seventeen; but they say that part of her acquaintance very much approve this arrangement, and employ themselves in trying to dispose her to a choice which appeared to be the best she could make of this kind. She loves her husband; but she is treated in such a manner by him that she cannot long preserve those sentiments she has for him. The Count Anatole disdains the French;

French; he only loves Foreigners, and they to please him must be Russians, English, or Polanders. My charming little *Theodore* will not have, thank Heaven, any of these sentiments. How impatient I am to see him again! he approaches his fifteenth year; at that age I was already in love; my heart was turned by one of my mother's women, Mademoiselle *Adrieni*, whom I have since raised to the degree of Chorus-singer at the Opera. By the time I was fifteen, I had scaled the walls of my father's garden ten times to go and see a little country girl, whom I almost loved as much as Mademoiselle *Adrieni*, notwithstanding I had a very severe Governor; but fortunately he was deaf and a little inattentive. I escaped without his being able to hear me, and I deceived him without his suspecting. In short, whatever precautions he had taken, I am sure I should have found the means of escaping his vigilance. How then do you do with *Theodore*, that child so sprightly, so lively, so ingenious? How is it that he is still innocent; in short, how have you conducted yourself so as to be master of his inclinations, and always to be watching him without becoming troublesome to him?

LETTER VIII.

The Baron to the Viscount.

Rome.

IN the first place Madame d'Almane has no handsome maids, nor am I either deaf or absent. One is not necessarily in love at fourteen, fifteen, or even sixteen years. At that age you say you were in love; but you had equally a liking for Mademoiselle

Adrieni

Adrienne, and for your little country girl, which proves you had no real affection for either. Love depends chiefly on imagination; the idea we form to ourselves of this passion gives it the power and influence it has over us. If we look upon it merely as a temporary intoxication, affecting the head and not the heart; beauty alone will seduce us, and the illusion will not long continue. This was your case: your imagination was heated, before you knew how to love. This first experience persuaded you, that thinking one woman handsomer than another was to be in love. The consequence was your giving yourself up to a thousand temporary raptures; a great many intrigues, and not one settled attachment. On the other hand, I would have my pupil be convinced, that, when beauty, accomplishments, sense and virtue are united in the object of this passion, this will create the happiness of his life. I would have him believe, that it should last for ever; or, at least, if time should diminish it, that so tender a friendship, so sweet a remembrance, would be implanted in the heart as to leave no regret at its loss, nor desire of experiencing it again. With this opinion, my pupil will not be fond of two persons at the same time; and he will be in love but once in his life. He will be difficult and nice in his choice; but he will be invariably fixed. Love being a natural illusion in our youth, the preceptor ought to make this passion serve to the happiness and honour of his pupil. A liking may be violent enough to lead one astray, to disgrace, to ruin one; a proper passion may lead one to great actions. The one will make us do extravagant things; sacrifices of the first impression: the other can alone lead us

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on to deeds which require perseverance. That woman, who said to her lover *be silent for two years*, and was obeyed, had inspired a passion, and not a liking only. Every thing is to be expected from a sentiment of which we are only susceptible in the flower of our age. A sentiment produced by a warm imagination, which esteem and friendship should render as sweet as it is solid and violent. I well know that one may passionately love a contemptible object; but this is the misfortune of those who are weak, narrow-minded, and despicable themselves, or who are misled in their choice. It is of consequence for a young man *not to begin with a liking*, which will rob him of his principles and prudence. A virtuous passion should force him from insensibility, of which he will not be susceptible till he is eighteen. How can he be preserved till that time from little flights which do not touch the heart? Watch him attentively, guard his innocence, do not suffer him to be one moment idle, and believe that this imagination will not figure to him any thing you would wish concealed. You will say, is it possible to preserve a young man innocent to the age of eighteen? I am sensible it is not the present custom, though it was the custom formerly; and even now Princes, more assiduously looked to than other young men, come out of the hands of their Governors without the knowledge of love, or any thing resembling it. You ask me, how I contrive to be thus watchful over my son, without disgusting him? Because he is not conscious of being more strictly attended to than he was at six years old. He has always slept in a closet within my room, and even in it, when on a journey. This is no constraint on him; I have even made it agreeable to him. He

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is by nature communicative; he likes talking; he has an unbounded confidence in me; but he has so many studies, particularly for these last two years, that we seldom have in the day-time any opportunity of a regular discourse. I have promised to converse with him every night after we are in bed. *Theodore*, having always a number of things to talk to me about, waits for that time impatiently; and with the greater eagerness, by my telling him often in the day, that I have some few secrets to impart. I never fail to add, "There is not time now to inform you of them; at night you shall know them." *Theodore* is delighted with bed-time; half undrest, he whispers me a question. I refuse to hear it, prudence not permitting me to talk of things of that consequence before my Valet de Chambre. *Theodore* with a grave air gives me a sign of approving my discretion, but hastens me to bed; when we are there, lighted by a small lamp which gives the appearance of twilight, our secrets begin: it is then we indulge the pleasure of a free conversation. We often speak both together, or mutually ask each other questions with equal earnestness and curiosity. This is the more agreeable, as we have no reason to fear interruption. Besides, I take care always to appear at this time more gay, more easy, and more affectionate than at any other part of the day. If he has any thing to accuse himself of, he chuses this time. In short, these nocturnal entertainments are so delightful, that he often declares his extreme regret at the thoughts of sleeping in another room at our return to France. He talked of it yesterday. I told him, that I too should be sorry to be deprived of them, but we must contrive to discourse in the

day. O! Papa, what difference?—You do not find me then so good-humoured, is not that it?—I am convinced, Papa, that you are always kind, but in the night! You appear then to love me best. You make me more your equal. No doubt, when you have behaved well, I must like you better at the end, than at the beginning or middle of the day; you have given me twelve satisfactory hours complete. Dear Papa, let me lie in your room at B— at Paris?—You make there a very reasonable request: you would have me go to bed at your hour.—True, but you have done as much for me before; besides, I am almost fifteen; when we leave Italy, we shall go to Languedoc, and stay six months there. In the country, as well as on our travels, you always went to bed when I did.—Very well, but at Paris? When we get there, I shall be near sixteen, and you will allow me to sit up a little later.—Yes, till half past ten.—Let it be eleven. Our conversation in bed lasts an hour, and your masters come early.—That is true, you will be obliged to go to bed at half after ten.—How! I obliged?—Yes, my dear Papa, you will not refuse me what makes my chief happiness.—Consider it is unprecedented at Paris to go to bed at ten. I must give up all company.—You will be glad of the excuse; you do not love the world.—I regret it not when I give it up for you; but I like it when I am in it. I am resolved to return into it to introduce you, and that will be soon. For example, when I am seventeen, there will be no reason against my sleeping in your room.—That I allow.—Well, Papa, you who are so kind will not refuse to abate me eighteen months, which are, in fact, but six; for we shall spend

spend the rest in the country, and at the regiment I am to belong to.—Well, well, chatterer, go to sleep, I will think of it.

You see, my dear Viscount, that it is not without reason I grant as a favour what I most wish. If *Theodore* was once to suspect his sleeping in the same room with me was, that I might be a spy on his actions, he would look upon my apartment as a prison, and me as on a tyrannical jailor. It is thus that the same precautions, taken inconsiderately or prudently produce useful or pernicious effects. I do not deceive myself; for I know that *Theodore* will one day find himself on a sudden under restraint from this engagement. I shall easily perceive this change in his mind by his indifference. I shall have foreseen this event, and of course be prepared with sure means of preserving my authority over him as strong as ever; you shall know them when this happens.

I was acquainted before with the quarrel between you and *Madame de Greville*; and you ought to have received my letter, in which I owned myself not surprized at her treachery. Since I have lived in the world, I have never found a single instance of a person given to intrigues whose friendship might reasonably be depended on.

LETTER IX.

Madame d'Ostalis to the Baroness.

BE not alarmed, my dear aunt; M. d'Ostalis will never again leave me; the fancy which possessed him will not become a passion: I have followed your advice, and I have found all my happiness again. I told you in my letter from Versailles, that I had only suspicions; but I was soon out of doubt. It seems that his attachment to me, so solid and so lasting, had wearied every one of our acquaintance; for his change appeared to create universal joy. I saw that malignant pleasure shone through the testimonies of concern that many people gave me on this occasion; they wished to appear as if they pitied me; they feigned to be affected with my condition, but they had no other motive for their conduct than that of acquainting me with an event, at which they thought, perhaps, my self-love would be still more hurt than my heart; but, these envious and malicious people have been deceived in their intentions. I appeared not to understand their insinuations, and not to believe their positive assertions. Some laughed at my credulity; others thought I affected it in consideration of M. d'Ostalis. In general, this conduct has been much approved, and yet I was not without grief and inquietude; I saw M. d'Ostalis really in love with the most charming person who has appeared in the world these ten years; it is true, that I observed nothing in the Countess Anatole, which could encourage the passion

sion she has inspired; but she is only eighteen, very much incensed against her husband; she is naturally tender, and all her mother-in-law's society visibly countenance M. d'Ostalis. Madame de Blefac, equally deficient in understanding and penetration, and full of the most ridiculous vanity, thinks it impossible that a young person, who has the honour of being her daughter-in-law, can ever take a lover; and really believes M. d'Ostalis only goes to her house for the sake of being of her party at piquet. Delighted with his assiduity and complaisance, she is continually commending him; so that the Countess Anatole hears eternally the praises of a man with whose sentiments she is doubtless acquainted, and a man too whose amiable qualities are sufficiently apparent without any body's taking pains to point them out. I reflected a long time, and at last determined not to alter my past conduct. I behaved to M. d'Ostalis with the same conformity, the same mildness, the same desire of pleasing and attracting him; only I go much seldomer to Madame de Blefac's, and cease intirely speaking of the Countess Anatole. As her mother-in-law trusted her often with me before the journey to Spa, and as she came to breakfast with me two or three times a week, it was impossible to cease wholly receiving her at my house; but I no longer seek those opportunities, and put them off as much as possible without appearing to do it purposely. When I am with her, I always treat her with the same friendship; which is very easy for me to do, as I have naturally a great liking to her. M. d'Ostalis well knew I saw through his heart: his embarrassment was redoubled; he saw I was determined not to complain or question

him, he began to feel himself much in the wrong; his passion struggled with his repentance, and for an instant stifled his natural generosity. He thought, perhaps, I secretly prided myself on my moderation; he wished to lessen the merit of it, and seemed to think my mildness was occasioned by indifference. Then it was I testified my affection for him; this was not what he expected or wished; by making him still more culpable, I increased his anger. His temper could not fail being very much altered by the violent agitations of his mind; he became totally unlike himself; he saw my tears flow without being softened; he let me see he suspected me of falsehood and hypocrisy: I desired him to explain himself, which he refused. Oh! how severely I felt, in this dreadful situation, the misfortune of being separated from and deprived of you! I have friends on whom I can depend, but it is only in the bosom of my mother, my benefactress, that I can deposit such griefs; to what other person on earth can I be permitted to acknowledge the wanderings and faults of an object so dear to me! My sentiments are so well known on this subject, that those who have the greatest friendship for me, *Madame de Limours*, *Madame de S—*, and the *Chevalier de Herbain*, have never dared say a single word to me on *M. d'Ostalis'* conduct; very certain, that on this point they could not obtain my confidence. Such was my situation, when I received your letter, which, at the same time, revived and gave me the advice I stood in need of; I apprehended, that it was equally dangerous to affect indifference, or to shew so much sensibility as to give myself up to pique and ill humour; I determined therefore

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to write a note to M. *d'Ostalis*, of which I here send you a copy:

" You shun me ; you appear embarrassed when
 " with me ; and why ? What reproaches do you
 " fear from a person who owes you ten years of
 " happiness ? And who, during that time, has
 " never ceased to be perfectly happy, till within
 " these three months ? I must have been very
 " ungrateful, should I now think myself gene-
 " rous : alas ! I have neither the right nor the de-
 " sire to complain with acrimony ; I am a friend
 " who would speak and open to you her heart . . .
 " do not refuse me this explanation ; I promise
 " not to question you ; I only beg of you to hear
 " me."— This note, by dissipating a little of M.
d'Ostalis's embarrassment, restored him part of his
 generosity ; he returned me an answer full of ten-
 derness, and yet without promising me the conver-
 sation I solicited. The same evening we supped
 together at the Spanish Ambassador's ; the Countess
Anatole was there, and I observed that M. *d'Ostalis*
 did not dare to seat himself by her side at table.
 I went away before twelve, and left him there ;
 for, since his return from Spa, we never go together
 in the same carriage. M. *de P*— gave me his
 hand to the bottom of the stairs, and went out at
 the same time that I did ; on turning into the street
Traverse, one of the hind wheels of my carriage
 broke, and it overturned. The shock was so vio-
 lent, that both glasses were broke into a thousand
 pieces ; and one of the splinters cut my forehead
 exceedingly. M. *de P*—, who had followed
 me till then, (for he lives near me) stopped at the
 same moment, got out hastily, and, with the help
 of his servants and mine, succeeded in taking me

out of the coach. He offered me his, to take me home; but I refused it; and, as I was not many steps from Madame de S——, I walked there, and so got rid of M. P——. Madame de S—— was not returned, and, finding neither her horses nor carriage at home, I wrote to M. d'Ostalis, to beg he would send me his; and, not to alarm him, or make him think I wished him to come himself, I only told him I had left mine on account of a little fright; and I sent this note by one of Madame de S——'s servants, who had not seen me, and who knew nothing of the accident. In about a quarter of an hour I heard a carriage enter the court; and, in a moment, the door of the room I was in suddenly opened, and M. d'Ostalis appeared; I arose, but, scarce having strength to support myself, I fell again into the great chair. Figure to yourself, my dear aunt, the astonishment and the terror of M. d'Ostalis, on seeing me covered with blood, pale, dishevelled, and with a large wound in my forehead. He came towards me, and, clasping me in his arms, with his face bathed in tears, asked me a hundred questions at a time, but did not listen to my answers: he rang all the bells, assembled all the family, and sent for a Surgeon and Physician; in the midst of all this confusion, Madame de S—— returned with a Surgeon whom she had brought with her; one of her servants, having been to acquaint her with my accident, she went immediately to seek for the help I stood in need of. The Surgeon found me feverish, and said I must be bled, but not yet for some hours. Madame de S—— intreated me to stay where I was; but I refused, and returned home about two o'clock. When Mon^r

d'Ostalis

d'Ossalis and I were seated in the coach, he all at once threw himself on his knees before me, and seized one of my hands; ah, cried he, this explanation which you asked of me, why are you not in a situation still to demand it! . . . What! interrupted I; when you love me with the same tenderness, when you have proved it to me in so affecting a manner, do you think you have not already restored me to happiness? . . . But I am guilty, said he, in a low voice, if I have given you one moment's affliction. At least, do me the justice to believe, that I am sensible of my faults, and that I earnestly wish to atone for them! . . . He pronounced these words in a manner which affected me so much I could not answer him! . . . I put my face to his, and embraced him; he took my hand, and kissed it with transport: you weep, cried he; these sweet and innocent tears pronounce my pardon, without which I could not live, and which afford me equal joy and gratitude; as he said these words, the coach stopped. Though I was very weak and much bruised, I would not complain for fear of offending *M. d'Ossalis*: but he perceived how much I suffered, and, taking me in his arms, he carried me into my chamber. The next morning at six o'clock, I was bled; I had no return of my fever; my head was quite easy, and I had no other illness than a sprain, which occasioned my keeping my bed for four-and-twenty hours. The same evening I had a long conversation with *Monf. d'Ossalis*. . . I know very well, said I to him, that love is not a lasting passion. I have never at any time in my life placed my felicity on so transient a sentiment: doubtless, it would be very pleasing to possess your affections intirely;

intirely; but I only depended on your friendship and confidence. I had flattered myself I should always remain your true and faithful friend; and this was the happiness I feared to lose. Had you succeeded in seducing a young, innocent, and sensible woman, had she sacrificed to you her reputation and peace of mind, you would have wished to make her happy, her heart being naturally good. And what delicate heart can content itself with love? She would have been desirous of gaining your confidence and even your esteem. She would have said to you: "You have ruined me; you have deprived me of that virtue which I loved, and which I lament; you have given to my friends, and to all who surround me, the dreadful right of despising me; and, if you will not be my friend, what is to become of me, when you cease to be my lover?" What could you have been able to answer, said I? You would have promised all she demanded. She is amiable; she has wit; she would soon have obtained those sentiments of friendship and confidence of which I am so jealous, and which my affection makes me worthy to possess intirely. Ah! cried Monsieur *d'Ostalis*, be satisfied; you shall never see me attached to any one who can make you uneasy... The sacrifice you ask from me is already made, and gives me no pain. Yes, I deceived myself in thinking I could prefer another object to you; I knew not my own heart... Ah, when it is you who are beloved, inconstancy is nothing but an illusion!

You are sensible, my dear aunt, I may depend on the promises and the sincerity of M. *d'Ostalis*; therefore you will judge all my uneasiness is vanished.

ed. It is now eight days since we had this conversation. I did not write to you before, because I wished to tell you I was perfectly recovered. The wound in my forehead is almost well, and will leave no scar; in short, I am better than ever. I have not written to you since my long letter from Versailles, but in a concise manner, not being willing, at the distance we are from each other, to afflict you with an account of my uneasiness, unless I could have been near to have consoled you. Now, that I am again restored to happiness, I can only enjoy it imperfectly, because you are ignorant of it; and yet this happiness is the work of your hands. I owe it to the education you gave me; to the husband you chose for me; to the advice you have given me. O my dear and tender benefactress! every moment of my life, you are present to my remembrance. Every happiness I enjoy is derived from you; and this idea still increases my felicity... My tears flow; you will trace them on the paper; and perhaps you will mix your own with them... Adieu, my dear aunt! my heart is full!... I can write no more... Adieu; I shall expect your answer with the utmost impatience.

LETTER X.

Madame d'Ostalis to the Baroness.

MONS. *d'Ostalis* never behaved so charmingly to me before: he does not leave me; we go out together; we have no longer two carriages; in short,

short we are exactly on the same footing, as before we went to Spa, except that *Monf. d'Ostalis* shews me, if possible, more regard and affection. I forgot to tell you a little affair which passed the day after my accident, and which seemed to make some impression on him. *Madam de S——* and the *Chevalier de Herbain* were at our house. *Madame de S——* was saying, that *Monf. de P——*, who had assisted in raising up my carriage, and had offered me his own, was ill of a fever, and kept his bed. That is very natural, said the *Chevalier de Herbain*; he is ill on account of the grief he felt on *Madame d'Ostalis's* situation, because he is in love with her. Ah, said *Madame de S——*, I am charmed to hear it; *Madame d'Ostalis* can no longer boast, that no one was ever in love with her a moment. Oh! cried I, I maintain it, *Monf. de P——* does not think of me. But, said the *Chevalier de Herbain*, interrupting me, it is useless for you to deny it; for, if *Monf. de P——* loves you, it is not your fault; however, it is certain he does. He rose from his seat, and, smiling, drew *M. d'Ostalis* to the window, where they talked for a moment very low, and then went out together. In less than a quarter of an hour they returned, and both appeared to be much softened. The *Chevalier de Herbain* came to my bed-side, and kissed my hand with an air of satisfaction, which made me think *Monf. d'Ostalis* had just informed him of what had passed between us, and I could not imagine what had been the cause of this explanation. When *M. d'Ostalis* and I were alone, he took a paper out of his pocket. The *Chevalier de Herbain*, said he, who was glad of an opportunity to give me a lesson, has shewn me this letter which he received this morning.

morning from Madame de Limours: He desired me to read it, and it was as follows: "I have only
" seen Madame d'Ostalis for one minute this morn-
" ing. I did intend dining with her, but I cannot
" go to her till six in the evening. Do you know
" that Mons. de P—— is ill? He told a person of
" my acquaintance, who has just left him, that the
" accident of yesterday was the cause of his illness;
" for that he really feared for the life of Madame
" d'Ostalis.—He did not, however, avow any par-
" ticular attachment; but the person, who inform-
" ed me of it, says, that he is in love. In love
" with Madame d'Ostalis, cried I; then he is very
" ridiculous! . . . Oh! Madame d'Ostalis will now
" turn the heads of many people: she has lost her
" husband's affections, and it was only they that
" kept lovers at a distance. This expression struck
" me; make what use you please of it. What
" woman will now dare to flatter herself with pre-
" serving the tenderness of her husband."

It appeared to me, that what struck Madame de Limours so much had the same effect on Mons. d'Ostalis. At least, my dear aunt, the winter approaches, and gives me the prospect of seeing you again in four or five months, as you have promised me you will not prolong your stay in Italy. Mons. d'Aimeri and the Chevalier de Valmont expect you with great impatience. The Chevalier conducts himself to a miracle; you will find him perfectly formed; he talks rather more than he did, but with the same modesty which you admired so much; he is less bashful, but appears always reserved. Madame de Valey thinks no more of him: her coquetry is addressed to another object, an acquaintance made at Spa, an Englishman, who stays here all the

the winter; a clumsy tall figure, very pale, and very insipid; yet he appears to gain general approbation, although his manners are rude and blunt; which I fancy would succeed very ill in our country-men.—In short, Madame de Valey has learned English; and it is thought she has already said *I love you*. This is very possible, for she does not fix any great value on this expression. Her person is much altered. She is excessively thin: her face has pimples on it; and she is no longer pretty, though she is only one and twenty: Madame de S*** is nine-and-twenty, and is still as blooming and as beautiful as she was at eighteen. Such is the effect of innocence and a pure and tranquil mind! I am convinced, nothing preserves beauty so well as living a regular life. Adieu, my dear aunt; I hope now that every step you take will bring you nearer to us; and that your next letter will be dated from Florence.

LETTER XL

The Baronefs to the Viscountess.

WE set out to-morrow, my dear friend, for Florence. It is impossible for me to regret Italy, when I am returning to France; yet my departure from Rome will occasion some melancholy emotions. You know my attachments to the C—d—ts; I cannot divest myself of the idea that I shall never see him again. He enjoys here every mark of respect that high rank, superior talents, great experience, a thorough knowledge of business

ness and mankind, with the most scrupulous integrity, can acquire. He possesses equally those qualities which command our esteem, and the virtues which gain our affections. He has the art of uniting to the appearance of a person in office the natural and easy behaviour and the free conversation of a private person. He has neither state nor pedantry. (True dignity is derived from the soul, and owes nothing to affectation.) His face, his discourse, his air, indicates his character: by seeing him, you know what he is. He possesses that happy and rare union of prudence and openness of nobility and good-nature. I shall, besides, leave behind me at Rome the Count and Countess *de Batmire*, whom I shall always remember: *Adelaide* has a sincere regard for the Countess, and has been in tears these two days. Miss *Bridget* finds fault with a sensibility of which she has not the least conception; for she is most earnest to return to France; and, in spite of her concern, we pack up cheerfully, and rejoice in the thoughts of being at *B—* in three months time. You, my dear friend, promised to be there to receive me, and spend with us two months; but you do not mention *Madame de Valey*: should it be agreeable to you to bring her, I flatter myself you are assured that it would give me pleasure. I depend upon *M. Limours*; I am sure of *Madame d'Ostalis*, and the *Chevalier d'Herbain* writes that he will not wait for leave to visit me after an absence of two years; so long separated from them, how delightful it will be to assemble all my dearest friends!

Well, I have finished another work upon Education—be quiet, it is the last. Sincerely it is not for pleasure that I spend my nights in writing
 eighteen

eighteen or nineteen volumes on the same subject: a sprightly head and a female fancy are not easily fixed down to such an employment! but I absolutely wanted these compositions: there were none; I made them. It is necessary, that before I explain the plan of them, that I should acquaint you with the reflections that made me see their usefulness. I figured to myself my dear daughter married at nineteen, and gone out of my hands perfectly educated: I saw her possessed of excellent principles, sound judgment, a polished understanding, an upright heart, her character formed, and more experience than commonly falls to the share of others at five-and-twenty. I was convinced she would love virtue, and that she would have the command over herself. I feared neither bad examples, nor the power of the passions: yet I foresaw with apprehension, that she would often hear in the world dangerous opinions maintained in a subtle enticing manner, even by people without abilities, but abounding with all those destructive principles which they have learned by heart from those contemptible performances which particularly, for these last twenty years, have turned so many moderate heads. I saw *Adelaide* amazed, thinking such strong arguments unanswerable; compelled to admire reasons whose falsity her soul and conscience bore witness to, and which her understanding in vain sought to refute. Certain that nothing could tempt her to read the scandalous books which openly attack religion and morals, how could I hope that she might not wish to study some works unfortunately celebrated, which, containing the same bad principles, are the more to be dreaded, as they may be read without shame? I dared to believe, that the love of
virtue

virtue was sufficiently instilled into *Adelaide's* heart to be always her guide, even without the assistance of reason: but it grieved me, that she might perhaps at times have melancholy doubts with regard to the most pleasing and comfortable truths.—How was I to prevent these dangers? Was she to read at fifteen the books I just mentioned, for me to discover to her the false though subtle reasons they contain? But such a refutation is of too great consequence, and would occupy one's thoughts too much to be possibly effected in reading fast with her; besides, the lectures would be very long, and of course take up much of our valuable time. Upon reflection, I found I could solve this difficulty by binding myself to a troublesome business, which required patience, thought, and judgment. From all the books that appeared to be dangerous I made two extracts; the one of their bad principles, the other of the contradictions which in the same Author destroys those principles: this done, I began a sort of epistolary romance. This is the plan: A young man of parts and good disposition, but with warm passions, leaves his Province, enters into the guards, and settles at Paris. He makes dangerous connections, and reads, with rapture, books that shake his principles. He has left in his Province a sister seven or eight years older than himself, for whom he has a sincere affection. He gives her an exact and regular account of his adventures, his thoughts, and studies. His sister, in her answers, gives him advice, and attacks in a plain and solid way, his opinions and errors. I have put into the young man's letters all my extracts of false and destructive principles: they are marked by asterisks; a note shews the volume and page of the work from which

which they are taken: in these notes I have recited the contradictions and false conclusions of the same author. The sisters invariably follow the brother's letters: his regularity makes the work appear formal and improbable, though I have endeavoured to make it interesting: however, it is not wrote for publication. There are forty letters and their answers. A fortnight ago I had the first letter from the brother, wrote fair into a copy book; and, being alone with *Adelaide*, I said to her, You are now near fifteen, one should begin to form your mind: your extracts are well done: your last six months journal pleases me much: you must now learn to write correctly and elegantly, and more particularly to reason solidly. That this study may be easy to you, and even an amusement, I am about a novel, of which you shall compose half.—That will be delightful!—Every week I will give you a letter: you will consider it with care to answer it. To-day we begin. You are to imagine yourself a woman, married these ten years, and living in the country, and having a brother at Paris, a constant correspondent, who is led astray by hurtful examples and wicked publications.—That is not *Theodore*!—No; we are to suppose that he had a bad education; and the misfortune to begin the world without an adviser: it will be your task to reclaim him. Is my advice to have any weight with him?—very great.—Well! I will bring him back to the right way.—Here is his first letter—Give it me, dear Mamma!—First hear me: this is the letter of a man whose mind is already spoiled, and whose heart begins to be faulty. I forewarn you that this, and all the others you will receive, contains only bad principles of false opinions. In reading it, remind yourself often that

that you have only to dispute every sentiment therein; carefully search for all the opposite arguments that are convincing ones: it will be your fault if you do not overturn his system. The dotted lines are extracted from various Authors, as the notes will shew; and other notes will explain how they most absurdly contradict themselves.—Mamma, can I contend with the Authors? Certainly, and even with success; for they reject the truth; you seek for it, and find it in your heart.—Mamma, I will read the letter, and answer it this afternoon.—No, reflect more seriously upon it;—I do not expect your answer for a week.

At that time she gave it me with my letter; and I explained to her the faults of her composition. Your arguments, said I, are not strong enough: there is a want of regularity and connection in your ideas: your style is not elegant, and often incorrect and obscure. I will now shew you how you should have done. I read to her twice over my second letter: she was delighted with it, and discovered that her's was good for nothing. I will in this manner give her all the young man's letters in their proper order, and, when she brings her answers, will produce those I had written. This will employ her for a year. When she is near seventeen, she will take it up again: and, then being more ready at her compositions, she will finish the forty answers in six months. Thus I shall at the same time form her style, her mind, and her reason: I shall guard her against those dangerous impressions which might have been made at a future period. I shall enable her to reason with good sense on all sorts of subjects; I will make her an excellent Logician, a character seldom to be met with

with in our sex; at the same time I shall discover if she is a moderate, or an extraordinary genius; at all events, this method will give her solid understanding. *Monf. d'Almont* practises *Theodore* also in this work of mine. His first letter was like his sister's but better; the advantage of age was apparent.

Adelaide's attention to her scholar daily increases. It is at the same time whimsical and interesting to see her always with her daughter at her elbow; checking her, sometimes scolding her with formal and cross looks, or caressing and playing with her, and at the same time affecting an air of condescension, which makes me laugh, and touches me. Poor little soul! how she will love the children! Her heart, already susceptible of such soft and pure feelings! may she enjoy happiness equal to what she occasioned in me.

She experiences already the pleasures of a good mother: the deeper impressions these make, the less insensible she is to her former amusements; she gives with the more joy half her savings to the poor, because she always selects those who have been mothers of families, and is tenderly anxious about those poor women who have daughters of five or six years old. The other day she was melted, even to tears, on meeting in the street a little beggar, who had a slight likeness of *Ermine*. *Adelaide* had her cloathed, and desired me to put her apprentice to a sempstress. My daughter appropriates the other half of her savings not to her own, but *Ermine's* fancies; and, instead of laying it out in gewgaws for herself, she buys play-things for her daughter.

Adieu!

Adieu! my dear friend, it is with sincere pleasure I shall see you again so soon, and that I shall find you more happy, on account of the improvement of *Madame de Valey's* behaviour, and that the quarrel between *Mons. de Limours* and *Madame de Greuille* has restored him to you. Your happiness is essential to mine; and, whatever is my lot, I cannot praise my good fortune, when you are unhappy.

LETTER XII.

Monsieur d'Aimeri to the Baron.

YOU say very true, Monsieur, it is easier to give up an amusement which pleases us, than to use it with moderation. I have sometimes permitted my grandson to play at games at chance, provided it was done with prudence. He assured me, as he was not fond of play, that he should always have a command over himself in this respect; notwithstanding which, he has in one single night lost two thousand guineas! — Last Tuesday we were engaged to sup at the Ambassador's *de *****, where was to be a large company. I had a violent headache, which prevented me from going; but, finding *Charles* wished very much to be there, and, I must own, thinking he was much more prudent than I have found him, I permitted him to go alone. The next morning, before I was up, I received the following note from him: "I find myself obliged in honour to declare to you an inexcusable fault which I have been guilty of. I have concealed from

" from you, that, for these eight days past, I
 " have owed Monsieur de * * * * a hundred gui-
 " neas, lost to him by thirty and forty at a time.
 " The hopes of paying my debt to him made me
 " play with him again last night. I did not win a
 " single game. The excess of my bad luck put me
 " quite out of patience; I should have gone on
 " for ever. I will even confess to you, if Monsieur de
 " * * * * had not left off playing, my extravagance
 " would have had no bounds. In short, I lost
 " two thousand guineas.—I throw myself at
 " your feet, to intreat you will pay my debt! As to
 " every thing else, I will receive, with equal re-
 " spect and submission, any punishment you think
 " proper to impose on me. But, if I dared to ask
 " still one more favour, it would be, that you
 " send me for five or six years to my regiment.—
 " I should leave Paris and its pleasures with joy, if
 " I thought my father would still condescend to
 " follow me, to advise me, and to forgive me."

When I had read this note, I sent for my grand-
 son. He came pale and trembling to my bed-side,
 where he stood, without daring to speak or lift up
 his eyes. *Charles*, said I, with what uneasiness
 must your mind be penetrated! You are sensible of
 the small fortune which Monsieur de *Valmont* posses-
 ses, and that it is no more than fifteen thousand
 livres a year; mine is only twenty-five. You might
 reasonably suppose, after all the expence I have been
 at for your education, that I am in debt: but you
 may be assured I am not; and, on the contrary, I
 have, by my frugality in the last twelve years, laid
 by the sum of four thousands Franks: this is half
 the sum you owe; the other half I will borrow from
 my banker; and to-morrow you shall have the two

two thousand guineas. Oh ! Heavens ! cried *Charles*, I have then madly spent in a few hours double the sum which you have been twelve years saving !— This sum was yours ; I meant to increase it ; and I intended it as a present to defray your wedding expences.—My wedding !—Ah, I shall never marry !—All my hopes of happiness are destroyed !—And this sum, which you are going to borrow, will take away all the pleasure of your life !—No, I have still eight or ten thousand livres worth of jewels which I will sell ; and I will also give up my little cabinet of pictures which are worth six hundred guineas ; so that Oh, my God ! your pictures which you so much delight in ! . . . Oh ! my dear father, how guilty do you make me appear ! . . . In reality you are so ! As to me, it is only giving up these things ; but you may lose your honour, and in consequence may cost me my life. Suppose *Monfieur de ***** had not left off play, or had gained a sum which it was impossible for me to pay ! Ah, what a dreadful supposition ! . . . But, in short, I was out of my senses : and thus it always is, when we play at a game we are not thoroughly master of. We lose like dupes ; and even when we win it is not in a lawful manner ; for in general the winner has a great advantage over the loser, as he is more calm, and knows what he is about. For example, do you think the two thousand guineas, which *Monf. de **** will receive to-morrow, is money well gained ? No, certainly ; for if you had been cool, you would not have lost it This thought alone is sufficient to make one dislike chance-games. I could make many other remarks on them, but I will spare you the pain ; as I see you are perfectly sensible of the extent of your crime, I

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forgive

forgive you, and will never more mention it . . . Oh, Heavens ! what excess of goodness ! . . . Yet, let me tell you, *Charles*, this indulgence ought to terrify you ; since, if you should ever fall into such an error again, you would be utterly inexcusable—Ah, my father, do not fear it : I will give you my most sacred word of honour never more to play at games of chance . . . I receive it, and I will depend on it ; for you would be the most ungrateful and most despicable of men, if you fail in it. After this conversation, *Charles* expressed his gratitude in the most affecting manner, and I perceived the uneasiness he suffered, lest this loss at play should hurt his character, and injure him in the delightful scheme we have in view. I could only give him this consolation, that I thought *Adelaide* would scarcely marry for these two or three years ; and that in that time he might have it in his power to prove himself wholly cured of a vice of which for some time this adventure would make him suspected. In short, I know very little of him, or this will be the last foolish action of the kind he will ever be guilty of. He has sense, honour, and delicacy ; and knows how to make use of them : so that I am persuaded the lesson he has had will last him his life ; and with greater certainty, as he has not in reality a passion for gaming. May you, my dear friend, after this account, be of my opinion ; at least remember, that my grandson is only twenty years old ; and that many years will pass before Madame *d'Almane* will seriously think of chusing a husband for the lovely *Adelaide* ; do not, therefore, judge too hastily, and by that means deprive me of the hope which forms the chief happiness of my life.

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LETTER XIII.

The Baron to Monsieur d'Aimeri.

Florence.

I AM, intirely, Sir, of your opinion, that the Chevalier *de Valmont* will not game any more. The best lesson that he could have received is not the having lost two thousand guineas; but the depriving you in one moment of the fruits of twelve years œconomy, practised for his sake, and the seeing you sell your jewels and pictures to pay for his folly. This ought to reclaim for ever a young man of feeling and generosity. Besides, I think, with you, that the passion for play is not innate in the Chevalier: had you not brought him up in a manner to preserve him from it, you would now attempt it in vain. A young man, educated in the modern style, without decency, principles, or restraint; from his cradle taught to think that riches alone can give him consequence; from having seen his parents contract debts to display their pomp, and be guilty of mean actions to procure money; such a young man at eighteen will be full of his most childish vanities. Be his fortune what it will, he must have trinkets, expensive cloaths, fine horses, magnificent carriages, a villa most elegantly furnished, and many other extravagancies; to support which, he will have recourse to the gaming-table. He little cares that his being a gamester may hurt his marrying, or his advancement. He seeks not a proper match; neither does he aim at places or honour. He is resolved not to

marry at all, or for money; and, if he is ever ambitious, he turns courtier with a view of enriching himself. Unhappy father of such a son: You are the cause of his irregularities and thirst after riches. If you educated him yourself, the fault was in you: if you trusted him to another, you are yet more culpable. Was it worth while, for the sake of increasing his fortune, to make over to a stranger your most sacred and important duty? You should have made his happiness your object. He had better have been virtuous and moderate, than rich, vicious, and dissipated. What will lucrative posts, a government, and pensions avail, when your son dishonours and obliges you to sell your estate? Let us wave this disagreeable subject, and, to forget it intirely, let us reflect upon ourselves and our children: let us talk of *Theodore* and of the *Chevalier de Valmont*. Make yourself easy with regard to the future: you have instilled into your son religious principles, a taste for politeness and good manners, a contempt of pomp, and a laudable ambition of distinguishing himself by the united qualities of head and heart. Before he thought of my daughter, he proved himself incapable of being biaised by interested motives, by refusing a very advantageous match, because the lady was of an inferior birth. He will soon see *Adelaide* again.—Love will furnish what your care and example have begun. Such are my hopes; may they be realized to our mutual happiness!

Allow me, Sir, to recommend a matter of importance to you: to insist on the *Chevalier's* keeping an exact account of his expences: if he is not regular, he will get into debt, and to extricate himself may be tempted to game again. Under pretence

pretence of easing yourself from that trouble, require him to look into a part of your daily expences. For these last six months *Theodore* has done this for me: he examines and pays the weekly accounts of my Valet de Chambre. He buys my cloaths for me. Adieu, Sir; if the Chevalier's imprudence causes you the least inconvenience, I have *fifteen thousand francs* with Monsieur *Girard*, in *St. Nicaire's-street*, much at your service; of which I advise him by this post. You never mention my new house to me; I hope, however, you have been to see it. The Viscount *de Limours*, who has undertaken the building of it in my absence, according to my plan, informs me that it is commodious and pleasant, and that the apartments for my children, my son-in-law, and my daughter-in-law, are very agreeable. I intreat you to carry the Chevalier *de Valmont* thither, and shew him the lodgings fixed on for my son-in-law. Once more adieu! Sir, please to direct for me at *Turin*.

L E T T E R X I V .

Baroness to Madame d'Osalis.

Turin.

I SHALL leave this place the 25th, my dear daughter; and I hope, when you receive this letter, you will be ready to set out to meet me at B—. The Viscountess tells me Monsieur *de Limours's* affairs will detain him at Paris till near the end of May; therefore we shall be alone

at B— for at least six weeks; for which, though I have a great friendship for the Viscountess, I shall not be sorry, as after so long an absence I have many questions to ask, and many things to tell you.

I much approve Monsieur *d'Ostalis's* desire of obtaining an embassy. He is prudent, sensible, and with ease speaks many languages: he has, besides, a noble, open, and agreeable person; and this last advantage, though not an essential one, is still useful to a courtier, and particularly so to an ambassador, who ought to attract, to win, and to conciliate; which it is not an easy matter to do, with a disagreeable and awkward person and behaviour.

I think, my dear daughter, you will be pleased with the present which *Adelaide* brings you: it is a charming port-folio of drawings, a pretty collection of Italian songs, and an assortment of impressions of all the most beautiful antiquities which are found in the cabinets of the Curious in Italy, cast in sulphur. *Adelaide* has a similar collection, and she has amused herself with arranging them in a chronological order; by which means she has formed, in twelve drawers, a complete series of mythology, and of Greek and Roman history, which cost only twelve or fifteen guineas. It appears to me, that all young persons who draw should be presented with this collection, requiring them to class them as *Adelaide* has done. By this amusement they will acquire a pure, elegant, and correct taste for drawing, a just idea of the ancient manner, and will bring back to their memory mythology and ancient history.

No,

No, my dear child; I am neither enchanted with the Italian operas nor their play-houses; which I imagined to be more beautiful than I found them. They are large, but their form wants elegance; with respect to the decorations, it appears to me, that we preserve the perspective better than they do. The Italians make great use of transparent scenes which are very dazzling, but form no representations of nature, and are only fit to correspond with fairy tales. I have seen a theatre large enough to contain a numerous company of soldiers mounted on real horses; but the poor animals marched with so much difficulty on the boards, performed their parts so ill, and their riders conducted them so awkwardly, and at the same time appeared to be so apprehensive of falling; that the sight appeared to me much more ridiculous than surprising. I have heard many operas, the music of which appeared to be excellent; but the scenery was in general too much neglected and without any variety: the actors perform ill, without being absolutely absurd. Princesses are dressed like the Nobles of Genoa. They wear enormous hoops, which are very inconvenient to them. The lover, or his mistress, never fail, at the sound of the organ, even in the most passionate scenes, to turn their backs on each other, apparently, that they may not forget what they are about; and the audience encore the parts which best please them; which destroys all the illusion. I think we may be certain, that singing is carried to the highest degree of perfection in Italy. The women's voices all appear charming, because they are natural and easy, without appearing to come from the throat;

which is the general fault of the French singers. The Italians, on the contrary, soften their voices in the high parts, and never raise them above the natural pitch, which makes them truly melodious. I have seen in Italy many pantomime dances, in the serious style, charmingly composed and executed. Among others, that of Orpheus, which pleased me best of all: but the comic dances are so flat and indecent, that we should not even think them tolerable at a fair. As to their concerts, I assure you, they are not better executed than ours; and, upon the whole, we are more delicate, with regard to ear, than the Italians. Adieu, my dear child; when I see you, I will tell you, which of the Italian composers I like best: for a decision of so much importance ought not to be trusted to the post. Adieu, my child, in six weeks I shall embrace you; you will see *Adelaide*; I shall hear you say, *How she is grown! how pretty she is! how amiable she appears!*— In six weeks I shall be in France, at B— with you! — But, mean time, this vile Mount Cenis parts us, and I am at Turin, where I must stay an age, a whole month! Oh, what happiness to find one's self in one's own country, after two years absence! This is the greatest pleasure which travelling procures us.

LET

ON EDUCATION.

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LETTER XV.

The same to the same

I HAVE read with extreme pleasure, my dear child, the account you gave me of your daughters. There is but one thing which appears to want an explanation and to be examined into. You give your children money for their pocket expences, when they are only ten years old, and are too young to be capable of spending it properly. *Duclos* says, "All that the laws require, that morality recommends, and conscience dictates, is contained in this one proverb so well known, but so little explained: *do not do that to others which you would not have done to yourself.*" The exact observation of this maxim leads to probity: *do to others what you would have done to yourself.* This is virtue. Her distinguished character and nature consists in conquering yourself in favour of others. It is by this generous effort that we make a sacrifice of our pleasures to those of other people."

We may inspire a child with probity, because it is founded upon a justice, which is to be found in all hearts; however narrow the understanding, the principles of it may always be conceived; but it will not make a child virtuous, because he is not made to attain to perfection, or even near it. If you would have a child of ten years old be learned, witty, understand Greek, talk on the beauties of Homer, feel the charms and graces of *Fontaine*, and the sublimity of *Cornaille*; that child will al-

ways be a fool and a pedant. In the same manner, if you expect him to be benevolent, prudent, a Saint, or a Hero, all the good actions you make him perform will appear to him painful. He will forget the end to be obtained and the object; and will only remember the sacrifice he has made, and he will find virtue too severe and too difficult for him ever to love it. Another inconvenience of this pernicious method is that of giving children false ideas, and confounding that which is their duty with perfection, probity, and virtue; so that they can never arrive at solid and immoveable principles; they will reproach themselves with crimes, when in fact they are doing innocent actions; will become superstitious and over-bearing; they will torment themselves with idle scruples, or, at least, which is more probable, they will reject such practices as they had thought indispensable; will abandon them all, and fall into the wildest extravagance.

Confine yourself then to the giving your girls exact honesty; form and establish their principles in this manner; but require nothing more from them than what Religion and the laws prescribe to them as their duty. He, who is sensibly penetrated with the truth of the Gospel, will doubtless be the most humane and perfect of men. And the divine goodness, in shewing us virtue in all its excellence, makes us admire and love it, and exhorts us to follow it; but does not command it, nor expect perfection from us; but earnestly requires us to have faith united to good morals and honesty. Even giving alms, this duty so sacred in all good minds, is in the Gospel laid down as advice; by exhortation, and not as a positive injunction. It is necessary, however, that children should have an idea of
virtue,

virtue, and that they should be early accustomed to admire it; shew them a noble and sacred image of it; let them see the model of it in your actions and conduct; prove to them, that it lives in the heart, and will render them happy; and be certain that they will love it in time. The desire of obtaining the character which you bear, the praises which are bestowed on you, will insensibly lead them to imitate you. Compassion will soon be awakened in their hearts; they will discover some of the pleasures attached to benevolence. A child, as sensible as *Adelaide*, might even experience these sentiments a long time before she is ten years old. *Adelaide*, when only six or seven, found an inexpressible pleasure in giving any thing to oblige, or to relieve the distress of an unfortunate person. Having no money, she would have given with great pleasure, if we had allowed her to do so, one of her frocks to a little girl whom she saw almost naked; and would give her play-things to her brother. But these actions were neither ordered, nor even advised: in that case she would have done them with reluctance. Besides, these gifts cannot be called sacrifices: *Adelaide* had no great merit in giving away an old frock, or a play-thing of which she was tired; for she never offered a new one. So that one may say she did as much as could be expected in her infancy; she was obliging, but not benevolent. At ten years old she began to be deeply affected by great examples of generosity. Yet I thought, if I had given her a certain allowance, she would have laid out all her money in trifles; so that, till she was near thirteen, she never had any; and, even now, I have never told her she must be charitable. But I have produced scenes of poverty and

distress to her, which made her feel that she must be so; therefore her heart and her reason have made her benevolent. She asks my advice on these matters, and I strengthen this new-born virtue in her by my approbation and esteem.

Expect then with patience the time, when your daughters hearts and minds will be awakened to virtue; and that, in trying to hasten it, you will, instead of bringing it to perfection, spoil the Work of Nature. A gardener, with great trouble and art, may ripen fruit before its season, but this fruit will be worth nothing.—Adieu, my dear daughter. Thank Heaven, in six days we shall go from hence, and we are so rejoiced at it, that it appears as if we were out of our senses. Adieu! I shall write to you again on Saturday: embrace *Seraphina* and *Diana* for me.

LETTER XVI.

Count de Roseville to the Baron.

IN my last letter to my dear Baron, which he ought to have received at Naples, I acquainted him, that the marriage of *Stolina* with an opulent merchant was fixed upon; and that my young Prince, intirely cured of a passion, which had caused me so much uneasiness, was but slightly affected upon hearing the news.—But a total change has taken place; judge then, if I ought not to be seriously alarmed? The Count de *Stralzi* returned four months ago from a tour through the Provinces undertaken by order of the Prince; we compared his obser-

observations with those of the Baron de Sulback, and found the two travellers scarcely agreed in any one point.—The Prince, having a real regard for the Baron, was inclined to give him the greater credit.—I agree with you, said I, in entertaining a better opinion of M. Sulback's character and sense; but I may without further proof be deceived. It is possible, that with the best intentions he may have formed a wrong judgment.—The state of the Provinces you are to govern ought to be strictly investigated . . . How then can I come at the truth of the accounts they have given me? Go and travel then yourself upon the spot.—I wish much to travel, for a Prince can only come at the truth by his own inspection . . . Agreed.—Recollect, however, that such trouble is not to be taken for things of small importance.—A Prince cannot examine every thing himself—trifles are below his notice; they cramp his genius and take him off from the pursuit of more worthy objects.—I am of opinion that a Prince should have a perfect knowledge of his Ministers; if he has had no opportunity of proving their probity and abilities, he should at least chuse those of an unblemished and thoroughly established reputation.—Certainly, he ought to learn the general opinion; besides making his own particular inquiries, he should know (as Abbè Duquet advises): “What their former
“conduct has been; what their pursuits; what
“their connexions; what the management of their
“own estates; what authority they have kept up
“in their own families; what their prospects in
“the establishments of their children; what delicacy they have shewn with regard to wealth ill
“acquired, in not partaking of it by alliances;
“with what regularity they have paid debts not
“con-

“contracted by themselves, but charged on their
 “estates; with what equity they have finished
 “those law-suits which were unavoidable?”—
 How can one be informed of all these particulars,
 observed the Prince?—Employ different people,
 unknown to each other, and compare their ac-
 counts?—One can easily learn the truth of facts
 only.—It is sufficient to ask questions, and to be-
 lieve neither the friends nor enemies of the party, nor
 those who aim at the same employments; then it is
 that a friend may be useful to the Prince who desires
 and seeks after truth.—You will deserve to be be-
 loved for your own sake.—You will be loved.—
 I have the vanity to believe, nay, I am sure, that
 your friends will not be unworthy of advising a great
 Prince.—However, avoid an unbounded confidence;
 ask the counsels of friendship, but weigh them well
 and follow them after mature deliberation; recollect,
 that the most virtuous and enlightened of men are
 subject to error.—Finally, resolve upon nothing
 without advice and that well digested—and, though
 your friend be ever so meritorious, do not suffer
 yourself to be biassed by him alone, in the choice of
 those you employ.—He may be partial—for he is a
 man, and may be for a moment unjust.

Some time after this conversation the Chevalier
de Murville acquainted me, that *Mirandel*, the mer-
 chant, and destined spouse of *Stalina*, had retracted his
 promise, without giving a reason for a conduct so
 extraordinary, considering the love he had shewn
 for her.—I commissioned the Chevalier to find her
 another husband. He told me he had, in his
 thoughts a person who would certainly return to
 * * * in two months. The next day but one, he
 wrote me word that *Mirandel* was constantly
 walking

walking near the lake C*** of *Stolina's* house, and that he thought the match might be brought on again. He was authorised to try . . . Failed, and the scheme was given up. The sixth of last month the Prince saw the Count *de Stralzi* for a moment, and proposed his hunting with him. The Count excused himself, and left us with an air evidently embarrassed. Just as we were going out, the Prince was told, that an old Officer, by his appointment, waited his commands. Oh! says the Prince, he is come too late; the time I fixed is past: tell him I am going a hunting. The poor man, replied I, flattered himself, that you would to-day listen to a recital of his misfortunes; he will return home in despair.—It is his own fault; why did not he come to his time! He is not here to give his reasons; perhaps they are good ones. Well let him come in then, said the Prince a little peevishly. Immediately a venerable worn out old man, with a wan countenance, and his arm in a sling, made his appearance. Sir, says the Prince, did not M. *Sulback* desire you from me to be here at ten o'clock? He did, answered the Officer in a faltering voice: and yet, says the Prince, it is almost twelve. These words, uttered in an imperious and angry tone, so-intimidated the unhappy veteran now for the first time at the Levee, and in the presence of the son of his Sovereign, that he could not reply. He looked down, and stammered out some innocent words. I perceived he was unable to proceed; and, willing to give him time to recover himself, I accosted him thus: Probably you live at a distance from the Palace? It was not that—I was detained—by a trifling accident.—What accident? asked the Prince,

Prince, with more good-nature. An accident—which deserves not—only—I broke my arm this morning: Heavens! cried the Prince, this morning! And yet you are come! and remain standing, when you can scarcely support yourself upon your legs! This said, he instantly drew forward an elbow-chair, and, taking the old man's hand, desired him to be seated. What for me? said the Officer, can your Highness think me worth your attention? Rest yourself, replied the Prince, and, still holding his hand, made him sit down. Oh! Sir, what goodness of heart! What goodness of heart! The veteran's tears hindered his saying more. What! Are you surprized at finding in me some marks of humanity? Ah! Sir, this moment repays forty years misfortunes.—The Prince wiped his swollen eyes, and, after a short pause, said, you suffer too much to be able this day to explain your business; I am even hurt that you came.—Sir, I came to solicit for my son! Give me your memorial, and rest assured of my active and most interested zeal.—The old man, unable to answer, presented it, and got up to go away: the Prince, perceiving that he walked with difficulty, supported him by the arm as far as the door, in spite of the faint efforts made by the Officer to disengage himself, who, equally confused and struck by the Prince's good-nature, received his support with tears of joy and frequent exclamations of surprize and gratitude. When he was gone, I asked the Prince, if he did not think the excuse a good one, for not coming to his time, and if he repented having delayed his hunting? O! my God! what would this unhappy man, who came in so much pain, have suffered, had I not heard him? Therefore
never.

never hesitate to sacrifice your pleasures to good works; or, to explain myself better, permit not any particular amusement to take such hold of you as to be relinquished with real concern. Your only passions should be virtue and glory.—How much do I repent my haughty treatment of the old man, which seemed so much to distress him!—In fact, you cruelly frightened a man who had for forty years served the State with valour, a man covered with honourable wounds, a man who had undauntedly faced dangers and the enemy: yet this brave and respectable veteran trembled before you, before a boy of sixteen! Tell me, Sir, do you pride yourself in being the cause of such emotions? . . . Quite the reverse; I am humbled and repent my conduct. That man must have thought me unfeeling and imperious, because he was so easily disconcerted. . . . He supposed you were possessed of that brutal pride which marks the characters of tyrants: he thought a broken arm would not be allowed to be a sufficient excuse by you. He even ventured to mention it only as a trifling accident. He imagined, that you looked upon men in a lower class as beings of an inferior kind to yourself; convinced of the absurdity of such an opinion, yet he wanted your aid.—He trembled.—Many Princes are narrow-minded enough to be vain of inspiring such servile fear: they are ignorant, that contempt and hatred are its companions. Haughtiness, disdain, and caprice, joined with power, may make one formidable, and enslave those who can only revenge their humbled state by aversion. It is virtue alone that can implant respect, and obtain faithful services. Always reflect, Sir, upon your most shining title, your first dignity. Remember

member you are a man, and that you cannot lessen another without humbling yourself. The Prince was convinced of this truth. He immediately talked of the old man; and said, that, let the fate of his petition be what it may, he shall not have made a fruitless journey with his broken arm; for he shall receive, to-morrow, the first quarter of a pension for life. I will afterwards ask him, how he came to form so strange an opinion of me? For surely I have not deserved the character of being absurd? By no means said I. But this man never came to Court but to ask favours there of impertinent clerks in office, and of Ministers too often capricious: rejected, probably, by one and by the other. He concluded, that power of authority made men hard-hearted, unjust, and contemptuous: and the masters of these people would of course be less easy of access and more inhuman. —How hard it is that a Prince should lose the affections of part of his subjects by the caprice and rudeness of his Ministers? Happily, replied I, this evil has its remedy. We were here interrupted by their asking if the Prince meant to hunt? Late as it was, he seemed to wish it: I made no objection even to stay out till night. He took me at my word, for, at dusk, we were six leagues from **: It was then time to go to our carriages. Just as we entered a small and very thick wood, the horse of one of the Prince's equerries ran away with and flung him; he was thrown under the beast; from which we released him, and perceived he was covered with blood and dangerously wounded, chiefly about the head. The Prince was the more affected, the young man being his favourite. A huntsman went for the carriages; but the wounded
man

man could not suffer himself to be carried six leagues in his deplorable situation. He recollected the country-seat of the Count *de Stralzi* must be near, and he desired to be carried there. A huntsman knew it to be within a quarter of a league, and that it was but two leagues from the village of **, where both a Physician and Surgeon might be met with. The Prince, with a laudable compassion, would himself conduct the wounded man to the house, and recommended him to the care of the Count's servants. We got there by six o'clock, the night very dark. Some of his people said the Count was at home. We were surprised at it; he had told us in the morning, that some business of consequence would detain him in ** all the day. The whole house was in an uproar: some servants seeking their master; others, confused by our questions, answered them ambiguously. Our numerous company filled all the apartments. We had settled our sickman in a commodious room, and left him to go to our carriage, without knowing whether the Count was from home, or had concealed himself; when, just as we were passing thro' a grand saloon, he made his appearance: he approached us with such an embarrassed air, such a gloomy countenance, and such extraordinary agitations, that the Prince and I, equally astonished, looked upon one another with some degree of terror. The Count muttered some unintelligible excuses: the Prince without hearing them fixed his eyes upon him, and then said with a smile, I will endeavour to take a proper time for my next visit. The Count blushed, and sought in vain to disguise his extreme perplexity. The Prince changed the discourse to his equerry's accident,

accident, and recommending him to the Count's care, stept forward to go away: at that moment a shriek was heard: we started.—The Prince stopped short. The Count trembled and pushed forward with dismay to the door, which was hastily opened: an Angel, a celestial figure, the divine *Stolina*, flung herself at the Prince's feet, imploring thus his protection. You, Sir, who formerly rescued my family from misery and death, vouchsafe now to preserve what is most valuable to me! Defend my honour! Be assured of that, said the Prince: Innocence and beauty will never be refused my assistance. He affectionately raised *Stolina* from the ground, and, holding her by the hand, as if fearing she would quit him, or be forced from him, looked with rage for the Count, but in vain, I had favoured his escape. I made a sign to be left alone with the Prince, and then asked him, Well, Sir, what do you mean to do? You surely guess; to conduct her where she wishes. He spoke this in a very unusual manner to me; I perceived he was influenced by a power superior to mine, and put on this air of independence, that I might not oppose his intentions. I was convinced he would not brook contradiction, and, at the same time, would make a bad use of indulgence. I took the resolution of appearing ignorant of his thoughts, and, with great good humour, said it is worthy of you to conduct *Stolina* to a creditable place of safety: but first let us hear her story. The young woman blushed, and told us that the Count *de Stralzi*, returning one day from the *Chevalier de Murville's* garden, saw her walking with her mother in the fields; that he wrote her many letters, of which she only read the first, and sent the

the others back unopened; at length he had desisted from his unsuccessful pursuit.

This morning, continued she, I rose as usual at day-break: Scarcely out of bed when an old maid-servant told me, one of my neighbours, for whom I had a particular regard, had just sent, desiring me to come directly to her: I went out with the maid, for my mother put great trust in that wretch. We crost a large orchard, and entered an avenue of elms: at the end there stood a carriage, which surprised me, this being an unfrequented spot. I would have taken another path, had not the maid told me the carriage was the Prince's, who was walking on the banks of the lake: (At this period *Stolina* paused, blushing exceedingly: and there was a momentary interval of silence. Well, replied the Prince, with a faltering voice, you believed it was my carriage?—Yes, Sir, and I did not take another path.—O *Stolina*! had I but been there—I should have preserved you from the villainous attempt: Well, interrupted I, it was the Count *de Stralzi*? No, Sir, his vile emissaries: they seized and forced me into the carriage, with my base servant, who wrapped my head in a handkerchief, so that I could neither see nor be heard. They brought me to this house, shut me up in a room, and, about an hour before the Prince's arrival, the Count came to me. Promises, protestations, and intreaties being ineffectual, he was about to use force, when a great noise of horses and carriages was heard; at the same time one knocked at the door to acquaint him of the Prince's being come: he, doubtless, perceived the joy this intelligence gave me: his rage increased, and, after much hesitation, he left me

me locked up in the room. He was scarcely gone, when I opened the window, and resolutely jumped out of it. I fell on the grass in a small garden; its gate being open, I got into the courtyard, and some of the Prince's huntsmen, whom I met there, conducted me to this apartment. The seducing *Stolina* here finished her recital. Heavens! exclaimed I, to what shocking lengths do our passions carry us! What happiness is your's, Sir, to have rescued innocence from the attempts of vice? But it is seven o'clock, let us lose no time; *Stolina* is doubtless impatient to return to the embraces of her father and mother. Hearing this, she with tears intreated the Prince to send her that night to her parents. I will carry you there myself, said he eagerly. I can easily conceive, interrupted I, that you are desirous of restoring, with your own hands, to those worthy people a daughter so deservedly dear to them; but this adventure will make a noise; it will be known that she was carried off: the public are too apt to misrepresent the most trifling events and actions. Should it be known that you yourself carried *Stolina* home, depend upon it that many will through folly or malice confound the protector with the ravisher. Let me advise you to send her home under the care of young *Sulback*. The unsuspecting air of confidence and good-humour I put on intirely took from the Prince all desire of opposing me, and he heard me with complacency. Nevertheless, he observed, that *Alexis Stezen's* house being but three leagues off, we should only be an hour longer in returning to—. I remarked, that this circumstance could not affect my argument, in which the Prince acquiesced.

ced. We put *Stolina* into a carriage with *Sul-back* for her guard, and got home ourselves at half past nine at night. I told the Prince I would immediately give an account of this adventure to his father. I returned in half an hour. Well, said the Prince, what does my father think of *Stralzi's* behaviour? He knew it all, replied I; that unhappy young man, on his escape from his house, confessed it all to his uncle; who flung himself at your father's feet to implore his mercy: and what answer did he receive? That you, Sir, should determine his punishment. What I? Yes, Sir: because, you being the best acquainted with all the particulars, are more able to give an equitable judgment. You may easily imagine, continued I, that the Prince your father, has a mind on this occasion to make a trial of your discernment and justice; and that if you were to pronounce too severe a sentence.—Yet the Count *de Stralzi* deserves punishment—without doubt, but recollect that maxim which pleased you so much when you read it: “There is a meanness in hatred of which a great soul is incapable. A Prince must sometimes punish, when absolutely necessary; but it should then be done without harshness or malice, and without giving himself up to the pleasures of revenge. He has no other interest but those of the public, and admits into his breast no secret aversions to disturb his peace, and deprive him of his candour and benevolence?”—Reflect on this, continued I: you are to give an answer in two days: at the expiration of that time, I think, said the Prince, Count *de Stralzi's* youth intitles him to some indulgence: he should not be lost, but

but amended. Let him only be banished from Court for one year: I will request of my father to have the goodness to pronounce himself this sentence upon him, and to add at the same time, that, in case of his sincere reformation, the remembrance of his fault shall not prevent his receiving any honours his birth intitles him to. Does there appear to you, added the Prince, colouring, any harshness, any spirit of revenge in this sentence? On the contrary, answered I, there is too much lenity and indulgence, but arising from such laudable motives that your father will most readily confirm it. I had the greater reason to commend the Prince's good nature, he having the day after the adventure confessed himself to be desperately in love: an unmanageable passion at sixteen and an half: I was at a loss how to act, when I heard that *Mirandel* had renewed his addresses to *Stolina*. He acknowledged that the Count *de Stralzi* had taken him off from his pursuit, by placing the Prince's favours to *Alexis Stezen's* family in a suspicious light. The forcibly conveying her away opened *Mirandel's* eyes, and renewed his former affection. I would have availed myself of this, and hastened the marriage; but *Stolina* herself objected. She positively refused to her father's intreaties a pardon to a lover whom inclination and repentance had restored to her. I know not what to think of this refusal: when the Prince himself one morning cleared up all my suspicions: he brought me a letter opened; he was much disturbed; anger and indignation were visible in his countenance. I promised, said he, to conceal nothing from you: I have just received this letter; here it is, read it. I took it, it was too moving,
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and from *Stolina*: she conjures the Prince, as her protector, as her deliverer, her only support on earth, to defend her from the persecutions of a man as violent as he was contemptible; who, after having refused and basely aspersed her, was resolved to wed her, though she had so fixed and just an aversion to him. Well, Sir, said I, after having read the letter, *Stolina* must be accused of fickleness, since she now refuses an offer, which, but a few months ago, she willingly accepted. Be that as it may, said the Prince, he shall never gain her by compulsion. Who will compel her? Perhaps her parents—Yes. *Stolina* would have you think so?—But she deceives you. She deceive me!—Would you believe her sooner than me?—But what advantage can it be to her? She is not ignorant of your passion. This has intoxicated and made her despise her former lover. What absurdity! Can you believe? I tell you nothing new; her father speaks plainly, that she can only love her deliverer, her only support on earth. Ah! Sir, you have banished the Count *de Stralzi* for attempting to debauch an innocent girl; what punishment will you inflict on yourself? What?—You have corrupted this young woman by discovering a passion which misleads you. You have robbed her of her reason and of her virtue. She dares to write to you, unknown to her parents: in short, to have a preference of applying to you, she is guilty of an abominable falsehood. She scandalises her father; she represents him as a tyrant, that she may make an offering of herself to you, under the specious form of a victim. It is certainly your work, that a mind, once so pure, is now so

full of deceit. But are you sure she will not be obliged to marry this man? You may be certain of that: by sending to *Mirandel's* house you will find he is set out this evening for France, his native country. Besides, *Alexis Stezen* has no inducement to thwart his daughter's inclinations: the portion which the Prince your father gives her insures her an honourable match. Struck with these words, the Prince, sighing, looked down. You are convinced, continued I, of the bad consequences of your misconduct. It is not enough to be conscious of our faults; we must amend them. What must I do, interrupted he, with anxiety and eagerness? Cure yourself of a passion that degrades you. Alas! I can lament it; but for a cure—Is it, you who talks thus? The son of a great Prince, born to govern men, yet unable to conquer the weakest of all passions? Besides, is it possible you can be in love with a person you have seen only two or three times? That was enough to inspire love—from my childhood she always was in my thoughts—what expectation can you form from this? Would you seduce and ruin her? That thought strikes me with horror—Endeavour then to get the better of your attachment! Impossible!—I will propose the means. We are to travel some months hence: let it be directly. The Prince considered a short time; then offering me his hand, I consent to it, said he, to prove myself, notwithstanding my folly, worthy of your esteem, will be my chief pleasure. I am delighted with you, but not surprised, exclaimed I. No passion contrary to your duty could ever disturb me; I was certain you could get the better of it. You, continued I, should write to *Stolina*, promising her your protection,

rection, and that she should never be compelled to enter any state of life, that was disagreeable to her. The Prince, delighted with this permission, squeezed my hand, and sat about writing. His answering her immediately pleased me, for I was certain, in this present disposition, the letter would be as I wished it. He desired me to read it. It was as harmless as if I had composed it myself. The next day the departure of the Prince was announced publickly. We set off in two days for those provinces of which Monsieur *de Sulback* and the Count *de Stralzi* had made the tour, by order of the Prince. We mean to form a judgment ourselves of the facts contained in their journals. We shall travel incog. with few attendants. The Prince expects to return to — in three months; but we shall be much longer absent. The whole of my scheme shall be explained to you in my next letter. You see, my dear Baron, though I write but seldom, I make it up to you by the length of my letters. You and my sister are my only correspondents: to you alone, I confide these occurrences. To my sister I only speak of the Chevalier *de Murville*; whom she loves the more, since I have informed her that he is dying of a consumption: in this I exaggerated a little, to make my court to the Viscountess: yet the poor man is really in a weak state, and I fear, in some danger. Adieu! my dear Baron. Direct my letters, under cover, to the Comte *de Riller*, who will forward them.

LETTER XVII.

M. de Aimeri to the Baron.

YOU have no idea, Sir, of the joy my grandson experienced, when I shewed him your letter, dated B—— Castle. *Adelaide* is then in France! cried he; this emotion was much more lively, as the night before last we supped at the Intendant's, where we saw Mr. D—, who was just returned from Turin, and who talked of nothing but Madame *Almane* and the charming *Adelaide*. *Charles* asked him many questions, and was informed that Mademoiselle *Almane* was the handsomest person living; the most amiable, the most natural; that she possessed all the candour and simplicity of infancy, and all the graces of youth; that she sings in Italian, and plays on the harp like an Angel; that she draws in a superior style; that she educates a little orphan; that she is the best as well as the youngest and most charming of mothers. Mr. D— related a thousand marks of *Adelaide's* and *Ermine's* mutual tenderness. This singular adoption, has interested even people who do not know you. *Charles* was melted almost to tears; he knows by heart all the little stories Mr. D— recounted; and he talks of nothing else to me. As an imagination of twenty years is easily inflamed, he is anxious to have the time of his duty over, in order to fly to Languedoc; but, notwithstanding his impatience, it is impossible that we can depart from hence till the 25th of July. Adieu, Sir, I hope, as you have now fewer occupations, you will write oftener to me; and

and think with great pleasure, that I shall receive no more letters fifteen days after they are dated.

L E T T E R XVIII.

The Baron to the Viscount.

THE Castle of B— is at present very gay, my dear Viscount. We are happy in celebrating the event which interests all France; and, although at two hundred leagues from Versailles, I have illuminated my four towers and my gate-way—my peasants eat, drink, and dance in my garden; and I have, as well as you, the pleasure of hearing, Long live the King! a sound which must be pleasing to every Frenchman, particularly at this distance from Court; for, in the midst of a remote province, such exclamations can proceed only from the heart; they here express real joy and gratitude—you will not see an account of my entertainment in the Gazette; it is a citizen, and not a courtier, who gives it—The most virtuous sentiments, sentiments which at all times have produced the most shining actions, are now treated as prejudices; insensibility and licentiousness, under the specious names of reason and philosophy, break without scruple the most sacred ties, and glory in despising all decency. They speak of State affairs with a freedom, which even the presence of their children and domestics cannot restrain—For my part, occupied intirely by the education of mine, I have seldom time to go to Versailles—but I would have *Theodore* love his King, because he was born to serve him, and to

receive his favours—I would have him love his country, because it is his duty to defend and to shed his blood for it.—In this, as in every thing else, I inforce my precepts by example; and I conduct myself so as to prove to *Theodore*, that I interest myself equally for the happiness and glory of France and of the Sovereign who governs us.—I never fail to shew my satisfaction at every event that happens for the good of my country, by giving a little feast within my own walls, which, while it amuses my children, makes them take a sensible part in the public felicity.*

I am concerned, my dear Viscount, that you cannot come to see us these six weeks—for by that means I shall pass only a fortnight with you, as my son's entrance into the army will oblige me to leave you by the beginning of June; we shall then go to Strasbourg to remain, till January, for I intend that *Theodore* shall begin a course of civil law, which will employ him the following summer.

I send you a letter for *Porphyry*, whom I have engaged to accompany you into Languedoc; I have a strong desire to see him again, and to hear him read a performance of which Madame *d'Ortalis* speaks highly.—Adieu, my dear Viscount. Let me know if I must absolutely relinquish all hope of seeing you before the 20th of May.

* This last idea is not my own, I willingly yield all the merit to its unknown Author. I read in the Paris Journal, about two years ago, several clever letters, signed Bonnaire Pere, (a fictitious name.) In one of these pretty letters, this was his picture of a good citizen—I was sufficiently struck with it to remember it at the end of the year, and to give the honour of it to the Baron d'Almay.

LETTER XIX.

The Baroness to the Viscountess.

COME then, my dear friend; we are preparing plays, entertainments, and charming *surprises* for you.—A small theatre, where you see the actors through gauze, in imitation of the magical pictures of Azor and Zemira: pantomimes acted by our children, *Diana, Seraphina, Adelaide*, and *Ermine*;—others, where you will see *Theodore*, *Monf. d'Almane* and *d'Ainville*; an orchestra composed of two harps, *Madame d'Ostalis* and me. And then we have balls, and run races on foot, with shepherds and nymphs; and we have concerts *trios* and *quartets*.—In short, our rehearsals are over, and we wish for the happy time when we are to begin our representations. I have had on this occasion an opportunity of giving *Adelaide* a very important piece of advice. The day before yesterday we rehearsed one of our pieces before Monsieur and Madame *de Valmont* and some other persons: *Seraphina* played her part very boldly. Her mother scolded her, and disconcerted her so much, that, in the midst of a very comic scene, she burst into tears; and Madame *d'Ostalis* sent her away to her chamber. We all returned to the saloon. *Adelaide*, very much concerned at this accident, told Madame *de Valmont*, that it was not at all surprising that *Seraphina* did not act properly, and that she had been so much affected by her mother's anger; for that she was not at all well, having a very bad head-ach, and even a little fever. I heard what

she said; and asked her aloud, if *Seraphina* had really told her she was ill? Yes, Mamma, answered *Adelaide*, but in a low voice, and blushing at the same time. I took no notice of it, but went out, and returned in half a quarter of an hour.—A moment after Madame *d'Ostalis* came in with great emotion. She told me softly she wanted to speak with me, and made a sign to *Adelaide* to follow us: we went into a little room, and Madame *d'Ostalis* said I am very angry. *Seraphina* has just told me a lye, and maintains it in the most positive manner.—What is it?—Why, indeed, my dear aunt, she denies positively that she told *Adelaide* she had the head-ach.—What, interrupted *Adelaide*, have you told her?—Yes, replied Madame *d'Ostalis*, my aunt told me you assured her *Seraphina* was ill; that she told you of it; and this is what she denies; but you may suppose I do not hesitate to believe you, and that I have treated her.... Oh! Heavens, cried *Adelaide*, the poor little girl was right. With a design to excuse her, I thought an innocent falsehood might be permitted, and instead of this I have occasioned her punishment!—Go, then, said I, to Madame *d'Ostalis*, give her her liberty, and to make her amends, forgive her intirely, and allow her to come to supper with us. As soon as we were alone, How, said I, to *Adelaide*, could you invent this story, not only to Madame *de Valmont*, but to me, also!—It is true, Mamma: you know I hate lyes; but I thought, when no person was hurt by it, and that it might excuse one I loved, I might be allowed to make use of a falsehood. It is permitted to be used in these circumstances, when it serves to excuse a real fault, or to conceal

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a secret either of our own; or one confided to us. These are the only cases where falsehood may ever be permitted. The fault, which *Seraphina* was guilty of could neither give a bad opinion of her heart, or of her disposition: it was not a crime. Therefore neither your friendship for her nor your attachment to *Madame d'Ostalis*, obliged you to tell a lye on this occasion: and every time you do so, however harmless it may seem, unless there is an extreme necessity for it, or a great deal depends on it, you will always be to blame, and at the same time act very imprudently; for in using yourself to tell this kind of lyes, you will lose the right of being credited, when you wish to defend your friends. Every body knew, that *Seraphina* had no head-ach: another time, if you should wish to excuse any little faults you will be suspected of, even if you tell truth; and, if you were not so young and so well known here, people would be apt to believe you naturally given to falsehood, since you were guilty of it without any kind of necessity. We ought to do every thing to serve our friends, except exposing our reputation for them. Honour is too estimable for us ever to sacrifice it on any account. If you tell a lye, in order to do your friend a small service, they who discover it to be a falsehood, have a right to suppose you a liar; therefore, you ought never to tell a lye. If you conceal the truth, or deny it, in a matter which concerns the happiness of your friend, it will not hurt your character; it has its excuse in the necessity of it: this therefore is allowable, and friendship renders it your duty. I see plainly, replied *Adelaide*, how seldom it is that the most innocent lye is not attended with inconveniencies. I wanted to serve *Seraphina*, and all the success I

had was to occasion her anger, and take from myself the power of defending or excusing her for a long time ! . . . Remember, said I, never to depart from these principles ; the contrary would lead you far astray. It is not enough to do a good action ; it must also be united with justice and integrity . . . Can it be possible to depart from integrity in doing a good action ? . . . Let us suppose that we have two neighbours, one of them poor, virtuous, and the father of a numerous family ; the other rich and a bad man, who has acquired his fortune by thieving and cheating. Your poor neighbour tells you he is perishing with hunger ; and, as you have no money, he leaves you in despair. A moment after the walls which separate you from your rich wicked neighbour, tumble down, and discover a large room, entirely filled with gold. You are sure, that the owner of this money does not know the amount of it, and that you could take some without his finding it out ; and consequently without exposing your reputation. You recollect ; you think you still hear the piercing cries of the good father of his family ; you can save his life and those of his wife and children. A hundred guineas would make him happy ; this money, gained by vice, would pass from wicked hands to those of virtue ; the wicked man could not only spare it, but does not even perceive the loss of it ; while on the other hand, this sum would snatch a whole family from the grave ! . . . Oh, Mamma ! do not tempt me any farther . . . I only ask you, in this situation what would you do ? . . . Ah, the unfortunate father of the family ! . . . You would steal then ! you would be guilty of a crime which merits death ! . . . Oh, Heaven ! I should rather die myself . . . But would
such

such an act of compassion be pardoned? . . . Compassion, when opposed to honour and honesty, is only a weakness which ought to be conquered. I perceive it, and that, in effect, nothing can excuse a thief. . . . But at least, Manima, you will allow this to be a very distressing situation. . . . Yes, for a person who blindly pursues the impulse of the moment, without considering justice or prudence: But for *Adelaide*, when she is eighteen years old, it will only be painful, not distressing. When you are of this age, you will know perfectly the impossibility of being virtuous, unless you constantly attend to its principles, and act from a regular and settled plan: *Never do what religion or the laws of your country forbid.* This is the sacred precept which must be the rule of all your actions; and no pretence, or situation, however extraordinary, can dispense with your observing it. . . . If there is a circumstance which may make you think stealing excusable, you might perhaps find another which might make murder appear lawful. . . . Murder! oh, no! . . . Yes, murder, even parricide! . . . History, you know, furnishes us with more than one instance of these dreadful actions, produced by motives which have produced the most virtuous actions, the love of one's country and the desire of serving it. Thus it is, that our most laudable pursuits, our most noble sentiments, even our virtues, may lead us astray, if we renounce our principles. So pity and humanity might inspire us with the desire of stealing. . . . A crime is always a crime, however useful it may be, or whatever good it may produce, and even if it insured the felicity of a whole nation. He, who commits so mean an action, dishonours himself, and becomes

a villain. Ah, Mamma! I will never forget this precept, so easy to remember: *Never to do what religion and law forbid.* I will never tell an untruth again on a trifling account, since religion and conscience forbid lying. I will never dissemble the truth, but when prudence, discretion, and friendship make it absolutely necessary; and I will never steal, in order to be charitable. But, Mamma, one word more about lying; for you have just made me very scrupulous on the subject. There is not a day passes that we do not tell a thousand stories; for instance, when you order yourself to be denied!—It would be a folly to call that lying; every thing of that kind, which is done through politeness, is only a common compliment, which is the more innocent, as it deceives nobody.—Yes, Mamma, when you do so, because you do not insist upon it: but I have seen people say the same thing, with so much apparent sincerity, that I should have been deceived by it, if I had not afterwards discovered that it was false.—This is indeed different, when one says such things, with earnestness and a tone of affection, it must then be called falsehood, not politeness.—Then, Mamma, to be polite, I think it is not necessary to say continually, *I am much afflicted.*—Not at all: though formerly the matter was carried still farther; for people said they were in *despair* on these occasions; which, at this time, makes them only *afflicted*. In short, the most simple expressions are always the best of this sort; and it is difficult to preserve an air of true politeness, if you use yourself to such expressions.—I remember you forbid me to say, *that is incredible, unheard of,*—*I am enraged*—and then, *this is ravishing,*

visiting, charming . . . And many other such words and sentences, of which I have formed a list, that I may not make use of them when I come into company. I have not intirely forbid you to use them, only recommended you not to repeat them constantly, or when they are improper. Nothing can be more disagreeable than this way of talking, and the being so lavish of such strong epithets; it deprives you of the possibility of expressing either astonishment, affection, or joy, when you really feel these sentiments. Thus people use the most passionate expressions where enthusiasm is ridiculous, and appear cold when they wish to shew their tenderness . . . *Adelaide* retired to her chamber after this conversation, in order to write down a part of the advice I had just given her. It is a custom she has used herself to for some time: she makes a kind of journal of all our conversations, and she writes an exact account of the principles and sentiments which strike her the most. I only require that she should submit this little Work to my censure, in order that I may see whether she thoroughly understands it, and may correct it, if by chance she should be mistaken. But what engages her time the most is the Novel in Letters, which I mentioned to you. She already sees with great pleasure, that the last letters are much superior to the first. She even enjoys her own improvement. She perceives new ideas open to her. Her understanding is clear and just, because she has learned nothing from conversation which is above her comprehension. She is very impatient for the time when she may read the best Authors in the three languages of French, English, and Italian; but her confidence in me moderates her impatience;

tience ; for she is certain, that I only defer giving her this pleasure, that she may be the better able to enjoy them ; and we have agreed to defer this interesting study, till she has written all the answers to my letters, which will be nine or ten months hence. Adieu, my dear friend ; come to us, and by the addition of your company render the Castle de B—— the most delightful place in the world, and, at the same time, complete the felicity of your happy friend.

LETTER XX.

Madame de Valey to Madame de Germeuil.

B—— Castle.

YOU wish to hear a particular account of the life we pass here and of our amazing pleasures ; so I will satisfy you : we have had many most splendid entertainments, moral Comedies without love ; Pantomimes acted by children ; dancing by the country-fellows and waiting-women ; and parties on the water ; we sup at nine, and are all in bed by eleven. Judge now, how little all this suits my inclination ! But yet I am the only person who is not delighted with this rural life : my mother is in continual extacy : Madame d'Ossalis always appears charmed before her aunt, and commends every thing she likes : my father regrets neither the Opera nor Mademoiselle Hortense ; the Chevalier de Herbain gives up small talk, and is as insipid as he is naturally satyrical and severe :
even

even *Porphyry* writers only little Poems and Eclogues, in which he paints and celebrates the virtues of *Madame d'Almane*, the charms and accomplishments of *Adelaide*, and the innocent felicity which every one enjoys in this delightful place. As I am to give you an account of all the people that are here assembled, besides those I have already mentioned, we have the *Chevalier de Valmont's* father and mother; as to the first, he is an absolute rustic of the worst sort; always laughing, and calls his wife, his heart, and his puss, impertinent, proud, and never inclined to be silent, till *Madame the Baroness d'Almane* is disposed to speak. As for *Madame de Valmont*, though there is a most uncommon insipidity in her, yet she would be well enough and really has something almost noble in her manner, if she would not net so much, and did not constantly wear a tippet of mole-skin, with tufted fringe. Now figure to yourself all these personages surrounding *Madame d'Almane*, and neither seeing nor hearing any thing but her; then add to the picture a parcel of children; *Adelaide*, *Hermione*, *Theodore*, *Constantia*, *Seraphina*, *Diana*, tiresome little wretches, who all follow *Madame d'Almane* and listen to her as to an oracle; then imagine this society assembled in a vast large Castle, the very furniture of which is enough to give you the vapours, for you see nothing but stern profiles of most melancholy figures, with enormous Roman noses. Now, pray bring all these circumstances before you, and then you will conceive what sort of countenance I must put on in this peaceful sanctuary of virtue and happiness.

You.

You wish for a faithful description of *Adelaide*, that little miracle, that master-piece of Nature and education; I will satisfy your curiosity, and be very particular; she is not tall for her age, but remarkably slender; has a little round face, with delicate features, and a very childish look; at first you are only struck with her eyes, which are really beautiful and singularly pleasant and sensible; she has an agreeable and clever smile; her complexion is pretty, though not remarkably fair; she has but little colour, but then she blushes every instant, and only in her cheeks; and her beauty improves when she either speaks or sings; she has a charming mouth and teeth, and very pretty hands; she is not so handsome as my sister, but yet she eclipses her, or, to express myself more properly, you forget to look at *Constantia* when *Adelaide* is present. This little figure will soon be much talked of, and I am certain, when she appears in the world, we shall hear no more mention of the Countess *Anatolle*. With regard to her education, which is so much praised and cried up, I see nothing particular in it; for it appears to me as if she owed nothing but to Nature: she is so obliging and good-humoured, that it is impossible to dislike, or indeed not to have a regard for her; as to any thing else, she is very bashful, speaks little, and that only in a common sort of manner, and appears more childish than people generally are at her age, for she plays with *Diana*, *Seraphina*, and her little *Hermione*, not the least out of complaisance, but for her own diversion; they say she has knowledge, but, though conversation often turns her on *History*, the *Arts*, and *Literature*, *Adelaide* listens with

with an attention which shews nothing but curiosity, for she never assumes the air of satisfaction, which every one has, who hears what he already knows ; and she never joins in those conversations which must be owing to ignorance ; for how is it possible to persuade one, that a person of only fourteen years of age can be sufficiently modest always to hold her tongue, when by conversing she could astonish the company, and gain herself admiration ? She has a charming voice : I am no judge of her talent for musick and drawing ; you know the little taste I have for the *Arts*. I perceive she can with equal readiness converse in English and in Italian, and has a number of pretty little accomplishments which she owes only to herself. It is she who puts in order the fruit for the table, and she can cut out the prettiest things in the world ; she also does cyphers for rings on hair and landskips, and all those different things she learned in her idle hours.—*Theodore*, the other prodigy, is not so handsome as his sister, nor has he, like the *Chevalier de Valmont*, the interesting figure of a *Hero in Romance*.—However, he is tall and perfectly well made ; he has a form equally active, easy, and noble, a good face, and an interesting countenance ; but he is as bashful as his sister ; and *not more knowing*, I would lay a wager, though he is fifteen and a half . . . *Theodore* is neither deficient in the graces, nor in politeness, though he knows not yet how to compliment a woman, or even look at one.—My mother understands much better how to educate her pupils ; (for without talking or commending myself) *Constantia* is very forward for her age. She has already formed a passion, a violent affection, and

and with the person who I make no doubt will determine the future destiny of her life . . . She absolutely loves *Theodore* to distraction; she has got to her *emotions*,—her *blushes*—and *reveries*.—In short, nothing can be more visible, or more ridiculous—at thirteen, I was only a coquette, but *Constantia* has an absolute passion. The difference which appears to exist in the educations is only in name; for coquetry and love generally make people run the same length; so what signifies the answer where the effects are alike! Adieu, my dear; during your circle, you was the object of my tenderest compassion; at present, you may return the compliment, for I do assure you I am as much out of my element here as you were with your country Squires.

LETTER XXI.

The Baronefs to Madame d'Ostalis.

Castle de B—

Do not regret leaving the Castle so much, my dear child; you have quitted us, and it is no longer the same; we have lost the most agreeable part of our company. Since your departure, the weather has been so extremely hot, that it has been impossible, particularly for Parisian Ladies, to stir out of doors before eight o'clock in the evening. The Viscountess has established a reading party, where we all assemble, though not compelled to it; it lasts about three quarters of an hour; and it is *Adelaide*, who reads aloud *The Theatre*

Theatre de la Chaussée. As she has a very sweet tone of voice, acts well, and reads Poetry with great propriety, she even attracts the attention of *Madame de Valey*, who piques herself greatly on having a very particular affection for *Adelaide*; which proves to me, that it is impossible for those who are possessed of native innocence and mildness, not to please even the most envious or censorious person in the world. In three weeks we shall be left in solitude; I shall remain here only one month after the Viscountess goes; so that I shall certainly be at Paris by the beginning of November. We expect every day *Mons. d'Aimeri* and the *Chevalier de Valmont*; the first has had a fit of the gout, which confined him a month to his bed, and retarded his departure from *de . . .*; but he is now recovered, and his last letter informs us of his speedy return. I own I am not sorry that the Viscountess will be gone before his arrival, because the interview between *Adelaide* and the *Chevalier de Valmont* will be very interesting; and I fear the penetration of the Viscountess, as well as the malignity of *Madame de Valey*. *Adelaide* will be fifteen in less than two months . . . I am very certain that the *Chevalier* will not see her without surprise and emotion; and witnesses at such a time would be very troublesome. Adieu, my dear child; I will write to you again, when *Mons. d'Aimeri* arrives; and will acquaint you with all the particulars which your friendship has a right to expect.

I have this day received two letters from *Strasbourg*. *Mons. d'Almane* and *Theodore* are in perfect health; they tell me it appears as strange as it is afflicting, that they should rise in the morning and go to bed at night, without embracing me
once

once throughout the whole day. You can tell whether I do not partake of the same sentiments. . . . Adieu, my dear child : How happy will the month of January make me, for then I shall be again united to all whom I love !

LETTER XXII.

The Baronefs to the same.

From the Castle de B—

AT length, my dear child, they are arrived ; they came the day before yesterday, and the very day after the departure of the Viscountess, Madame de Valmont, Adelaide, Hermione and I were reading in my closet, when a messenger came to inform us he had left Mons. d'Aimeri and the Chevalier de Valmont, four leagues from B*** : on hearing this Adelaide's cheeks became very red, but, as the least surprise has the same effect on her, her blushing did not appear at all particu- lar. I lent my coach to Madame de Valmont, who set out to meet her father and her son ; and Adelaide went to her own chamber to play on the harp ; I followed her thither, but did not perceive she felt the smallest emotion. At seven o'clock I heard the sound of a carriage ; I left Adelaide, and went to the great Vestibule, where I found M. d'Aimeri and the Chevalier de Valmont. I embraced them both, and we entered the saloon. Mons. d'Aimeri inquired after Adelaide ; the Chevalier asked me many questions about Theodore, but seemed to be very absent, and kept his eyes fixed towards the door.

door . . . At eight o'clock the door opened very gently, and *Adelaide* appeared, leading *Hermione* by the hand. At this instant, I fixed my eyes on the Chevalier, and I saw he was affected by pain, joy, and friendship . . . in short, all that I could wish. After the first compliments were paid, the Chevalier addressed himself to the little *Hermione* in Italian, which surprised us, as he was ignorant of the language, when he left us. He told us, with great politeness, he had learned this language, in order to converse with Mademoiselle *Hermione*, because he knew she could not speak French. *Adelaide* was perfectly sensible of this gallantry, and appeared much flattered, that the Chevalier already knew *Hermione* by character. The next day, *Adelaide* was dressed with her usual simplicity; her hair was tied with the same ribband which she wore the evening before; nothing was particular or new; but *Hermione's* dress was quite studied, and I saw that *Adelaide* wished the Chevalier to admire her and think her pretty: he, not venturing to praise her Mamma, repeated every minute, how pretty *Hermione* is! He took great notice of her, and played with her, but with a certain air of affection, and even respect, which was very pleasing. *Adelaide* was much flattered with this complaisance, though I am sure she did not know either the motive or the merit of it. Madame *de Valmont* returns home to-morrow with her father and son, but will come again to visit us, and they are to spend the two last days with us that we stay here. Adieu, my dear child.—The Chevalier *de Valmont* is truly amiable, and has a mildness and delicacy which are equal to every other good quality he possesses.

I beg

I beg of you, my dear child, to order fires to be made in all the rooms of our house. I know it has been built these eighteen months, and that the walls must be dry; but it is not on my account that I am fearful, and, if I was to live in it by myself, I should not take these precautions.

LETTER XXIII.

The Viscountess to the Baroness.

Paris.

I **TOUGHT** to confess to you, my dear friend, that the day before yesterday I had a little return of youth—for on Monday I carried the Countess *Anatole* to the masqued ball which was given by the Ambassador—It is a long time since I was at such an assembly, and in truth I do not think I shall ever go to another.—Oh what an insipid thing is a ball, when one is no longer a coquette! As I had no part to act and was only a spectator, I endeavour-
ed in vain to discover one out of the many attractions such an assembly used to afford me; for now those things appeared ridiculous which had formerly charmed me. I soon discovered Madame *de G*—who still enters into the spirit of a ball to perfection; but so far was she now from diverting me, that she appeared in my eyes an insupportable prating woman; extravagant in cool blood, affect-
edly giddy; without gaiety, wicked without refinement, and for four whole hours uttering only idle impertinence or dull nonsense; and that with a squeaking strained voice, which certainly must

disfigure and make the person the most amiable and entertaining, appear ridiculous and troublesome.—One of the things, which struck me most at this ball, was the ridiculous affectation of the men who were unmasked, almost all of them affecting indifference and fatigue, and answering the masques with the greatest disdain. They form in the gallery several parties, but only appear fixed in their situations, that they may spoil the ball, or from their laziness be able to steal off to bed.—For my part, I prefer those who go to make their intrigues known which were only suspected, and to let the world know the woman who was so well disguised, and who fancies her secret to be unknown to the universe. Others, still more amusing, had put on a mysterious air from mere foppery; and pass one part of the night with some suspicious characters, with whom they have no acquaintance, in order to make people suppose they are deeply engaged in an intrigue; how one's eyes change with years; I had been two hundred times at the Opera-ball, and had never seen all this before; the reason is, because it is impossible to be at the same time actor and spectator. This shews why we sometimes live twenty years in the world without knowing it. So long as we maintain those trifling inclinations which make us act any little parts in the world, we are blind to what passes in it.—As you will now soon return here, I must instruct you how affairs stand in the circle of our society. Mons. *de Merange* and Madame *de Clemis* are at last declared enemies, and, what makes it still more surprising, they were never either lovers or friends. This aversion proceeds intirely from rivalry of pretensions; it is seldom that a man and woman hate each other,
only

only because they are envious; but when it does happen, that sort of dislike is the most inveterate. Do you ask why? Perhaps because naturally men and women were formed to love each other as hatred they say, is the most violent between nearest relations.

You will find Madame *de Lurey* in affliction: she has lost her best friend and dearest *confidant* Monsieur *de C—*, who is just dead of a malignant fever. The women, as I before informed you, love each other with an extreme affection: however, for some time past, they have only intrusted their *real secrets* with the men; it appears much more natural to confess one's faults to a person of one's own sex; and I am certain, that women only chuse male *confidants*, in order to look out for successors to their gallants. It is without doubt a prudent precaution; for nothing is a greater proof of understanding than to have many resources quite ready in case of misfortunes.

You will meet at my house Madame *de Fervagues*, as chance has again revived our acquaintance; she was once under great obligations to me; but those were private, and not known to the world, so were soon forgotten by her. She very soon neglected me, and at last gave me up intirely, without any reason or quarrel. I lately did her a trifling piece of service, but which was well known and much talked of; and Madame *de Fervagues* made me the most grateful acknowledgements. She came to see me immediately, and loaded me with professions of friendship, which only served to convince me, she is as hypocritical as she is inconstant. —As you have only met her, you will not dislike my giving you her picture. Madame *de Fervagues*

is a person without character, and has neither passions nor virtues; but all the great faults which vanity can give. She has a perfect knowledge of all the rules of common politeness, and is what is called highly fashionable; but she lays so great a stress on this science, that she is an absolute slave to it; and has no real esteem but for those who possess it;—she is most strictly polite, but her civility is never obliging, and often misplaced; for she is as polite even to the domestic part of her family as if she was in the drawing-room: polite to her most intimate friend; in short, polite every instant of her life. She had rather a hundred times have a serious quarrel with any person than be deficient in any form of civility: she is capable of forgetting an essential service, but she has never forgotten to return a visit.—After such a description, it is possible to conceive one may have a respect of civility for *Madame de Fervanques*; and that she deserves more than any other person for one to send and make all sorts of *obliging inquiries* after her health; to leave a ticket at her house, and go to see her when her doors are open;—but at the same time she is a person that one is not at all obliged to esteem.

But now, to finish my instructions, I must inform you of one thing that as yet I have omitted telling you, that absolutely you must alter your manner of speaking; as the French language has undergone a great change since your departure: we talk French as the lowest rustics do, leaving out half the letters, and, instead of *cette, votre, notre*, we call it *ete, vot, not*; to express one's self with propriety is now thought a vulgar kind of pedantry; so that a peasant talks much more in the style of the Court, than our scholars do; and we have all

carefully adopted this manner—We have also spoiled the pronunciation of many words, which in your time were spoken with propriety; we say *se-gret* for *secret*, *immense* for *immense*; but I have made a collection of all these alterations, and you must absolutely learn the list by heart, before you receive company; otherwise you will have the appearance of rusticity or a finical exactness. However, you are at liberty to use pedantic expressions in your conversation, and to pay great attention to your phrases when you are speaking; and, if you happen to make a repetition, you may stop to find the synonymous word to that which you was so unfortunate as to use twice over: and lastly, you may aim at eloquence in familiar conversation. If you acquire all this, it will make you appear a very sensible woman; for, provided you only pronounce your words like your waiting-maid, you will never be accused of affectation; and, however stiff and studied you may be yourself, you will always be thought perfectly easy and natural.

Adieu, my dear friend; every one here anxiously waits your return; I am charged with a thousand kind messages, particularly from *Madame de Irec*, who is dying with impatience to converse with you on Education, as she thinks her talents superior in that particular, because she dresses her daughter, who is six years old, as a sailor, which you will find here a general fashion; but yet I do not imagine that *Adelaide* will adopt it for *Hermione*.

LETTER XXIV.

M. de Lagaraye to Porphyry.

I HAVE read your manuscript twice over, my dear *Porphyry*; and I know no work which so faithfully describes the manners of the world: you boldly satyrize its follies, absurdities, and vices; a more daring attempt than that of which fools are so vain; their attack upon Religion, upon Kings and government—in the midst of a general corruption, insolence and impiety never fail to meet with admirers; but you dare to expose vice; you dare, without reserve, to assert useful truths; and nothing that deserves it escapes your censure.—At the same time you pay a sincere deference to religion, you praise virtue without parade and from the bottom of your heart; and you prove, “That there is no happiness without it.” Believe me, the modern writings, which appear to be the boldest, are not half so much so as your’s. Your motives are laudable; and you make the best and noblest use of your abilities. Nevertheless, not to deceive you, my dear *Porphyry*, if you expect much admiration and success, you will be disappointed; we must not look for praise from those we expose.—What courtier, in Fenelon’s time, would praise *Telemachus*?—so, when you have finished a master-piece, the greatest part of the public will be against you: you will always meet with enemies in the atheists, the ambitious, coquets, and pedants; bad fathers, people without morals, and without principles; and the generality of the world.—Proceed, my son; work for

E 2

glory,

glory, and not for applause. Do still better, seek only in your own breast for the reward of your labours; for will you be worthy to paint virtue, and to delineate its charms, if virtue alone will not content you?—If injustice should disgust you, if calumny should blacken your character, if malice should persecute you, reflect, that this work of yours may guard unexperienced youth and innocence from the detestable snares of vice, that it may bring back into the right way wandering and depraved characters, that, if your enemies should decry it, it may nevertheless be read with approbation and gratitude by good fathers and tender mothers of families.

LETTER XXV.

The Viscountess to the Baroness.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM at this instant in such an agitation, and so miserable, that I absolutely must write to you, though I am certain of meeting you to-morrow; but on your first arrival it will be impossible for me to see you alone; for which reason I shall send *Remond* to — where he will wait for you; and, during your journey, you will read my letter, and my misfortunes will feel less severe, when I have intrusted you with them. It is now impossible for me to flatter myself, that *Madame de Valley* will ever repent, for her heart is corrupted beyond all remedy: Corrupted! good Heavens! and can I pronounce that dreadful word, without expiring with grief!

grief! It is my daughter of whom I am speaking! my very soul is torn! but listen to this dreadful story, and then judge of my situation.

Madame de Valey and Madame de Germueil had a great quarrel the other day, and the latter had the cruelty to send me many of Madame de Valey's letters, in which I am treated with great indignity; but I will copy that of the latest date; it was written three weeks ago, and is as follows:

"Once again I tell you, nothing shall prevent my buying that little place of *St. Mandre*, and in my own name; as that old woman will not allow of *Dupleffis*; you propose a fine expedient, that the Marquis de — should purchase it; as for himself: but then, he will put in one of his servants, who will serve by way of keeper; and suppose I wish to go there without him, even without his knowledge... you laugh, I am sure, or else are indignant, and talk of *sentiment and love*; I answer, *coldness and inconsistency*; in short, one should foresee every thing: I mean to dispose of my time according to my own fancy at this delightful house; so I again repeat, conclude the purchase in my name, and I will take precaution that it be not discovered; but, though it should be found out, what great harm is there! Are we forbid to love the country, solitude and agriculture? or to take delight in a charming garden? You pretend that my mother would fly out: Oh, do not suppose she is so morose; for be assured you do her injustice. Her female friend dictates a few severe expressions; but then her male one inspires her with much softer sentiments... however, at the worst, if she is angry, we will flirt with the *Chevalier*

“ *de Herbain*, and then he will soon make our
 “ peace, for he’ll think the affair trifling; and he
 “ will not let people be so *inconsistent* as to scold a-
 “ bout it. Adieu! my dear little creature, and fi-
 “ nish quickly with your old devotee; and, as a
 “ recompence, you may, as often as you please,
 “ go to muse and meditate in my hermitage.”

Now is it possible for any person to be more de-
 praved or wicked! to avow, without the smallest
 necessity, that she loves not her gallant; and with
 indifference to declare she means to leave him;
 to accuse her mother falsely, merely from a wan-
 tonness of heart, and to renounce all principle and
 modesty, without even the excuse of passion or
 warm fancy; and in cool blood to disapprove her-
 self! but her wickedness and vices distress more
 than anger me! and, when I reflect on the educa-
 tion she received, I accuse only myself for all her
 faults; and I have no right to be displeased or angry,
 and I ought to feel only remorse. For twelve
 years I thought of nothing but dissipation and
 trifling amusements, and, during the whole time,
 forgot that I was a mother, and intirely abandon-
 ed my daughter. Heaven this day punishes me
 for that criminal carelessness! I can no longer de-
 ceive myself; it is a vice proceeding from educa-
 tion, which has corrupted her soul; coquetry has
 been her ruin! Unfortunate girl! if she had been
 blessed with a mother such as you are, she would
 have been sensible and virtuous, esteemed and hap-
 py! She calumniates and hates me! Ah! I can
 only pity her; I ought to forgive her.

This dreadful misfortune I shall conceal at the
 bottom of my heart: I shall neither mention it to
 Monsieur *Lamoure*, whom I am afraid to exasperate,

rate, nor to *Madame de Valey*: but now it is all over with me; the happiness of my life is gone, and I look forwards to misfortunes, which I cannot even bear the idea of: she will, I am certain, finish her ruin by some exploit which will be publicly known. Oh, my dear friend, was I not fore of seeing you to-morrow, and of weeping over all my misfortunes in perfect freedom with you, I believe I should lose my senses. Oh, virtuous and affectionate mother! you will obtain for your miserable friend a pardon from Heaven for all her faults, and you will procure for me the preservation of the only comfort I can enjoy! my dear *Constantia*! Alas! I feel myself so culpable, that all that can still make me happy appears hardly possible! and every reflection lessens the hopes of my heart. Oh! come and restore to my distressed thoughts that fortitude which has now abandoned me: Come to me, for you are the only person who can afford me comfort!

LETTER XXVI

Monsieur d'Amari to the Baron.

MADAME *d'Alman* set out yesterday for Paris, and we vainly seek her where she is no longer to be found. This morning the Chevalier proposed our going to the Castle de B—. We went thither on horseback, and stopped on the bank of the river: here it was, said the Chevalier, that I saw *Mademoiselle Adelaide* for the first time. My mother came to visit *Mademoiselle d'Alman*. They were walking on this grass; we were conducted to them, and in go-

ing thither we met about a hundred paces from them a lovely little girl who was diverting herself with running. I was struck with her figure. Her beautiful black hair concealed half her face, but allowed me to see a pair of the finest eyes in the world!—As *Charles* ended these words, we found ourselves at the gate of the Castle; he stopped, and, shewing me a large service-tree, he said, at the time I am speaking of, I climbed up this tree, and, fell from it: *Adelaide* desired a branch of the tree ^{was} You was more eager than dexterous.... I fell on my head which received a large wound; but *Adelaide* wept at it; and, tearing off the handkerchief which covered her neck, bound it on my forehead!—In saying these words *Charles* had tears in his eyes, and fell into a deep reverie. We went into the garden, where he recollected many other circumstances. In this place he had found a bird's nest, which he had presented to *Adelaide*, and which she accepted with pleasure. There *Theodore* and *Adelaide* used every evening to amuse themselves with different sports.—In this arbour of honeysuckles, he had taken leave of *Adelaide*, when we went upon our travels to the North.... In short, every object brought something interesting to his remembrance. *Charles* recollected with tenderness these happy days of innocence: days in which the charming *Adelaide* expressed extreme pleasure in seeing him; and told him, when he went away, *If he would but return soon, she should love him very much.*

You may judge, Sir, by these particulars, whether the *Chevalier* is in love. He is absolutely almost out of his wits; and I am not surprised at it, for nothing can be comparable to *Mademoiselle Adelaide*. She has, in her person, manners, and deportment,
inexpressible

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inexpressible charms, which, the oftener you see, the more amiable she appears; and all these are united to knowledge surprising for her age, so great a genius, with modesty and innocence, which would disarm even envy itself. She is always gentle, kind, and obliging; and it is plain, that these qualities are really in her heart, without any disguise or affectation. Politeness is so natural to her, and she has so much the habit of behaving with the utmost propriety, that one would almost be tempted to believe, she was born perfect, and indebted for nothing to her education. She is so much at her ease, and has so little art, that one can scarce persuade one's self she was not entirely the work of Nature. Adieu, Monsieur, we intend going to Paris in three weeks. Pray let me know whether you do not mean to leave Strasburg before the end of December.

LETTER XXVII.

Count de Roseville to the Baron.

YOU will see, my dear Baron, by the Gazette, that we are still on our travels. You will with the less surprize receive a letter from this place. We have thoroughly investigated the facts contained in the Journals of the Baron de Sulzbach and of the Count de Stralzi, by which means we have proved the veracity of the former, and of course the falsehood of the latter. Three weeks after we left the Court, the young Prince received a letter from his father of which this is a copy:

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" I

It is with inexpressible pleasure, my dear son,
I learn the consequences your presence produces
wherever you go. Deserve these marks of at-
tachment by your sensibility of gratitude. Pro-
mise yourself to be the means of happiness to a
people that love you, trusting you will one day
be a blessing to them. Never receive coldly proofs
of their affection. They not only claim their
happiness from you but your love; theirs is
given you at that price. Justice alone will in-
title you to their respect; their allegiance must
be your's, were you a tyrant: a parental affec-
tion towards your subjects will exalt you to the
rank of the greatest Monarchs; by the high
esteem they hold you in they will immortalize
your name. Their happiness will depend on
you, your fame of true glory on them. By
endearing yourself to my subjects, you will in-
crease their regard for me; they will be con-
vinced of my good intentions towards them by
my care of your education. They will load
me with blessings for rendering you worthy of
the throne. Continue your journey six weeks
longer in my provinces, and bring me back a de-
scriptive and exact Journal. Should you find,
in any remote province, merit and virtue lan-
guishing in obscurity, perhaps oppressed, bring it
forth to light.—Whilst I am confined by the
causes of Government to a deceitful Court,
where the voice of my people and complaints of
the unfortunate cannot reach me, you, my son,
still at liberty, will perform the sacred duty of
a faithful subject and tender friend; instruct
yourself to enlighten me.

When

“ When you have examined all my provinces,
 “ I would wish you to acquire the very useful
 “ knowledge of the neighbouring States. Travel
 “ among them for seven or eight months; acquaint
 “ yourself with their strength and resources; ex-
 “ amine attentively their public establishments
 “ and manufactures, &c. Proceed, my son, to
 “ inform yourself; bring your reason to matu-
 “ rity, and render yourself worthy to govern
 “ one day a nation ready to undertake any thing
 “ for its Sovereign and for glory.”

The Prince read the letter with a sigh, and with some chagrin at the positive order not to return to * * for ten months. He did not however, complain; his respect for his father is not merely form; he feels for him that profound reverence and affectionate attachment which high esteem and gratitude inspire in great souls. We have now been four months in foreign countries; have frequented different companies in all the towns where we resided. The Prince is amiable, engaging, and polite; he is easy and graceful, and constantly keeps to the character of incognito as agreed upon. In all company he is the Count *de Gemrid*; by which means he is never under restraint. We hear opinions of the Court and State affairs. We hear them praised and blamed without reserve. The Prince often, when we are alone, testifies his surprise at the freedom used by the censorious; it is, said he, equally extraordinary and imprudent.—Doubtless it is very blameable, but not extraordinary; it is so every-where.—Every-where? What in my father’s dominions!—There are in all States factions and male-contents. A Prince should overlook what ill humour says against him. He abuses

his right of punishing, if he does it out of revenge... but if they should attack his honour.... A Sovereign's honour is determined by the general opinion of his subjects, not by the prating of silly people. Let us suppose you defame one of your courtiers, his character is blemished, and he can have no redress : at the same time, was he guilty of a like fault towards you, he would be in danger of ruining himself, and could not hurt you. Under these circumstances, justice teaches you forgiveness. Malevolence may offend, it can never hurt you, therefore despise it.... Should the Author of a libel that abuses a Prince without mercy escape with impunity? ...No, certainly. Bad men deserve punishment; I only alluded to common talkers. You will probably meet with people mean enough to tell you who those are who speak disrespectfully of you! Then, Sir, let your indignation fall on the informers!.... Am I not obliged to those who tell me what faults are found with me?.... That depends upon circumstances... If friendship does it expressly to reform you, the accuser should be concealed. An honest man, a witness to errors, looks upon them as secrets intrusted to him. If they speak without reserve in my presence, it is because they trust to my discretion : I am the more honoured by the confidence arising from my character, rather than from friendship. A stranger, even an enemy, putting his trust in me, depends upon my honour ; by betraying him, I disgrace myself. But should a supposed friend traduce me?.... If he did it in the height of passion and discontent, I would not tell you of it..... But if deliberately and with premeditated malice..... Yes, I would then acquaint you with it in his presence. Consider, Sir, there

there is always either rancour or cowardice in secret accusations; despise the tale-bearer who discovers to you the faults of others and wishes to have his name concealed. We depart to-morrow, for * *. The Prince leaves this place with regret, and with a character most satisfactory to me; from his travels he will reap real advantages, as he has no desire to display those already acquired. He speaks little, asks many questions, and listens with attention. He writes down every night all that has happened in the day worth remarking.

Do you remain, my dear Baron, at Strasbourg? Or do you at Paris enjoy the pleasure of your friends and amiable family? Write to me about yourself, Madame d'Almane, your children and the Chevalier de Valmont, for whose interest I have an affectionate regard.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Baronefs to Madame de Valmont.

I ASSURE you, Madame, it was *Adelaide's* own desire to write to you the day after our arrival. Since she has given you a description of our new house, I shall only mention her apartment and her brother's, because she is acquainted with neither. I must explain this, as it will no doubt surprize you. *Monf. d'Almane* lodges on the ground-floor, and I up one pair of stairs; adjoining to my bed-chamber there is a pretty large closet in which *Adelaide* now sleeps; at the farthest end is a door fast locked. *Adelaide* asked me to what that door led; I answered,

to

to some long galleries which I should hereafter have laid out in apartments for her, in case she married, and her husband was willing to live with us. These pretended galleries are in reality delightful apartments, consisting of six rooms, all fitted up. There is no gilding, and it is furnished with the greatest simplicity; but it will suit my daughter better, for her taste is good enough to prefer elegance and convenience to magnificence. I certainly shall not wait for her marrying to procure her the pleasure of being so agreeably lodged. She is above fifteen. Next year I intend opening the prohibited door and settling her in her new apartment. *Theodore* will likewise experience a similar surprize. *Mons. d'Almane* being desirous of retaining his son a year longer in his own room, and being unwilling that he should have a wish to occupy any other, is the reason of our secrecy.

Mons. d'Almane arrived at the end of last week; so here we are all reunited and perfectly happy. My children are not yet in the world; but, as we sup at half past nine, *Theodore* sups with us, but goes to bed before eleven, and his father retires with him. I remain with my company until near one. *Adelaide* sups in her own room with *Miss Bridget* and the little *Hermione* at eight; therefore she always gets up two or three hours before me. Although in that time *Miss Bridget* presides over her studies, I take care to direct them in such a manner that I may judge at my waking, how well she has employed her time. For example, I do not allow her to practise music; but I make her draw, write, and cast accounts. She is at present taking Extracts from history, in English and Italian, which will accustom her to write those languages, without being obliged

to

to dedicate a particular hour to that study. She takes Extracts in French from the Plays and Letters which I have written. When I am up, I correct the faults in her style and language. Afterwards I make her sing, and play on the harp till noon, when, if the weather permits, she walks or reads. We all dine together at one; after dinner she embroiders, or works tapestry for half an hour. From three to five she is engaged with her two masters for singing and dancing. We then are shut up in my closet, and read an hour. At six the academy begins. She draws by the lamp and from nature. You see, Madame, from this relation, that *Adelaide* is engaged in a new study. She begins to paint miniatures: she will keep this Master till she is eighteen, and during that time she will spend two hours every day in drawing. Being accustomed by degrees to be always employed, and never to lose a moment, this continued application cannot fatigue her; the variety of her occupations will refresh her. Moreover, having surmounted all the first difficulties, study will in general appear much more agreeable than painful to her, and a habit of labour will make idleness insupportable. I procure her three times a week a recreation equally amusing and instructive. Directly after dinner I get into my carriage with my two children, and we visit the cabinets of pictures, gems, medals, or we see fine monuments or manufactories: if it is manufactories, we never fail, before we set out, to read in the Encyclopædia an explanation of what we are going to see, by which means we perfectly comprehend all that is done; and we shall continue this kind of course till May. I obey you, Madame. I write of nothing but *Adelaide*; your goodness to her will make all
my

my relations interesting to you; and you see how confidentially I avail myself of means so delightful to myself, to amuse and please you.

LETTER XXIX.

The same to the same.

MADAME, Mons. d'Amers and the Chevalier de Valmont arrived yesterday in perfect health. My son's gratitude is boundless for the friendship the Chevalier testified on seeing him again. Before my departure for Italy, Theodore was too young to be considered and treated as a friend; he is now sensible of all the joys of friendship. The trifling difference in their ages is scarcely discernible at present, and will not be at all so in another year.

Yes, Madame, I have made an acquaintance with that charming Countess Anatole whom the Viscountess extolled so highly. She is really extremely pretty and very amiable; but I grieve to see the dangerous connections she is allowed to form. She begins to enjoy her liberty; she goes by herself, because she has just lain in. Mothers ought to be prudent; nevertheless at eighteen it is impossible to do without a guide, particularly with a neglected education. Farewell, Madame; I give no account of your commissions, since Adelaide undertook them. She employs herself with that activity you admire in her; and her ardour redoubles when you are the object.

LETTER XXX.

The Baronefs to Madame d'Ostalis.

NO one truly ever possessed more delicacy and sincerity than he! . . . His is now a real passion, but still more affecting, as he shuts it up carefully in the bottom of his heart. He hardly dares look on *Adelaide*; he even seems to shun every opportunity of conversing with her, and has never taken the liberty of praising her; all his encomiums are bestowed on the little *Hermione*; all his marks of affection on *Theodore* who loves him to distraction. The Chevalier dined here to-day. When they rose from table, my son was talking to him of *Porphyry*, and said, *I love him, as if he was my brother!* at that word *Brother*, *Charles* ran to *Theodore*, seized his hand with an expression of sensibility beyond description! Instantly the fear of having committed an indiscretion without doubt struck him (for, when we are truly in love, we think that every thing betrays it.) He was embarrassed, blushed, and cast down his eyes. *Adelaide* was embroidering by me. I looked on her, but could not see her face. She had just dropped her needle, which she sought very attentively, bending down her head on the frame. . . . She remained in this attitude long enough to make it appear a little suspicious. . . . She rose up very red. Was it confusion, or merely the effect of the blood in her face? I know not.

With regard to her affections, I am very sure she has no decided ones, and I am as certain reason will always regulate them. I think I have observed she speaks with more esteem of *Madame de Valmont*,

since

since she has seen her son; and that she experiences a sort of pleasure in pronouncing the name of *Valmont*. She has taken the pretty collection of pebbles out of the box which the Chevalier gave her before he went into Italy.

These pebbles, forgotten during three years and an half, are now arranged in great order on pretty shelves of Acacia wood bought on purpose. These are all the indications I can collect at present. As to the rest, *Adelaide* is neither thoughtful nor distracted, she is as lively as ever. On those days in which the Chevalier is not admitted, that is to say, at least five days in the week, I cannot perceive the least alteration in her temper. In fine, I dare assure you, if she feels any preference, she is but slightly affected, and it does not disturb her tranquillity.

The Marquis de *Hernoy*, the young man we saw in Italy, is returned; the Chevalier met him here one evening. He knows that the Marquis is unmarried, that he is very rich and well spoken of; and I thought I remarked an uneasiness in the Chevalier on seeing *Mons. d'Almont* take so much notice of him.

The Countess *Anetalle* supped with me last night. *Mons. de St. Phur*, who is said to be in love with her, staid till near nine, in hopes of being asked to supper; but, as I have not yet adopted that fashionable method of drawing company to my house, I did not invite him. The Countess was rather melancholy all the evening; she complained of the vapours; after supper there was half an hour's gossip between her, Madame de *Valley*, and Madame *Glaiford*; then she went to bed. She cannot as yet be reproached with any thing

thing essential; but she grows coquetish, and gives herself up to *Madame de Volcy*. . . . You will see the ill effects of all this. It is a pity, for she certainly has an excellent understanding and a charming disposition. Adieu, my dear child, send me intelligence of *Madame de S-*; I already know that the inoculation has taken, and that she has not much fever. I hope you will return in three weeks; I cannot accustom myself to the thoughts of your being but a league from me, and not to see you for so long a time; but I highly approve of your not returning before the time prescribed. Many people make no scruple of deceiving the world in this respect, and bringing the small pox to Paris; this nevertheless is a very cruel thing, and equally inconsistent with justice and humanity.

L E T T E R X X X I .

The Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

April, 25.

OUR departure for Holland is at last fixed; and *Mons. d'Almane*, my children, *d'Ainville*, and I set out in eight days. I need not tell you, *Madame*, that *Hermione* is to be of the party, as her mother and she are always inseparable. We shall certainly return in a month. The *Chevalier de Valmont* had a desire to see Holland and go with us; but instead of that he sets out to-morrow for his garrison. You know, without doubt, *Madame*, that *Mons. d'Aimeri* does not attend him; it is high time to trust him to himself, that he

he may shew the use he will make of intire liberty. He goes to a city where they play very high; he will be there without a *Mentor*, and surrounded by a croud of young men who will give him none but bad advice. He will have great merit in behaving well. He took leave of us to-day, and was really affected when he embraced *Theodore*. They promised to correspond, as they will not meet again till next Winter. Adieu, Madame; direct your first letter to be at the Hague. Since I am acquainted with your taste for flowers, you may depend on a little box of the best Hyacinth roots *Haerlem* will produce.

LETTER XXXII.

The Baroness to Madame de Oflahis.

Amsterdam.

I AM this moment, my dear daughter, returned from *Broek*, two leagues from this place. One cannot describe this village without being suspected of exaggeration; yet all I can say of this delightful spot must fall infinitely short of reality. The inhabitants, though mere peasants, are very rich. The streets are paved in Mosaic work of different-coloured bricks, and as neat as could be in your own apartment. The houses are painted, and as clean as wainscots, the best looked after. All, even the tiles, are shining bright and appear new. Each house has a garden and a terrace, both inclosed only by low and open fences which conceal nothing. The terrace is usually before the house, the garden

garden behind, and separates it from the next house. Both sides of the street are laid out in the same manner. The ornaments of the garden are China vases, grottoes, flowers, trees, and parterres, some laid out artificially with glittering pieces of glass of different colours, others of shells, are carefully arranged as in a cabinet. Large fertile meadows full of cattle are behind the houses, as are the sheds of stables, so that the carriages and cattle never come to dirty the neat streets. The insides of the houses are equally astonishing as the outsides. The floors are chequered with black and yellow shining stones: the best rooms are furnished with wainscot of its natural colour, neither varnished nor painted, but carved very ornamentally. In the best room there is always a large cupboard with glass-doors, through which are shewn most beautiful china, and quantities of plate, to all appearance new from the goldsmith. The same order of neatness prevailed in all the houses we went into. By this uniformity, one would imagine, all the fortunes were equal: when we have seen one, we have seen all the houses at Broek. They have all two doors, one of ceremony, only made use of at marriages and deaths. The new married couple enter by it, and never go out of it but to their graves. The peasants of Broek have also a room which is never made use of but on the wedding-day and ever afterwards held sacred: it is more ornamented than the rest, and the bed excessively adorned and covered with fine lace: on a table is placed a pretty basket containing the bride's wedding cloaths: they never go into it, but to clean, put it in order, and shew it to strangers.

The same uniformity is observable in their dress: that of the men very plain, the women's very expensive.

pensive. They are clothed in beautiful Persians, the finest of linen, and many trinkets of gold and pearls. A hood of white cambric conceals their hair, fastened on each side by two gold pins set with pearls. I have seen seven servant-maids dressed in this style: their mistresses exceed them only in more valuable necklaces and rings, and the fineness of their linen.

The manners of these people are irreproachable; the strictest harmony unites them. They have a most tender affection for their children. The little infants are so used to be caressed, that they court you for it. I could not help stopping when I saw any of them, and they ran of their own accord to kiss me. The inhabitants of Broëk are very unsociable. On the first sight of strangers, they shut themselves up, and refuse to open their doors: but they have a natural politeness, or, to speak more properly, a certain respect for women that makes them act very differently with regard to them: they no sooner see them, than they hastily assemble, follow, and conduct them, with their male companions, to shew them their house in the most easy and polite manner. Thus were we treated for three hours. Their wives never stir from Broëk. A young woman would find it difficult to marry at any distance from it. They know as much of London, or Constantinople, as of Amsterdam. Their happiness is placed at home. Broëk is to them the whole world, for which reason their customs and virtue remain the same. They always intermarry: many Nobles of the country have wished to espouse the young women of Broëk, for their riches; but no one has as yet succeeded. The inhabitants value themselves on their plainness and state of peasantry. They

live frugally: to beautify their houses is one of their greatest pleasures: to be united and quiet is what they value most. Beautiful as the human race is in all Holland, it is remarkably so here. The children are all charming, the men robust, and the women large, well made, and in general handsome. — Their complexions are almost supernatural. In short, this village presents a picture singular in its kind. Every thing charms the eyes and heart; no one disagreeable or unhappy object to spoil the piece. You not only meet no beggars, but every one seems to be in easy circumstances. There are no cripples, no infirm old people, no houses out of repair. Health, all things necessary to ease, every elegance of industry and neatness, simplicity, humanity, virtue and happiness; these are the inestimable advantages and charming prospects we there meet with, which, joined to the interesting singularity of their dress, houses, and customs, make it, altogether, the most extraordinary place within one hundred leagues of us.

I was yesterday at Sardam (where Peter the Great resided) a larger and richer village than Broek, with almost the same manners and customs, but not near so pretty, clean, or singular.

Here we finish our course of manufactures. We have seen those of paper, ropes, and cables, &c. At Haerlem we saw a foundery of types for printing and likewise diamond-cutting. Our children are delighted with Holland. The manner of travelling is very agreeable in a fine yacht, or rather a handsome saloon. We coast along beautiful shores. We can read, write, and practise on Music, as conveniently as in a house.

Italy

Italy and Holland seem to me the most contrasted: in the former, Nature is majestic and diversified, presenting every-where to the view most grand effects, enormous rocks, high mountains, precipices, and cascades: in the latter, the country is flat; canals, verdure, and small plantations are every-where to be seen. In Italy, ancient monuments at every step remind us of the most glorious actions recorded in History. The modern Architecture is magnificent, noble, and calculated to strike the imagination, and will bear the most strict examination. The pictures, like every thing else, are in the heroic and sublime style. In Holland, no monuments remain: every thing appears new; the effect of the whole together must be considered separately; each part loses its value, and appears mean and in bad taste; each particular object is trifling. Architecture and the Arts are there equally unknown. Every thing pleases, but in a low taste and without grandeur. The pictures are small but extraordinarily highly finished; the subjects generally very mean. In Italy, they paint Heroes and Demi-gods: Here, drunken sailors, green-stalls, and fishermen. The Italians are vain, artful, and idle: the Dutch honest, plain, and industrious, despising pomp and magnificence.

Adelaide has finished writing answer to the Letters of my Work: and, according to my promise, we are now reading those capital Authors we have so long wished to be acquainted with. The day we embarked at Maerdike, I put into my daughter's hands *Madame Sevigné's* Letters and the English *Clarissa*. She read in the yacht these Works alternately, with a pleasure and attention which gave me great satisfaction. She is sufficiently founded

founded to feel the beauties of *M. de Seignat's* style, and is deeply touched with the sublimity of *Clarissa*. She was much struck with the black character of *Loveless*, and shuddered at his arts of hypocrisy: This is what I wished. It is very important for young women early to distrust men in general. No book is better calculated for that wide purpose than *Clarissa*. Adieu! my child! To-morrow we go to Utrecht: in fifteen days I shall embrace you. *Tobias* has received already in Holland these letters from the *Chevalier de Valmont*: they are surprisingly affectionate!—Sure never was friendship so tenderly expressed!

LETTER XXXIII.

The Viscountess to the Baroness.

I HAVE news to tell you, my dear friend, that some time ago would have given me the greatest uneasiness, but to which at present I am indifferent. *Madame de Valcé* is taking a house of her own, and quits mine, as one would an inn. Her mother-in-law is just dead, and has left a very considerable fortune, which she had been in possession of these two years by the death of her brother.

This event makes *Monsieur de Valcé* immensely rich; and renders him worthy of all the affection of his wife: but I believe he will set no great value on these proofs of her regard: however, he is quiet, weak, and very limited in his ideas; for though he is not deceived, yet he suffers himself to be managed.

naged. He has a very grand establishment: neither Monsieur de Limours nor myself are the least consulted about their affairs; but we do not complain; for it is surely wrong to expose a daughter's faults to the world! Madame de Valcé is so overjoyed, she humbles me, and yet moves my compassion: when riches cause such emotions, how are they to be pitied who possess them! as they are rendered incapable of our experiencing the feelings which flow from a generous heart! Adieu, my dear friend; I expect your return with the greatest impatience, as I have a thousand things to say to you which cruelly afflict me, and which it is impossible for me to write.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. Lagaraye to Porphyry.

A LITTLE adventure has just befallen me which seems made on purpose to interest a young philosopher, and give birth to new and useful ideas. You know that a neighbour of mine, M. de Valincourt, is bringing up an unfortunate nephew born deaf and dumb. You may have seen this youth at my house, whose name is *Hipolytus*, and who is very remarkable for a countenance full of expression: yet, as it is two years since you were at Lagaraye, you may probably recollect him but very imperfectly: it will therefore not be improper to describe him: *Hipolytus* is not handsome, but his countenance is so sprightly, with so sensible a smile, and so piercing a look, that it is impossible not to be struck with his figure. The rapid and perpetual

tual motion of his eye renders his countenance as animated as it is ingenuous. By his eyes he hears, understands, and expresses himself. In them are painted an habitual and constant curiosity; it is easy to discover in them his thoughts, feelings, and every sentiment of his soul. It is now near two years since his uncle set out for Paris, and, as he proposed only to stay six weeks, did not take him with him. I undertook the care of him for that time; and *Hipolytus*, who was then but fourteen, came joyfully to Lagaraye. As he is naturally sensible and good, and his misfortune adding to the interest he inspires, he is beloved by all who know him. He has been brought up by a virtuous uncle, always indulged and treated with tenderness. He has never had any but excellent examples, and his heart is as gentle as it is pure and grateful. In a week after his uncle's departure, he fell suddenly ill of a malignant fever. He was in the utmost danger for twenty-nine days: I attended him with true affection, and watched by him several nights. He proved to me, that Gratitude needs not the aid of words to make herself understood. His eyes spoke in terms less deceitful and more moving than the most eloquent discourse. I had the happiness to restore him to health. He was perfectly recovered when I received a letter from Monsieur de Valincourt, informing me that important business would detain him at Paris, at least seven or eight months, intreating me to send *Hipolytus*, and to trust him to his steward who was just setting out. He did not leave me without shedding many tears. I begged his conductor to let me know how he did, as soon as he got to Paris. Monsieur de Valincourt wrote himself to

thank, and inform me, that his nephew was perfectly well; from that time I was eighteen months without hearing of them. Yesterday I received a letter by the post. I opened it, and saw a bad hand which I knew not; I looked for the name; judge of my surprise in seeing that of *Hipolyte and de Kalincourt*. . . I then read with as much emotion as curiosity, a letter conceived in the following terms:

“Oh! what transports can equal mine! . . . I am
 “now assured that all my gratitude will be known
 “to you! I can pay my thanks in your own lan-
 “guage. . . My father! oh do allow me to call you
 “by that tender name, since you saved my life, since
 “I feel for you the most affectionate sentiments of
 “a son! . . . My father, (how great is my happi-
 “ness!) a man * as good and benevolent as your-
 “self, procures me the inexpressible pleasure of
 “speaking to you; of laying open my whole heart
 “to you; and of understanding you, if you design to
 “write to me! . . . I had only detached ideas; now
 “I think, I reflect, I enjoy in its full extent all
 “the felicity, all the sweets connected with the state
 “of man! What sublime truths has my new
 “benefactor made known to me! Before I was in-
 “structed, I doubted of the existence of a Supreme
 “Being, Creator of Man and of the Universe:—

* The *Abbe de L'Epie*, whose elogium cannot be properly made, but by describing the actions of his life. He consecrates his fortune to the relief of the poor; his understanding and talents to the instruction of the deaf and dumb. He rescues these unfortunate from error and ignorance; he restores them to Religion, to the State, and to Society. He teaches them, by a method he has himself invented, Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. He is the author of a work (as estimable as it is ingenious and useful) intitled *Institution des Sourds & Muets de Naissance*.

“but

"but I was ignorant of his law : without my re-
 "spectable, my dear instructor, I should never have
 "read the Gospel! Oh, ought we to be surprised,
 "that man is so good, so virtuous, when he finds
 "in this divine book all the knowledge of his du-
 "ties and every incentive to virtue!—I will ac-
 "knowledge, that, at the bottom of my soul, my
 "weak reason has been astonished and confounded
 "by the excess of your benevolence. Humanity
 "was truly dear to me, compassion lorded it in my
 "heart; but I could not conceive the possibility of
 "devoting our selves entirely to such melancholy and
 "painful cares! Alas, I was acquainted only with
 "the law of nature: I was not made to comprehend
 "perfection. Now that I am enlightened by Re-
 "ligion, I admire without surprise your sublime
 "virtues, and those of the Sages to whom I am
 "indebted for my new existence. I easily conceive,
 "that man is a perfect Being, since Religion, the
 "Laws, Honour, and Nature, all unite to prompt
 "him to good! Can he even need the fear of
 "punishment to keep him from evil?... Is it not
 "sufficient for him to know he will be hated if he
 "is wicked?... Wicked men!... If it should
 "be true, that there are any such existing, this
 "doubt would not afflict me!... But, should
 "there be any such, these mad monsters are surely
 "too rare for me ever to fear meeting one; I may
 "therefore flatter myself never to see any but good
 "and sensible men... During my abode here, I
 "have had occasion to observe various ranks, and
 "they have all been virtuous. At the school where
 "I, together with a crowd of children and young
 "persons of my own age, are instructed, I have
 "often seen strangers assist at our lessons; amongst

"others the presence of the Emperor, proved to
 "me by the marks of esteem and veneration he
 "paid my master, that Kings can distinguish ho-
 "nour and reward merit and virtue.

"Finally, every new object I behold, all the
 "knowledge I acquire, increases my affection
 "for the human species. Oh! my father! when I
 "can return to Brittany, will you sometimes per-
 "mit me to assist in the sacred employment you
 "impose on yourself? I cannot be happy but in
 "dividing my life between my uncle and you."

Well then, my dear *Porphyry*, do you not en-
 vy the fate of *Hipolytus*? He has never dwelt but
 in solitude and with worthy people: he has never
 heard mixed conversation; indiscretion, slander, and
 calumny are vices he has no idea of; he judges of
 men from the most deceitful appearances: he sees
 them smile, embrace, and treat each other with
 as much friendship as respect. He mistakes false-
 hood for affection, and politeness for sensibility.
 He imagines himself in a terrestrial paradise; he
 looks on all men as his friends and his brethren.
 Sweet and charming illusion! which, reading
 alone will soon destroy. Alas! what will become
 of him in running through the bloody pangs of
 history? With what grievous astonishment, with
 what profound indignation, will he not read the
 encomiums lavished on barbarous conquerors who
 have depopulated the world! Oh, *Porphyry*! to
 have a good opinion of mankind, must one then be
 born deaf and dumb!

LETTER XXXV.

The Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

Paris.

MONS. *d'Almane* set out yesterday with *Theodore* for Strasburg, and I, instead of remaining in my own house, have brought *Adelaide* this morning to a small apartment I have hired in the Convent of ** where we shall pass the Summer and Autumn. I tell my daughter, that economical reasons determine me. But the truth is, that, as she is to begin going into company next Winter, I wished her first entrance into the world to be preceded by six months of total retirement. I also am not sorry to have her see the pensioners; by knowing the manner of education in a Convent, she will set an higher value on her own. As we were walking this afternoon in the garden, a number of young Ladies of *Adelaide's* age met us. At sight of us they burst out a laughing, and ran away as fast as possible to avoid us. *Adelaide* asked me the reason of this strange procedure. Why do they run away and laugh, says she?—Is it our figures which excite this fear and mirth.—But what is there in us either formidable or laughable?—Nothing in reality; therefore they only make a joke of us.—Make a joke of us! and why?—Malignity seizes on a ridiculous circumstance, and makes a joke of it; foolishness laughs without any cause... Then all these young people are simpletons?—Perhaps their understandings were naturally good; but they have all the folly a bad educa-

tion can bestow, viz. childishness, wildness, rudeness, and vulgarity... What! and does no one reprehend them for these faults?—Abandoned by their mothers, they are given up to Governesses who are incapable of educating them properly, and who, moreover, leave them all day to themselves, without taking the pains to observe or attend them.—Oh, unfortunate children! It is not their fault, if they are ridiculous; we ought only to pity them!... Had I been placed in a Convent, had I not had the tenderest of mothers, I should have had all these faults.—Doubtless, my dear *Adelaide*; and this kind of indulgence you manifest is in reality no more than justice; preserve it carefully; should you love it, you would tarnish the lustre of all your virtues, and you will become ungrateful towards me; for you cannot pride yourself on the qualifications and talents you possess, without recollecting it is to me you owe them.

Be not afflicted, Madam, when you figure to yourself *Adelaide's* little countenance through a grate. We receive no visits, but from Madame *d'Orléans* and Madame *de Linours*, and they are admitted into the Convent. So we shall never go into the parlour, unless it is to take a lesson in painting or dancing; and that is not through the grate, but in the outward parlour. We shall spend our time delightfully; books are our greatest enjoyment. We now read *Telemachus* in the morning, and *Fontaine's Fables* in the afternoon. *Adelaide*, transported, thanks me at every page, for having refused her these admirable Works, whilst she was too young to know their value, and she cannot conceive, what folly can make people

people allow children to read them. If I was not very careful, her fondness for reading would make her neglect her other avocations. In short, this appears to me to good a method, that I cannot think it possible but that it must be one day universally adopted.

LETTER XXXVI.

Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

My poor *Adelaide* has gone through many vexations, with the causes of which, Madame, I am going to acquaint you. Among twelve or fifteen pensioners who are in this Convent, there is one called *Mademoiselle de Caligny*, who is about seventeen years old, and has a very agreeable person; in other respects, she is as ill educated as the rest, but has wit enough, when she chooses it, to conceal her faults, particularly to a girl of fifteen and a half. She took great notice of my daughter who, naturally sensible and grateful, was much pleased with her attentions. I saw plainly this connection would not suit *Adelaide*; but I wished it might serve her as a lesson, and I left it to her to find it out. In consequence of this design, I permitted *Adelaide* to ask her sometimes to breakfast, and sometimes to dine with us. As I never quitted *Adelaide* a moment, I found my making a third person with them was very distressing to this young Lady. One day, when we were going to take a walk, I pretended to be tired, and sat down again, telling *Adelaide* she might walk with

Mademoiselle de Celigny for half an hour; on their return, I perceived that *Adelaide* looked much dissatisfied, and that she treated Mademoiselle de Celigny with great coldness. I suspected the cause of it, but I asked no questions, and we went to bed without any explanation. The next morning, when *Adelaide* was writing her copies, I went and made a visit to Sister Saint Helena, one of the Nuns who was a friend of mine, and who always had the news of the whole Convent before any body else... I told her my curiosity to know what it was Mademoiselle de Celigny had said to my daughter: sister Helena (who already knew the disposition of Mademoiselle de Celigny, and had given me a caution in secret respecting her) told me, that this young Lady pretended *Adelaide* had complained of the slavery, in which I kept her, by always following her like her shadow. After this recital I returned to *Adelaide*, and told her what sister Helena had said. She heard me with that tranquillity which convinced me she did not think I believed a word of what I had been told. Is it possible, said she, that people can carry their falsehood and wickedness to such a height? ... Now, Mamma, I will tell you the truth. Mademoiselle de Celigny, displeased with my coldness, imputes to me all that she said herself. You tell me nothing new; I guessed by your manner yesterday what you have just now informed me of. I was also very certain the particulars of your conversation would be very unjustly repeated; and I only asked sister Helena about it, in order to let you see you were deceived in Mademoiselle Celigny.—What then, Mamma, you knew she was not good?—I saw she had no good prin-

principles; that she was a great talker and a gossip, and consequently thought she might not scruple telling lies and being deceitful—Oh, Mamma, why would you not condescend to enlighten me?—I only wished experience should undeceive you.—Oh, Mamma, you have set my heart at ease; it would have given me great pain to have told you, she gave me very bad advice, though I was determined to tell you of it, as I was never to see her again, even though you had not acquainted me with her having told stories of me... Never to see her again!... I shall not allow this... How then, Mamma? ... You must avoid an open rupture, which will make a noise, and injure the character of both persons who disagree. It is easy by degrees to break off your acquaintance, which will prevent the public from making a history of it to amuse themselves with. In short, you must remember it is more prudent to *disunite*, than it is to *break*.—What, Mamma! shall we often see Mademoiselle de Celigny then? ... You need not send for her, but you must receive her with politeness; you are not obliged to tell her you love her, but you may behave to her as usual... It is very hard, however, to associate with people you despise... It is necessary to learn how to live with chattering, mischievous, indiscreet persons; because, when you meet with them, you should be able to guard against them; but, when you have found them, or connected yourself with them, it is necessary to submit patiently to them.—Oh, what imprudence have I been guilty of! I will never do so again: before I form an attachment, I will study the disposition of the person I am inclined to love... You will

do well also to study her character, and even that of her family and friends; for one may frequently judge of people by their connexions; which is a still stronger reason why we should fix upon those who are most esteemed.

After this conversation *Adelaide* has determined to see *Mademoiselle de Celigny* again, and to treat her in the manner which I have advised; but this obedience will cost her some pain. In continual fear of *Mademoiselle*, she will speak of nothing decisively but the *rain or fine weather*, fearing always on her side a bad interpretation; and, to prevent her from inventing new stories of her, she is cautious never to speak to her in a low voice and not to remain alone with her a moment. This restraint accustoms her to prudence and circumspection, and, at the same time, maintains the bitter repentance she has felt for forming an attachment so ill judged and so little considered.

Adieu, Madam; I received yesterday a letter from *** in which I am told the *Chevalier de Valmont* is neither confused nor hurt by the jests which his young friends make on his wisdom; they even add, that those who least resemble him pardon him his opinions on account of his graces and artless behaviour. I very sincerely share with you, Madam, in the joy which his conduct and his success must give you.

L E T

LETTER XXXVII
The Count de Rafrville to the Baron.

AT last, my dear Baron, we are returned to
 *** I have brought back my pupil in his
 nineteenth year, with his principles sufficiently
 strengthened to resist the alluring arts which love
 was preparing to practise upon him. *Sewia*, still
 unmarried, lived with her father upon the banks
 of the lake. She had found means to avoid and
 put off every proposed match, during our absence,
 under various pretences, and chiefly under that of
 a weak and worn out constitution. The day after
 our arrival the Prince received the following note:
 "I am dying—Alas! may I flatter myself with
 the hopes of seeing, before I expire, my bene-
 factor and my protector! If this favour is re-
 fused me, my last moments will be as grievous
 as my life has been unhappy." *STOLINA.*
 The Prince, with tears in his eyes, brought
 me this note, without allowing me to speak he
 said; no objections of yours will prevent my going
 immediately to *Alexis Stezin's* house.—Do you
 think me, interrupted I, capable of dissuading
 you from an act of benevolence? O, my friend I
 said the Prince, warmly embracing me. . . I desire
 only, replied I, that a Physician, in whom you
 put the greatest trust, may accompany us. He
 fixed upon Dr. *Walter*; we set off as soon as he
 came, and found *Stolina* in an elbow-chair, with
 all the outward appearance of a sick person, pale
 and languishing, but more bewitching and beau-
 tiful than ever. Her agitation of joy at the sight
 of

of the Prince was too evident. Her colour went and came, and she burst into tears. She attempted to rise from her chair, but fell back. The Prince, equally affected, seated himself, muttering some incoherent words. He then told her mother he had brought a Physician, and ordered him in. During this discourse I earnestly examined *Stolina's* looks, and plainly perceived her displeasure at it. We left the Doctor with her, and withdrew to another apartment. He came to us in about five minutes, and positively declared, that, so far from *Stolina's* being dangerously ill, she could not possibly imagine herself to have the least complaint; and I am obliged in conscience to assert, continued the Doctor, that there is some design in this. The testimony of a man so honest and skilful, whom no one could have influenced, struck the Prince very forcibly. He traversed the room in great trouble. At last, says he, let us depart; nothing now detains me. He hurried away: I followed, highly pleased at his being able to tear himself away from the dangerous *Stolina*, without even taking leave. He was scarcely seated in his coach, before he blamed his cruelty. He figured to himself *Stolina* in tears: he favourably attributed their little artifice to her love for him; and, as if he had a mind to revenge on me the pleasure this victory over himself had given me, he openly avowed his weakness and distress. I took not the least notice. My composure provoked him: he would have much preferred a serious discourse. Any remonstrance from me, besides giving him pleasure at my uneasiness, would have produced a regular debate on a subject so interesting to him. The conversation now ceased of course. When I perceived the Prince was about to put himself seriously in a passion,

passion, I said to him, you will fail in your endeavour to discompose me, for I know, though you are subject to say disagreeable things through pique, yet honour and reason are always your guides in affairs of consequence; what therefore do your speeches signify, when I am secure of your actions? These words flattered the Prince much, being pronounced in a blunt manner, and as if truth alone had forced them from me. He grew calm; the desire of meriting my esteem restored him to himself. He offered me his hand, and, fetching a deep sigh, said, you know me better than I do myself. . . . Your trust in me gives me strength, and exalts me in my own esteem enough to make me flatter myself I am worthy of your's.

Soon after, at my desire, the Chevalier de *Murville* called on *Stolina*, and represented to her so forcibly the bad consequences of her behaviour, that she, after some wavering, consented to complete the happiness of the faithful *Mirandel*; they are married and settled in the province of * * * one hundred leagues from Court. This distance frees me from a very serious anxiety. The Prince heard the news with resolution. He is pensive, but strives to divert his melancholy by a closer application than ever to his studies. Some time ago the Prince his father, who wishes him married this year, conversed on that subject with me. I approve his intention, but not the proposed Princess. She is very ugly and six years older. If it is necessary in such situations to be chiefly guided by political views, is every tender feeling to be given up? I think that present advantages alone are considered in the marriages of sovereign Princes. It is a misfortune that very little future benefit is to be

be expected from their union: Ambition easily breaks the most sacred ties. It is the moderation of the Prince, the strength of his dominions, the prudence of his government, and not great alliances, that preserve the blessings of peace. After these reflections, I mentioned a young Princess lovely in her person, excellently brought up, and who by the sweetness of her temper and by her accomplishments would insure the happiness of the Prince, and be an ornament of the Court. When this so suitable an union takes place, I shall only have this wish to assist at the nuptials of *Theodore* and *Constantia*. It is delightful, after twelve years absence from one's country, to return to it, to one's friends and family. I cannot quit * without severe pangs, or, to speak more plainly, without a fixed resolution of returning. I shall leave behind me the object that for twelve years has intirely possessed my thoughts. You can best judge, my dear Baron, the grief such a separation must occasion to me.

Your's dated the 25th is just come to hand. I perceive by it my last has not yet reached you. Be at ease with regard to the Count d'*Ossalis*; every proper step has been taken! act with confidence on your side. What pleasure I shall have in renewing at * my acquaintance with *Monf. d'Ossalis*? He alone will make me not regret the loss of our present Ambassador.

LET

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

YES, Madam, the first of November was a joyful day for *Adelaide* and *Theodore*. We were still in the Convent, when at eight o'clock in the morning we were told, that *Mons. d'Almeida* and *Theodore* were waiting for us in the parkour. *Adelaide* took *Hermione* by the hand, and we went down stairs with that eagerness which one feels to see two persons so dear to one after six months absence. We passed the grille, and flew into the outer parkour. *Adelaide* threw herself into the arms of her father, while I received *Theodore* in mine. *Adelaide* embraced him in her turn; after which we left the Convent, and got into our coach. On our arrival at home, we entered my apartment, where we found *Madame d'Offaly* and *Madame de Limours*. *Adelaide* had no sooner set her foot in my chamber, than she perceived the chairs which used to ornament it, and the tea-table, were no longer there. On her making this remark, *Madame d'Offaly* led her into my closet, and showed her it was deprived of all the impressions, drawings, and miniatures with which the wainscot had been adorned the past Winter. *Adelaide*, astonished at this alteration, asked the reason, at which every body smiled, but made her no reply; at length *Madame de Limours*, coming to me, said, *Adelaide* is to give us a breakfast this morning, if you will permit her. She has some excellent tea, which is now waiting for us in her apartment. We all followed *Madame de Limours*, and entered

Adelaide's

Adelaide's chamber, where we found nothing new, only that her bed was not in the room. *Adelaide*, surprized, asked me how it happened. When on a sudden the door, which had been condemned, opened and discovered a delightful apartment. Little *Hermione* flew thither, uttering a cry of joy. *Adelaide* threw herself on my neck, saying to me, Oh, Mamma! I am sensible of your goodness, but you send me farther from you; I was nearer to you in this room! . . . As she finished these words, *Madame de Limours* took her hand, and led her into a beautiful bed-chamber. There my daughter, looking round her, saw part of the ornaments which used to be in my apartment, and easily guessed the rest were distributed in the other rooms. *Madame d'Osalis* opened a commode, and took out a little box, in which *Adelaide* found the few diamonds and other jewels I was mistress of. Very far from expressing any pleasure at this sight, *Adelaide* looked very gravely on all these riches. Ah, Mamma! said she to me, I cannot see with any pleasure that you have deprived yourself of these ornaments for me; do you think it is possible I can enjoy them? . . . Make yourself easy, my dear child; amuse yourself with these toys which are made for persons of your age. Whenever I purchased any of them, or was pleased with them, it was because they were destined for you. Reward me then for my attention by appearing pleased with my present. *Adelaide* embraced me, and pressed me in her arms, without being able to answer me. *Madame de Limours* came and parted us, in order to shew *Adelaide* the rest of the apartments; after which we returned to her chamber to drink tea, and after breakfast we conducted

conducted *Theodore* to his apartment. He expected the *condemned door* would be opened for him also; but he had not this agreeable surprize; however, he was delighted with his new habitation. When *Adelaide* and I were left alone, she expressed her gratitude in the most affecting terms. You have given me, said she, at one and the same time, every thing that can indulge the fancy of a young person who has not had the happiness of being brought up by you. Your presents are far above my wishes; yet they are only precious to me, as they belonged to you: You must then be sensible, my dear *Adelaide*, of the extreme pleasure I feel in giving you all these trinkets. Yes, certainly; but nevertheless it gives me pain to see your chimneys and shelves unfurnished, and that horrid little tea-table of English queen's ware, which supplies the place of your fine china. Hear me, my dear child; and you will cease to pity me. Is it not true that a dish of tea or coffee drinks as well out of a cup made of earthen ware as out of the finest china? Yes, only the pleasure of looking at it. . . . Supposing the sight of my china gave me pleasure, which it never did, it could only have been during the novelty of it. Besides, nothing is more inconvenient than to have one's chamber filled with vases, monkeys, and other pieces of china; and one would never place these ornaments in a room where nobody came; so that one has these things only for the pleasure of letting them be seen, that is, from motives of vanity to prove one's taste and one's riches. For my part, I have another kind of vanity, which is to prove that I only esteem these superfluities in order to give them to my daughter. I shall have much more

more pride, when those who visit me look with amazement on my shabby set of earthen cups and saucers, than when they praised the elegance of my tea-table. I have no need to assure you that this way of thinking contributes in no respect to make me do what I do to oblige you, though it may sometimes help to reward me for the sacrifices I have made on your account. I need only to consult my own heart in order to do things which will give you pleasure.—Mamma, you inspire mine with noble sentiments by your tenderness and your example. At present I cannot conceive how people can value themselves on such trifling things. It appears to me that nothing is wanting but good sense, and a proper degree of pride, to make us conduct ourselves as we ought. Is it possible that proud and rich people should value themselves on their fine houses, their side-board of plate, and their jewels, when every step they take they may find people who not only equal but even surpass them in magnificence? If, on the contrary, they would distinguish themselves by their moderation and benevolence, they would meet with few competitors; and the praises they would then obtain would really be gratifying. . . . You say very right, but, however wise such an observation may be, a bad heart will never make it. Mamma, I promise you I will always avoid this ridiculous ostentation. . . . To have a house convenient and neatly furnished and elegant by its plainness, with fashionable cloaths, which are nothing remarkable either in their form or for their magnificence, a box either at the opera or the play, which one likes best, and to give good suppers, are all the advantages to be derived from

from riches. As to plate, jewels, and expensive furniture, they are merely for ostentation, and wholly unfit for persons in private life, and very ridiculous and indecent in people who by their birth and situation are excused from making any kind of figure or appearance. Always remember then, that pomp shuts its eyes to the sufferings of human nature, and withholds from it the assistance which it ought to give; and that no one can admire it who has not a depraved heart and the most childish vanity.

At present, Madam, *Adelaide* enjoys almost all the privileges of a young married woman. She has a waiting-woman to herself; *Miss Sally*, whom I sent for from England, a young person well educated, about four-and-twenty, and who does not know a word of French. *Adelaide* has an allowance with which a married woman might be satisfied, and I only charge myself with paying her's and *Hermione's* masters. I have insisted, that *Adelaide* should not suffer her woman to keep her accounts; therefore, every night, *Miss Sally* gives her a little memorandum of the expences of the day, which *Adelaide* pays immediately, and then sets down the account in a book which is appropriated to this use. This book is brought to me every fortnight, that I may see whether my injunctions be regularly observed, and whether the expences be reasonable. Besides this, *Adelaide* has another book, in which she makes all her trades-people write their receipts. She is every morning employed in looking over the expences of my household and settling the account. These little matters do not take her up more than a quarter of an hour in a day, and by this means she learns

learns the price of all the different articles used in house-keeping; and, being accustomed from her infancy to these things, it is no kind of slavery, and it does not even appear strange; her accounts only are more extensive: but, having been led to them by degrees, she finds them no more troublesome.

Adelaide begins now to go into company; at sixteen it is time she should appear. She sups with us, and comes into the saloon about half an hour before supper; and retires to her chamber, when we get up from table; for it is necessary she should go to bed and rise early, while she has masters, which will be for two years to come. I intend also, this next fortnight, to take her with me to pay visits. But the greatest pleasure she can enjoy, at her time of life, is the continuing the new plan of reading, which we began in Holland; and to go often to the French Comedy, to see the best Plays of our Dramatic Authors. The day before yesterday she saw *Phædra* performed, which she had never read. It is impossible to describe the impression which this Piece made on her; an impression she will feel so often and for so long a time. Imagine, Madam, what delight it must afford a young, sensible, and well instructed person, to see, in the course of Winter, the best representations of *Cinna*, of the *Horatii*, of *Rodogune*, of *Athalie*, of *Andromache*, *Zara*, the *Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, *les Femmes Savantes*, &c. &c. &c. and to be able to say, in the Spring, this pleasure is far from being exhausted, next Winter I shall see other Plays equally good and well represented.

To

To give you an account, Madam, of all our employments, we have begun a course of Philosophy. There are about fifteen of us who attend the Lectures, which are twice a week, and will last two months. We shall attend for the same time Lectures on Chymistry; and we shall finish, by going through a course of Natural History; which will carry us to the month of May. We shall repeat them all again next Winter, as that is the only means of making them useful, for it is impossible to reap the smallest advantage from them, attending each only once. *Adelaide* and *Theodore* are neither of them strangers to Natural History; and they have acquired some knowledge of minerals, and shells, as well as of plants. They read in their infancy, and almost know by heart, the *Speſtacle de la Nature*, and a *Histoire des Inſectes* in two volumes, well written, and very interesting; and in four months they will read that immortal work, which even without a taste for Natural History one must read over and over again.

Do not imagine, Madam, that my intention is to make *Adelaide* learned; you know my sentiments in that respect, which are not at all changed. I only mean to give her a little knowledge of these things, which may serve to amuse her sometimes, and prevent her from being tired at any time, should her father, her brother, or her husband, chuse to talk on such subjects; at the same time it will preserve her from an infinite number of prejudices which are adopted by ignorance.

L E T

LETTER XXXIX

The Baron to the Viscount.

SINCE you do not return from Ghent till next month, my dear Viscount, I must send you some account of our children. For some time I had observed a visible alteration in *Theodore*; he was become absent and thoughtful: at one time he fixed his eyes on the Countess *Anastie* (who sups here often), at another he passionately admired the charming figure of the beautiful *Constantia*. I found it was necessary for me to speak to him. One day, after having dined with Madame de *Limours*, where for the first time he had heard *Constantia* sing, I said to him, I perceive with pleasure the impression your cousin has made upon you. At these words *Theodore* blushed; surprise and joy was painted in his countenance. Yes, my son, added I, *Constantia* is perfectly well educated; charming in every respect; and my warmest wishes will be completed in having her for my daughter-in-law. I own, said *Theodore*, I have often suspected you had such intentions: but your silence to me on that head made me reject these thoughts.—You were too young to be acquainted with a project in embryo, and which even now has no certainty. Yet the ties of blood and friendship which bind you to *Monf. de Limours*.—Surely the match would be a very proper one; but above all you must, I desire it most earnestly—Do not doubt that in the least—The heart of *Constantia* must also not make the least objection: and it must be the merit that your conduct will acquire

quire, that will induce her parents to prefer you to the many that will seek their alliance: she is now but fourteen, will certainly not be married till she is seventeen: if till that time you do not act up to the hopes formed of you, or if you appear to have formed another attachment, Monsieur *de Limours* will never give you his daughter. O, my father! answered *Theodore*, I shall be always with you; I shall reveal to you my most secret thoughts and shall follow blindly your advice: can I then fear going astray for a moment?—No, doubtless, if you persist in this resolution.—If I persist, O! I have no doubts of that! Have you not taught me two essential truths, that virtue alone insures a happy life, and that a guide to my youth is absolutely necessary.—If the best founded gratitude, and the most tender affection, did not attach me inviolably to you, reason and self-interest would make me seek your advice and prefer your's to all other company. It is enough to be acquainted with your wisdom and knowledge of the world for me to consult and obey you. Figure to yourself the absolute power which you, my benefactor, a father, as affectionate as instructive, and a friend as indulgent as agreeable, have over me. . . . *Theodore* uttered these words with that animated tone, that feeling and sincere air, which so much enhances the value of professions of friendship.—Delightful child! how all my labours are rewarded!

He has promised to keep secret from *Constantia* his hopes of being her's, and from every one else, except *Madame d'Almane*. I am sure he will keep his word. Since this conversation, he takes a warmer interest in *Constantia*, and is much

less struck by the charms of the Countess *Anatole*. She is no longer visited by Monsieur *de St. Phar*. Some say there never was a sincere attachment between them: others, that he has sacrificed the Countess to Madame *de R***. However it is, she has lost her character, and is the less spared on account of her superior beauty: they take her cruelly to pieces; and she is much to be pitied, if she has nothing to reproach herself with, except being a coquet.

LETTER XL

The Baronefs to Madame de Valmont.

THEY are in the right, Madam, to say, that a mother is very proud the first time her daughter has an offer of marriage. I have just experienced that satisfaction. The Marquis *de Hernay*, a young man whom I saw in Italy, is very desirous of marrying *Adelaide*; he hinted the subject to me near three weeks ago. I gave an indirect answer, and spoke of it to my daughter the same day: at the first mention of marriage, before I had named the Marquis *de Hernay*, she changed countenance! What! Mamma, cried she, do you already think of marrying me? Not immediately, answered I, since you have a good fortune and are well situated. Nothing can determine me to marry you till your education is quite completed. But I can from this time, if you consent to it, enter into conditional engagements. In short, he that makes proposals is the Marquis *de Hernay* a very proper

per person, whose fortune and family Oh ! Mamma, interrupted *Adelaide*, smiling, was his family still more noble, and his fortune more considerable, it is impossible *that* man should be destined to call you mother. But *Adelaide*, you are very censorious I think he does me great honour but I confess, that he does not appear to me worthy of being your son ... nor your husband : Do you agree to that ? ... Confess, Mamma, that you are of my opinion ! Let us speak seriously : why have you so great a dislike to him ? because, Mamma, you think him a coxcomb. I never told you so. but I observed it ; and your opinion will always determine mine ... Well, if it should be true that he is a coxcomb, if he is worthy My dear Mamma shall find me a good husband and one who is not a coxcomb ... Take care, *Adelaide*, that you form no idle chimeras, nor carry your delicacy too far I cannot do that ; for I assure you I never in my life considered the turn of mind I should desire in a husband. I know I should not have knowledge or experience enough to chuse properly ; and that I should be just as foolish as ungrateful, if I did not trust my happiness intirely to you Then you will readily accept the husband that I shall seriously propose to you. Yes, Mamma ; be assured of it, whoever he is. I deserve this confidence ; but how important is the choice ! if you knew, my child, how difficult it is to judge of men their manners are so different from our's, and then they know so well how to dissemble when they think proper ... How well Richardson has described this ! that horrible Lovelace ! what a hypocrite ! what a monster !—it is true that they are only taken up in de-

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ceiving us, in feigning affections they do not feel, to seduce us, that they may boast of it afterwards. . . . It makes one tremble. But how can a woman be so foolish as to sacrifice to a man her happiness and reputation?—That is the abyss into which a disordered imagination leads us. We persuade ourselves that our love is unconquerable; we make no efforts to oppose it; we yield to it; and we are not undeceived, till our character is intirely lost. Rational people, though possessed of great sensibility, will never be violently in love; therefore you see how careful Richardson has been (who certainly knew the human heart) not to represent Clarissa in love; even at the time when she is deceived in Lovelace, she has only a small degree of preference for him, and never any love: yet she has a tender heart; but she has virtuous principles, a superior understanding, and great prudence; and consequently it is impossible she should be susceptible of an affection, which cannot fill the heart till it has turned the head; and from which reason will always preserve a person of reflection who has a command over herself. After this conversation it is unnecessary to tell you that I have not accepted the Marquis *de Hernay's* offer: he desired a positive answer, and since that time he has intirely left off visiting here.

You are anxious to know, Madam, what impression going into company has made upon *Ade-laide*; as she has all her senses about her, she is very much struck with the absurdities she perceives. I carried her the other day to *Madame de B——'s*, where there was a great deal of company, and we staid some time. She made many observations, which she communicated to me,

when

when we were alone. Can any thing be, she asked me, more amiable than *Madame de B——*? no, certainly, replied I, and you will find very few persons to be compared to her. She possesses that true politeness that always pleases and never fatigues. She has the art so infinitely rare of speaking well, of expressing herself with elegance and purity, without its being possible to accuse her for one moment of pedantry. You may say of her conversation the same that they say of *Madame de Sevigné's* writing, that it is never far fetched, nor ever vulgar. She has so sweet a disposition, that we are more charmed than surprised at her most lively sallies, and reflection convinces us of her superiority.—With what warmth, Mamma, you make her elogium, and yet she is not one of your friends!... Was she my enemy I should say, the same things of her; it is so pleasing to speak of her as she deserves.... Mamma, what is the name of that young Lady who was seated by *Madame de B——*, who had her handkerchief so trimmed and so many flowers shaking on her head?.... *Madame de ——* How do you like her?—She is not at all pretty, and she has a disagreeable manner of turning her head to the right and left every moment... and of making faces!... what a group of them she drew round her!... As soon as she went into another room, all the men who were there also came and surrounded her also.—I lay a wager it was on account of the faces she made; for it was very droll to see her near.... Yes; this is what is called coquetry; which men despise so much and which yet attracts their notice.—Mamma, did you remark when *Madame de B——* said so much in praise of *Madame C——*, with what

coldness Madame de *** answered her! Yes, she was not able to dissemble her chagrin; for envy is a vice which no art can conceal You see the proof of it: since you, who are so young and so little experienced, have discovered in a moment, that Madame de *** was envious.—And how can one be so! how at least can one be insensible to the noble pleasure of doing justice to others.

You see, Madam, how ridiculous *Adelaide* finds coquetry and envy as disagreeable. If she had seen company at my house from the age of eight years, she would have been accustomed to all these things: she would not have remarked them, or at least she would not have been shocked by them; and in that case how should I have acted, in order to have preserved her from the same faults; instead of which, I have no occasion to tell her how hateful the vice is, her eyes are open, she sees and detests it.

Yes, Madam, the Chevalier de *Valmont* conducts himself always as well as your affection can wish: his connexions are not very much extended, because he has chosen his friends with propriety. He is particularly attached this Winter to the Marquis de *** that young man so distinguished by his virtues, by his genius, and brilliant qualities, and whose conduct has given every father of a family the satisfaction of being able to offer to his sons a model worthy to be imitated. The Chevalier de *Valmont* shews the most sincere attachment to *Theodore*; they have both the same principles and the same sentiment; and they are made to love each other throughout their lives.

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LETTER XLI.

The Baronefs to Madame d'Ostalis.

WELL, my dear child, does the affair succeed? Will *Monf. d'Ostalis* obtain his wishes, and be appointed to the Embassy? Send me a messenger to tell me the *Yes*... and even the *No*; that *No* which will make you remain at home!... In preference to every thing, I wish for the advancement of your husband and all that will contribute to his honour and the increase of his fortune... But I am in the most difficult situation; for that which my heart wishes for my reason condemns!... For me to wish to see you setting out for *La****! No, do not imagine it!... Ah, my daughter!... How often have I reproached myself during the two years I staid in Italy, at such a distance from you, and which I might have spent with you!... But let us say no more of it; let us wait the event with resignation, and prepare ourselves to support it with courage.

I supped last night at *Madame de Valcè's* for the first time this Winter. The Viscountess made such a point of it that I could not deny her. There were near forty people of the best fashion. We have seen the time when *Madame de Valcè* was not well received in company, but; now that she has a hundred thousand livres a year, all the world flock to her with eagerness. She is very much elated at it; she is ignorant that she has no better qualities, than her riches, to attract their notice.—People, who keep such excellent houses, are like Kings who

never know what is said of them. A good supper as often makes people guilty of meanness and falsehood as ambition. *Duclos* has said very justly, "Men never judge, but by appearances. Are they made dupes of? It is because those who deceive them are basely, as well as dexterously, perfidious." It is also true, that, unless one is blinded by an immoderate share of vanity, a very little experience may inform one, that, whenever one pleases, one may draw company to one's house, even without giving them suppers; it is not necessary for one even to be amiable; one has only to keep one's chamber and open one's doors. This is a useful lesson for young people in order to keep them from the absurd folly of setting a high value on their extensive connexions. This eagerness for drawing all Paris to one's house occasions a loss of time, which is not repaid by any real pleasure. In the midst of such a vortex, it is impossible to cultivate the mind or improve it, and to preserve an inclination for study or business.—My intention is certainly not to let my daughter live in solitude; and I shall have no objection to her being in places sometimes, where she may meet with fifty or sixty people, provided she does not receive so many at her own house, where I would have her entertain only her friends and those that are really amiable; and, in that case, she will never have forty persons to supper. *Monsi.* and *Madame de Valcè* are minding themselves; their pride pays very dear for the boast of keeping one of the best houses in Paris. Adieu, my dear child; I do not press you to write to me; you can judge by my affection for you of the impatience with which I wait to hear from you.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

The Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

MONS. *d'Ostalis* is named Ambassador to ***. He sets out in two months, and his wife attends him. Far from exacting such a sacrifice, he pressed Madame *d'Ostalis* to remain in France; but doubtless, he was certain she would listen only to her duty!... Yes, such is the duty of a wife! She must without hesitation quit her friends, her family, her mother, to follow her husband. *Adelaide* may one day be called upon perhaps to perform these same duties!... This cruel thought deprives me of my only consolation... Madame *d'Ostalis* rends my heart, when she says *Adelaide* remains to you. Alas! who can assure me she will always remain? What a melancholy Summer will this be to me! Mons. *d'Almane* and *Theodore* set out in six weeks; and I, a fortnight after, shall fix myself at S***, on that little estate we have six leagues from Paris; where I shall stay till the beginning of November. Adieu, Madam; pity me... You know better than any body how much I ought to suffer at this time.

G.S.

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LETTER XLIII.

The Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

YES, Madam, without doubt the interest of those who are dear to us is able to make us support with courage the most cruel disappointments. Have I not myself taken all the steps that could possibly be useful to *Monf. d'Offalis*? If I could be sure that *Adelaide* would be happier two thousand leagues from me, do you think I should hesitate a moment to separate myself from her? I should not even then sacrifice all my felicity to her; in securing her's, I could not think myself unhappy.

I shall only receive my particular friends here; I have brought with me a Miniature Painter, the only Master *Adelaide* wants at present; for I can supply the place of all the others. *Monf. Leblanc*, *Monf. d'Almane's* Steward, will stay six months with us, and will give my daughter some general knowledge of those affairs in which a woman may find herself engaged. So it is recommended by the wisest and the best of Instructors. "It is right," says *Monf. de Fanelon*, "that young people should know something of the principal rules of the laws; for example, the difference there is between a *Will* and a *Deed of Gift*; what is the meaning of a *Contract*, an *Entail*, a *Division*, and *Cokeirs*; the principal laws of the country where we live, and the customs which render these acts valid; what is meant by *Property*, by *Community*, by *real and personal Estates*. If they are married, their principal business will turn upon these things... Girls of family and large fortunes ought to be instructed in the duties of their situation.... With

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“ regard to these estates, it is right to teach them
“ what they may do, in order to avoid being cheat-
“ ed, and all those artifices so common in the
“ country. Add to this the means by which they
“ may establish little schools and hospitals for the
“ sick and poor. In explaining the duties of land-
“ lords, do not forget their rights; tell them what
“ are, *Piefts, Vassals, Homage, Rent, Impropria-*
“ *tions, the right of Field Rent, Fines of Alienation,*
“ *Indemnities, Mortmain, Acknowledgement, Court-*
“ *rolls,* and such things, to be acquainted with
“ which is necessary, since the management of
“ estates intirely depends on all these matters.”

We have every morning a conversation of three quarters of an hour with *Mons. Leblanc* on this subject. In the afternoon, *Adelaide* writes down all she is able to retain in her memory. *M. Leblanc* corrects it the next day, and adds in the margin the words she has omitted. *Adelaide* will preserve these papers, in order to remember what they retain. It will be sufficient, if she only reads them once a quarter. I do not allow her to write at the time, because she would not listen with so much attention, if she was not obliged to take an account of the conversation four or five hours after; and I have not allowed her Master to write these papers, because the clearest explanation, and what we never forget, is that which we make ourselves.

Adelaide finds the country, where we now are, not half so agreeable as our situation in Languedoc. She is also surprised and much hurt by perceiving the wretched poverty of the peasants, who surround this little estate. What, said she to me! so many unfortunate people so near Paris; so near this multitude of rich persons! . . . Can you be astonished at it, replied I, when this poverty exists even at

Paris itself? It is not in the regions of pomp and ostentation that you will find benevolence. Luxury supports the manufactures, gives bread to a number of workmen, that is, when it is moderate; but carried to excess it equally ruins the workmen, and those who employ them: the last never pay, and the first die of hunger, and every tradesman is made a bankrupt. In short, how is it, when you have fifty thousand livres a year, and spend eighty, that you can do any good actions? . . . Mamma, I shall never contract any debts, and shall always have some money left of my allowance. I wish you would have the goodness to direct me how to employ a sum which I design for the poor. . . . And what is this sum? . . . Five hundred livres a year certain, and my brother will give the same: but we wish to devote this money to a certain object which is not to be changed.

I promise you I will think about it, answered I, and even to second you in this project. Mamma, said *Adelaide*, could not we form a little association with some of our acquaintance? . . . It is possible we may; but we must never make proposals of this kind, except to particular friends. . . . You do not then approve of those collections that are frequently made in company? . . . Not at all; let us give as much as we can; it is all that religion and humanity require of us. We are not ordered to beg alms to give away. For my part, I had much rather dispose of some of my goods to support an unfortunate person who asks my charity, than to beg money of thirty people whom I do not know, and who gave it with reluctance and an ill grace: for my part I never submit to this contribution but through politeness. — How can I be certain that the

the object of the charity is really worthy my compassion? I know nothing of the matter; I have my own poor whom I love; the money they ask me for belongs to them; the begging Lady would take it from them, and also take from me the merit and delightful pleasure of giving it. She alone will enjoy the little portion of gratitude that is due to me. If it was not unpolite, I should have a perfect right to say to her, deny yourself one or two superfluities, and you will complete the sum you now ask for, in a manner much more noble and more meritorious. It is very likely this discourse may make little impresson; for I imagine it is much easier in general to be troublesome and indiscreet than charitable and benevolent. . . . Yet, Mamma, I have often heard you praise Madame —, for her benevolence, and she is a begging Lady. . . . If the benevolence of all the begging Ladies was as sincere and as universally known as her's, I should no longer condemn the custom; it would appear respectable, though, even then, I should still be determined not to adopt it. I repeat, let us return to our first principles, and we shall never deviate from them. Above all, it is necessary to be strictly just. . . . And it cannot be called justice to obtain money from those who give it with regret; and this reason alone would give me an aversion for collecting money in company.

The same day that we had this conversation, I told Madame de Limours and Madame de S* who were here the scheme of *Adelaide*; and it is agreed that we should form an association with some more persons, in order to found a little establishment about two leagues from Paris; and that each member should preside over it in turn.

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We have not yet made our calculation; we have only determined at present on having a school for six very poor girls, whom we shall chuse, with agreeable persons and healthy constitutions, and about ten years old. These six children we shall have taught to read, write, and cast accounts, and to work at their needle. We shall take a small house for them, and put at the head of it a good workwoman, and a man who will be the steward, and at the same time the schoolmaster. We shall also give them a cook and a maid-servant. We imagine this establishment will cost us possibly six thousand livres a year. Our intentions are to keep the girls only seven years, the two last of which they are to work for their own profit; and they will be employed by the Ladies who establish the school and by their friends: so that, when they leave it at seventeen years old, they will have a small sum of money, understand reading, working, writing, and accounts: the Governesses of the society will have the liberty of letting the girls they present be taught other things, such as embroidery, making caps, and working tapestry, &c. These girls, having received an excellent education for their stations, will be easily settled in places either at Paris, or in the country; and the sooner, as they will have the protection of all the Governesses. On the day they quit the school, six other girls of the same age will take their places; and so on, as long as any of the Governesses live; who enter into new engagements every seven years. *Adelaide* is employed in forming the regulations of the school and the Christian and moral instructions for the girls: the Governesses are to be the judges of this work, and to correct it as they

they see occasion. You, Madam, who take so much pleasure in doing good, will easily imagine how much this scheme employs us; we talk of nothing else, and *Adelaide* has already drawn up a part of the instructions destined for the girls.

I punctually receive news of the Chevalier *de Valmont* from my son, who is very happy to find himself this year in the same garrison; and the praises of the Chevalier always take up a whole page of every letter I receive from *Theodore*.

L E T T E R XLIV.

The Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

From St. ***.

I HAVE made acquaintance, Madam, with a person you often met with at Narbonne in the Winter you spent there: it is *Mons. the Count de Retel*. He gave me the pleasure of talking of you, which was sufficient to make him agreeable. He has, besides great knowledge and understanding, a little roughness and singularity, but an excellent character and an air of freedom which pleases me much. He has a charming house about three quarters of a mile from mine: he gives us the liberty of walking in his garden, which has been the means of bringing us acquainted. He has no great opinion of the knowledge or talents of women. He smiled when he saw the plan of my garden raised by *Adelaide*, as well as at the landscapes, flowers, and miniatures of her drawing. I suspect he may more than once have
been

been deceived in this way, and that experience has made him incredulous. *Rousseau* says, "At Paris the rich understand every thing; the poor only are ignorant. This capital is full of artists of rank, particularly females, who finish their works, as *Monfieur Guillaum* invented his colours. I only know three fair exceptions to this rule among the men, though there may be more; but I know not one among the Ladies, and I doubt whether there is any."

For my part, I know two exceptions already, which are *Madame d'Ostalis* and *Adelaide*, and therefore I believe there may be more: though I have not seen any other female artists draw landscapes from Nature, or make good and correct likenesses in their portraits. But at length *Monfieur de Retel* has seen *Adelaide* drawing in a garden: he has seen her paint from Nature; he has examined into her improvements, and is now convinced there is no treachery. This discovery has made him go from one extreme to another; for he is become one of *Adelaide's* greatest admirers. The other day we were playing by chance, at a game where every one is to make a verse in their turn. The prettiest hand-writing in the world discovered all those which were written by *Adelaide*. *Monfieur de Retel*, after praising the writing, examined the poetry with great attention. How, said he, there are not only no faults in the spelling, but not one line bad of the versification! . . . So then, *Mademoiselle*, said he, with a tone rather ironical, you have learned to make verses, and doubtless we may flatter ourselves one day or other with seeing some of your productions. It is true, replied *Adelaide*, that Mamma, to make me better
able

able to judge of the measure of verse, put me upon making some myself; but at the same time she taught me, that unless one possessed this talent in a very superior degree, it would render a woman ridiculous. . . . Well, Mademoiselle, interrupted Monsieur *de Retel*, why should you not hope to be able, some time, to equal any of the Ladies who have distinguished themselves in this way? . . . Because my vanity does not hinder me, said *Adelaide*, from perceiving that the verses I make are good for nothing. The paper I have in my hand, said Monsieur *de Retel*, proves that your modesty deceives you. This is only your gallantry, said I, in my turn; but *Adelaide* knows very well, that with much labour she could only produce very moderate verses. Besides, it is much better to write well in prose. The name of Madame *Sevigny* will be immortal: and Mademoiselle *Barbier* is known to very few people, though she died only in 1742, and though she wrote several operas and tragedies, which were very well received at the time: But why is this? Because Mademoiselle *Barbier*'s tragedies are very indifferent, and Madame de *Sevigny*'s letters have every degree of perfection of which this kind of writing is susceptible. Thus it is, that there is more merit in writing a song that is perfect than a whole Epic poem, if it is ill done. Four verses only have raised the reputation of Mons. *St. Aulaire* for ever; and *Chapelaine* would have been long since forgotten, if some Authors had not taken the trouble to criticise him. Therefore, since *Adelaide* writes a very good letter, and makes bad verses, I advise her always to keep to prose: But suppose, said Madame de *Limours*, some time hence,

hence, born with so much wit as she has, and educated with so much care, she should distinguish herself, and become an Authoress; would you dissuade her from it? No; I would not; for, though I am not certain she would make an excellent work, yet I am very sure it would not be a bad one, when her understanding is perfectly formed But you say, that good works alone pass to posterity? Yes, works of mere entertainment and pleasure; but a work of morality, provided it is well written, may be excused for its want of genius and superior talents. An Author, who wishes only to shine, has no right to this indulgence; if he does not please, he is to blame and is good for nothing: but I can pardon great faults and an indifferent style in one who means to instruct and enlighten me. I could not without ingratitude judge him with severity: his book would merit esteem, were it void of all entertainment, and even tiresome; as long as it is useful, it will always be read. It is thus, that many works on science written without genius, and several books on morality which are but moderate performances, have descended to posterity, merely because they are useful. For these reasons I would always endeavour to prevent young people from the madness of turning Poets: there can be nothing really useful in that kind of writing which consequently requires a superiority of genius; therefore it is much wiser to prefer prose, in which one is sure of distinguishing one's self, if it does but convey instruction and good sense; and may, with the addition of genius, be reckoned in the number of the best Writers; and equally valued for every great talent and the use made of them.

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This conversation has put an end to Monsieur *de Retel's* fears, lest *Adelaide* should turn Poetess. Madame *de Limours* is persuaded it will conclude by his falling in love with *Adelaide*. This establishment would be far above anything I could expect for my daughter, and yet it would give me no pleasure; Monsieur *de Retel* has a hundred thousand livres a year, and is of a very good family; but he is seven and thirty years old, and has a person which cannot be agreeable to a young woman. If his being so very plain did not absolutely create an aversion to him, it would at least make it probable that his wife could never love him; and, though I am far from desiring that *Adelaide* should be violently in love with her husband, yet I should wish her to like him, and consequently would have nothing to be disagreeable in him. I am very sensible that in general this consideration has no weight, and that a man of family and fortune is seldom refused on account of his person, however disgusting it may be. But I confess I am of a different opinion; and, even if the happiness of my daughter were less dear to me, Religion would prevent me from sacrificing her to ambition, and from giving her a husband who might inspire her with aversion: and, even if it were her own choice, I should oppose it, unless she was five and twenty years old, as I should think it was owing to her simplicity, rather than her understanding.

LETTER XLV.

The Baron to the Viscount.

From Strasburg.

WE must, absolutely, my dear Baron, alter something in our plan; or, better to express myself, remedy the troubles Madame de Limours's rashness has caused. *Theodore* talks of *Constantia* with pleasure, but is too certain of having the happiness of belonging to you, to be warmly interested in that thought. He depends upon it; which is enough to take away his anxiety. All my endeavours to diminish his hopes will be in vain: the last farewells of Madame de Limours are too strongly in his thoughts... Nevertheless the Countess *Anotolle* is arrived (for you know her husband's grandmother lives at Strasburg) she is every day the object of a new entertainment. She takes particular notice of *Theodore*, and they will meet this Winter at Paris. All this gives me uneasiness. The result of much reflection upon this subject is, that I think you and I must fall out: not publicly, for appearances must be kept up. *Deformeaux's* business will be a good pretence. Our interest clashed there, and I succeeded: do you take it in ill-humour, and write me a formal letter: I will shew it to *Theodore*. On your side complain of me to the Viscountess: on our return to Paris, we shall find her uneasy and alarmed. This is all I ask of you; I will manage every thing else myself. Adieu, my dear friend! In expectation of this quarrel be assured that nothing can diminish my affection for you.

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LETTER XLVI.

The Baroness to Madame d'Ostalis.

St. **.

SINCE you have been at **, my dear child, I have received two letters from the Count *de Roseville*; for it is true that I wished to hear news of you from more hands than one; he has very particularly answered all my questions about you and your children. He not only tells me that you are beautiful as the day, but that you have no appearance of sadness nor dejection, and that you were not in the least fatigued with your long voyage. In short, his account intirely agrees with your's, and this confirmation was very necessary to me. I do not doubt your sense; I rely upon your promises; but you know the most trifling and idle fears ought to be excused, when they proceed from real affection.

At length, my dear, the Count *de Retel* has justified Madame *de Limours's* prediction. This is the copy of a letter I received from him last night:

“ You know, Madam, that to be able to talk
 “ on important affairs, it is necessary to have all
 “ our senses about us, to have a cool head and a
 “ heart free. I am now in that situation, but I
 “ have not a moment to lose, if I would profit by
 “ it. For near six months, since I had the plea-
 “ sure of knowing you, I am become less incre-
 “ dulous. I did not believe the education of a
 “ young person could contribute to her establish-
 “ ment. It is true I have scarcely till now seen
 “ any

“ any instance of education which deserved to be
 “ looked upon as of importance; but at present
 “ I can conceive it very possible for our heads to
 “ be quite turned by a person who unites to the
 “ most striking talents a cultivated mind, an ele-
 “ gant figure, and an amiable temper. Such a
 “ person can equally seduce the most trifling, as
 “ well as the wiser men. She has but to shew
 “ herself, and she will attract all hearts; she will
 “ fix them by making herself known. Why,
 “ when we wish to marry, do we only ask for
 “ fortune? It is, because it would generally be in
 “ vain to demand a good education. We never
 “ ask for things which appear imaginary to us,
 “ and we often seek only for a rich wife, de-
 “ pairing to find one at the same time handsome,
 “ amiable, sensible, and ingenious. In short,
 “ Madam, I am thirty-seven, and Mademoiselle
 “ *d’Almane* (I may as well speak plain) is but
 “ seventeen. She is lovely in all respects, and I
 “ have nothing to offer in my own favour but
 “ the desire I should have of making her happy,
 “ and my attachment to you, Madam! I
 “ am not ignorant that you think her education
 “ will not be completed till she is eighteen and
 “ a half; and I too much admire your Work not
 “ to wish it brought to perfection. If you have
 “ other views, I have no right to demand your
 “ secret; but I have a right to expect from such a
 “ character as your’s a frankness that will pre-
 “ serve me from the misfortune of entertaining
 “ vain hopes. I again repeat it to you, Madam,
 “ I am not yet in love; but, if your answer is not
 “ favourable to me, hasten to send it, and de-
 “ prive me of all hopes.”

After

After having read this letter, I called *Adelaide*, and shewed it to her. What do you think, said I, of this new proposal? I could marry *Mons. de Retel* without reluctance; replied *Adelaide*..... Without reluctance! that is not sufficient.—I do not think I can ever marry with pleasure, I am so happy in my present condition!.... *Mons. de Retel* is a man of honour, he has good sense; by asking for your hand, he proves that he loves you, since he has a hundred thousand livres a year, is of a good family, and has a title. Ambition and vanity will never determine your daughter's choice..... yet I should perhaps be more sensible of the value of a considerable fortune than most people of my age. You have taught me how much riches can add to our happiness, when we know how to make a proper use of them; but I confess I should feel a kind of repugnance in uniting myself to a man for whom I should be but a bad match; and more so, if like *Mons. de Retel*, he was intirely destitute of all external graces: for I should fear he would suspect that I had not so much consulted reason and esteem as interest and ambition. I understand you, said I smiling; you would be better pleased with *Mons. de Retel*, if his person was agreeable, and if he was some years younger. We may easily comprehend this delicacy.—Joking apart, replied *Adelaide*, if *Mons. de Retel*, such as he is, had only a fortune equal to mine, and that you assured me he really possessed all the good qualities he appears to have, I could determine to marry him without any trouble; and I am very sure I should be happy with him. My motive for chusing him could not then be suspected;—by preferring him to a young man, I should shew
sense

sense above my years, and I should deserve his affection and the esteem of the Public.—I approve this manner of thinking, my dear *Adelaide*; it is quite conformable to my own, and I will thank *Monf. de Retel*.—I am very glad of it, I confess, Mamma; yet I must again repeat to you that it is not his age which makes me dislike him. I know very well that a man is not old at seven and thirty; it even appears to me that I should be flattered by having a husband of experience and consideration. I have yet seen but little of the world; but I have already observed how unhappy young men make their wives; the Count *Anatole*, for example, and many others I protest to you, Mamma, I should like better to marry an amiable man of thirty-seven than a young man of three and twenty. Scarce had *Adelaide* pronounced the words *three* and *twenty*, than she blushed most violently, as if she had named the Chevalier *Falmont*. It was in effect the same thing; for he was in her thoughts. I was delighted that she gave me an opportunity of speaking about him to her. I was careful however not to increase her confusion by appearing to fix any particular meaning on the words that had just escaped her. Indeed, said I, laughing, there is a vast deal to blush at: because you think of the only young unmarried man you are acquainted with, could you fear from me an improper interpretation.—Ah! Mamma, replied *Adelaide*, embracing me with some remains of emotion, I never shall fear your reading to the bottom of my heart.—I am very certain of it; and be sure that all your sentiments are perfectly known to me. . . . Well, Mamma, I hope I have none that you can disapprove. *Adelaide's appearance*

ance of uneasiness at saying these words, and the simplicity of the question itself made me smile. What then, replied I, are you not sure of it? but I believe you better than myself be composed then, for you are perfectly right I really thought so The *Chevalier de Valmont* is the son of a lady you have loved from your infancy; he is your brother's friend; he has many agreeable qualities; he promises to be amiable; he ought to inspire you with more affection than any other young man of his age. But you have often heard that his aunt *Mademoiselle d'Olcy* has for a long time had views for his establishment; and, besides, you know very well that you may pretend to a much more advantageous match. You know still better that you are not at liberty to dispose of your heart; and that we are to direct its inclinations Be also very sure, Mamma, that I never thought for two minutes together of the person you mention. It is true I am more interested about him than about any other young man; but, though I have often seen him, he is too young for me ever to have been able to converse with him. I can neither judge of his sense nor his disposition. I know *Mons. de Retel* much better than I know him; so that, unless my head had been absolutely turned by foolish Romances, where we see so many examples of pretended unconquerable passions which spring up suddenly at first sight, how could I persuade myself that what I feel for him is a real sentiment of preference? My brother loves him tenderly; but he knows how improper it would be to converse with me about a young man of the *Chevalier's* age, and he never in his life mentioned his name to me. I never hear him spoken of; and I

am absolutely ignorant what his disposition really is. I have only a good opinion of him, as my father permits his connexion with my brother; but I cannot know whether he has any particular attachment, or any essential faults in his disposition. In a word, I find his person agreeable; he appears to me honest, polite, reserved; is sufficient to inspire favour, and not to generate friendship. This is the way we always think, replied I, when our imaginations are not heated; in short, when we possess the sense, reason, and purity of heart of *Clarissa*, *Miss Byron*, and *Adelaide*. I see with pleasure, that you have too much good sense to exaggerate to your own affections yourself, an illusion which has ruined so many young people. Nevertheless it is sufficient that you have discovered that preference at the bottom of your heart of which you have been speaking, that you may carefully avoid the object of it, and drive from your imagination all that can recall him to your remembrance. It is a duty which modesty and prudence equally impose upon you. It is right already to accustom yourself to discharge scrupulously this duty now indispensable, and which will become sacred when you are married. For example, your husband will certainly be a Gentleman, because I shall chuse him for you; but I shall be too intent upon essential qualities to be able to promise you that he shall have many graces; so that it is very possible that you may meet with many people more amiable. The smallest degree of preference will not then be allowed you; as soon as ever you feel it, it is necessary to oppose it and destroy it; an effort which will never be painful to you. It is very unusual that a person perfectly discreet should

not be secure from these little surprizes, however slight and transient they may be. Duty, acquaintance, esteem, and gratitude form real attachments; so that the husband I shall give you will certainly become too dear to you, for you ever to value in others those graces which he may not be possessed of. You well know that the *Chevalier de Valmont* is not, strictly speaking, a suitable match for you; yet he is free, and you are not married; so that the kind of preference which he inspires you with does not amaze me; but if I should to-morrow tell you my choice was made, if I was to present to you the man who is to be your husband, I am certain that from that moment the *Chevalier de Valmont* would be banished from your memory. Oh! yes, Mamma, cried *Adelaide*, do not doubt it. Very freely, I should no longer think of him, indeed I scarcely think about him now; and I am sensible how just and reasonable every thing is that you have said; and I promise you to intirely banish from my breast this little inclination; if it was still stronger, I could do it without trouble, I have so many employments that please me! Objects that are so dear to me! My little *Hermione* alone would be sufficient to divert me from an affection a thousand times more serious.—Ah I do not question it.—We are going back to Paris, and he is returning from Strasburg: how ought I to behave? I shall more rarely ask him to supper, and never but when we have much company. On those days I shall be careful to invite *Mademoiselle de Limours*; she never sits down to table; you will remain in the saloon with her, and, when we return, you will retire to bed. As for the rest, think no more of it, and never speak to me again about

it; for all conversations hereafter are needless, since this has not left in me the smallest inquietude. At these words I embraced *Adelaide*, and changed the subject. You may judge by this account, if I ought not to be satisfied with the sense and discretion of *Adelaide*. She is nevertheless in the most dangerous situation in which a young person can possibly find herself. She has from her infancy been acquainted with an amiable young man, her brother's friend, and the son of a woman with whom I am intimately connected. She knows besides, that if by marrying the Chevalier de Valmont she should not form a splendid alliance, at least it could not be found fault with. In short, she has great sensibility, and yet she has no violent passion; this is in fact, because she has true feelings; because her heart is filled with the softest sentiments. The want of love does not disturb her, since she is satisfied. She does not spend her evenings in reading *Zaide*, the Princess of Cleves, the Siege of Calais, *Cleveland*, &c. She read these Romances with me when she was thirteen. She may read them again now without danger; the first impression is made. She will see in similar works only the delirium of an inflamed imagination. She reads *Clarissa*, *Pamela*, and *Grandison*; she sees there how little power love has over the heart of a sensible woman. She will say to herself, these three Works are universally looked upon as the best of their kind; they have lost none of their reputation; they present a faithful picture of the human heart; for what merit can there be without truth? If Richardson's Heroines are not imaginary beings; if the angelic and sublime *Clarissa*, the virtuous *Pamela*, are not unnatural characters; if they are equally interesting and affecting;

affecting; these novels are master-pieces, and we must despise all the others; we must necessarily believe, that it is to the errors of imagination, and not to sensibility of heart, that love owes its greatest power; and that a prudent, modest, and virtuous woman will be always secured from the violence of this passion, even when she might lawfully yield to it.

Good night, my dear child; the courier does not go till Monday; to-morrow *Adelaide* will bring me her dispatches for you, and I shall then add something in her letter.

LETTER XLVII.

Madame d'Ostalis to the Baroness.

I CAN now, my dear aunt, give you the accounts you desire of this country. Every thing you have been told concerning the young Prince, pupil of the *Count de Rosville*, is infinitely short of the praise he merits. It is impossible to be more polite, more amiable, or to behave with more dignity. He brings to my mind the definition of *La Bruyere*, who says, "False grandeur is fierce and inaccessible; " at it knows its weakness, it endeavours to hide " itself, and will only appear when it means to de- " ceive, and is not likely to be discovered to be " what it really is, that is to say, really littleness. " But true greatness is free, mild, familiar, and po- " pular... It loses nothing by being looked at; the " more you know it, the more you admire it... " and one approaches it at the same time with free- " dom and with humility, &c. &c." The Prince has

as much knowledge as politeness. He is equally unaffected, good-humoured and sensible. He has, without any attempts to shew it, all that variety of wit and delicacy which is improved by a good education. He does not speak to an old man with the same tone and air with which he talks to a young one: and, if he addresses himself to a Lady, it is with that gentle and softened voice which gives to the most common expressions the appearance of deference and respect. He speaks in a plain but correct manner; and every thing he says appears obliging, because he listens to the answers made him, and never interrupts you by his inattention. He has a very pleasing smile, which he does not lavish on every one alike; but has always an open and serene countenance, which expresses better than I ever saw goodness and benevolence. He protects and encourages arts, sciences, and letters; and he does it with great discernment. He has just founded two prizes of gold medals to be given annually by the Academy of * *; one for men of wit and learning who compose the best work in the course of the year: and the other for painters and sculptors. The first is under express conditions, that no one shall be intitled to it who does not bear a good character; or who has ever written any thing contrary to religion, government, or morality. From the choice made by the Academy there lies an appeal by the Prince; which makes it doubly honourable to obtain the medal, since it is at the same time the reward of virtue as well as of ingenuity, and is a certain proof of the protection and esteem of the Prince. The Academy of Painting give on the same conditions a gold medal alternately to the best sculptor or most distinguished painter,

painter, provided, as you may suppose, they do not disgrace their talents by one single indecent production. The Prince since his marriage has formed many charitable establishments; and, besides giving money to them, he has formed their administration in the best manner possible, and has himself selected the persons to conduct them. In short, he is beloved by all who see him: he is adored by his own people; he is the delight of a tender father, and the pride and happiness of his Governor who has been able to form such a Prince.

THE LETTER

I saw last week, for the first time, the unfortunate Chevalier *de Murville*. I went to his house; for the bad state of his health will no longer permit him to come to *. He learned from the Count *de Roseville*, that I knew *Cecilia*; he spoke of her to me. Time and reflexion, said he, have in some measure restored my tranquillity; but I must own the unexpected meeting with *Monsieur d'Aimeri*, the sight of *Charles*, . . . the news of the death of *Cecilia*, and the particulars which attended it: all these events have been a mortal stroke to me! My life, if not intirely insupportable, is become a burthen to me, and I see the approaching end of it with joy. His eyes, while he spoke, were filled with tears. I pity him! he is sensible; he is patient; but I am far from admiring his sentiments! If he had not taken pleasure in nourishing his grief, he would not at this time have been sinking under it. With his understanding, and a less Romantic turn, his strength of mind would have been able to triumph over a passion to which he is now a victim. He regards his weakness as a virtue, and his grief as a duty, being ignorant that

the first duty of man is to preserve his reason, which was given him to heal the deepest wounds of his heart, and to enable him to support with fortitude all the changes of fortune.

Adieu, my dear aunt, I may well recommend fortitude, when you are at Paris, and I am at **, and when nobody perceives the smallest alteration in my temper and disposition.

LETTER XLVIII.

The Baroneſs to Madame de Oſtalis.

From Paris.

WE were no ſooner arrived this morning than *Adelaide* ran haſtily into her chamber, and in about a quarter of an hour returned, bringing a large box which I recollected in a moment. Here, Mamma, ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, I am going to part with every thing that can call to my mind the *ſmalleſt remembrance*... Therefore I bring you this little collection of pebbles and the pretty box of *Acacia*—That is filled with play-things belonging to *Hermione*. As I took the box from her, I thought I heard her utter a gentle ſigh... I ſhall lock up this collection carefully, as I received it only as a deposit, which I have no doubt one day or other I ſhall return to her again.

Madame de *** died yeſterday; ſhe could not ſupport the loſs of her daughter! If there is any miſfortune, for which we are not to be conſoled; if there is any grief which our reaſon will not help us to conquer; it is doubtleſs that which Madame

de

*de **** has sunk under. She has fallen a victim to the most innocent and most natural of all affections, and this lady, whose grief has carried her to her grave, whose fortune was half given away in charity, and who was in every respect so estimable, appeared reserved to many people. She neither boasted of her tenderness for her daughter, nor the pleasures of benevolence: she never amused herself with talking of it, but she really performed it. She neither prided herself on being a good mother, nor for being charitable; but she was both the one and the other, and she did not suppose she merited praise for doing what she thought her duty. When her daughter died, there were no accounts of affecting scenes and tragedy-speeches; her grief was not painted with eloquence!.... At the time *Madame de Blinville* became a widow, we heard of nothing but the excess of her affliction; people repeated proofs of it, in the most interesting and pathetic terms. She would renounce all amusements and company, and would consecrate the rest of her days to friendship and solitude... But see the difference; in the space of eight months *Madame de **** no longer exists, and *Madame de Blinville* is just returned to the world more admired, more brilliant, and more artful than ever. It was not necessary to console herself so quickly, when she had made a resolution to afflict herself for ever. When, labouring under similar misfortunes, we are supported by reason, we submit, though we are not consoled; we bear our loss with fortitude, but we feel it. Time weakens the remembrance of it, but does not cure us intirely; insensibility alone makes us forget it. Real affliction is never totally effaced from the mind, even when you have conquered it. We

never thoroughly recover our former state of mind. When we have lost the person the dearest to us in the world, if at the end of one, or even of ten years, we have the same disposition, the same appearance, and the same behaviour, which we had before our loss, we never truly loved.

Madame de *Limours* is in despair; she really believes *Monf. de Limours* and *Monf. d'Almane* have quarrelled on the affair of *Deformeaux*. The *Marquis de Hernay*, who wanted to marry, was very desirous of paying his addresses to *Constantia*, whom he often saw at *Monf. de Limours's*, where he was received with the greatest politeness. The Viscountess, as usual, saw every thing in the worst light, and was certain every thing was settled, which she dreaded. It was painful to me to see her grief, and not relieve her mind; but, if I had told her the truth, *Constantia* would have known it a quarter of an hour after: the whole house would have been told it in the course of the day, and *Monf. d'Almane* would never have forgiven me. The poor Viscountess afflicts herself with imaginary distresses, and her intimate friend dares not undeceive her; see to what evil indiscretion leads us! When she talks to me of her fears, I always tell her she alarms herself without reason, and that, for my part, I am perfectly easy about it. But she will not hear me, and nothing can convince her. On the other hand, little *Constantia* makes herself miserable. Having an idea from her infancy, that she was one day to be the wife of *Theodore*, she has conceived a passion for him, which at present makes her unhappy, and which is indeed too ardent ever to make her otherwise! And, if in reality the Viscount and *Monf. d'Almane* should quarrel, if

he should chuse another husband for *Constantia*, what would become of her? . . . She is only fifteen, and her heart is no longer her own. She is melancholy and indolent, and nothing seems to amuse or please her; even friendship seems to affect her very slightly. She loves *Adelaide*, not on her own account, but because she is *Theodore's* sister. In short, her imagination is fixed on one object, and her heart is affected by a passion which absorbs all her faculties. This is not, I confess, the daughter I should have wished; however, she has some excellent qualities. She is extremely sweet-tempered, and so diffident that she does not think herself handsome; she has some useful and agreeable talents, and does not want knowledge. But she is too bashful, and too indolent, to appear to the best advantage; and has not resolution enough to attach herself to her tender friends; but she will be liked in general, and will not create enemies. Adieu, my dear child; I have answered all your questions, which is more than you have done by mine. For instance, you have not told me any thing of the people with whom you live on an intimate footing. It is true, I am not acquainted with them; but what does that signify? If you like them, and they are your friends, I wish to know their names, their characters, and even their persons: I wish to figure to myself the persons who surround you. Adieu, my dear child; I sup this evening at Madame de Limours's, with Madame de S—, the Countess Anatole, and the Chevalier de Herbain. You may guess whether we shall not speak of *de la* * * *. Yet the Viscountess is rather angry with you for not admiring her Hero, the Chevalier de Murville; she says, you are not worthy of being witness of

the great example he has given. Adieu, my dear, and lovely friend; tell me more of yourself, and of those you are with; or I will give you shorter accounts from hence.

LETTER XLIX.

The same to the same.

AT length *Theodore* is really in love with *Constantia*; his anxiety has betrayed his passion; and he loves the more ardently, as he perceives he is beloved again. I have made a discovery which I shall only impart to you. It is, that the Countess *Anatolle* has persuaded herself, that she has an affection for *Theodore*. *Madame de Valcé* never had a more lively attachment than at this time she has received for *Mons. de Remicourt*, who has no great merit, but, with a serious and discreet appearance has already ruined three or four women; consequently he is quite the *ton*; which of itself is a very good reason for *Madame de Valcé* to admire him. You will judge then of her uneasiness in seeing *M. de Remicourt* intirely taken up in admiring the Countess *Anatolle*. The only thing for her to do in this case is to persuade the Countess that she has a secret attachment to *Theodore*, which is easily done with a young woman of nineteen whose ideas are so lively. If the Countess thought *Theodore* loved her, she would give no encouragement to *Mons. Remicourt*; besides, *Madame de Valcé* hates her sister, whose sentiments she has found means to penetrate; so that, if *Theodore* would but attach himself

himself seriously to the Countess *Anatolle*, *Constantia* would lose her lover whom she adored, and a husband who had been destined for her from her infancy; all which would give great pleasure to Madame *de Valcé*. This discovery I have made by spending two or three evenings with Madame *de Valcé*, the Countess *Anatolle*, and Mons. *de Remicourt*; and I hope, my dear, I shall be able to prevent her succeeding in her intended mischief.

Yes, my dear child; I am perfectly satisfied with the impression *Adelaide* has received of the world. The more she sees of it, the more she is confirmed in the principles I have given her. The world will help to spoil a bad understanding, but it will improve a just one; according to this maxim of Mons. *Dumarsais*, who says, "That every thing which is received depends on the person's situation and disposition who receives it: thus it is, that the rays of the sun harden clay and soften wax." We are continually saying the world is very dangerous for young persons: it is our own fault: let us educate our daughters properly, and the world will afford them useful lessons.

Madame *de Norton* is returned from England; *Adelaide* saw her the other day at my house for the first time, and the next day she dined with her. She asked me several questions about Madame *de Norton*, and whether it was true, that she had ever been handsome? Yes, I told her; fifteen years ago she was a very beautiful woman.—She had then every requisite for pleasing?—No, far from it; she was not at all amiable. . . . She had a very bad education, and was extremely ignorant. Her disposition was as little attended to as her mind; she had a thousand faults, and was so ill-tempered, capricious,

cious, and ill-bred, nobody could live with her: but, having good sense at the bottom, she has at length perceived her own defects, and has by degrees corrected them. She is become mild, gentle, and obliging; and conscious of her ignorance, she has read a great deal; in short, she *has educated herself*.—What a pity that her parents did not take that trouble; for, without reckoning what she must have suffered in reforming her own mind, she has not the pleasure of appearing in the world with all the advantages which she might, and the most valuable are those which she last became possessed of: for, if she had had a good education, she would have been, at the same time, amiable, sensible, well instructed, young and beautiful. After this reflection, *Adelaide* made many more on the happiness she enjoyed by having a tender and sensible mother. She amply rewarded me for my cares, not only by the success I have had, but by an affection and gratitude which seem to increase every day.

You know, my dear child, that *Monf. de Reson* is married to *Mademoiselle de Sevanne*; and, as he is a friend and relation of *Monf. de Limours*, the Viscountess has made acquaintance with the Ladies of the *Sevanne* family. The bride's sister-in-law is the most tiresome creature in the world; she is still young and tolerable pretty; but, joined to the misfortune of not having common sense, she has the absurdity of supposing herself one of the greatest wits of the age; and is not only always talking, but it is always of herself. She is continually replying to every thing that is said, *Oh, yes, I am of this opinion; I did that, or I said this*; and this I is repeated without ceasing, and forms the chief part

part of her conversation. We were talking yesterday of the Persian Letters; the Chevalier de Herbain mentioned this charming observation: "Happy is the person, who has guard enough over his vanity never to praise himself; who is diffident of those who listen to him, and never *offends by opposing* his own merits to the pride of others." Upon this, Madame de Sevanne extolled the beauty of the thought; and added, that people who were always speaking of themselves were insupportable: and yet the force of custom made her say at the same instant, *for my part, I never talk of myself*. . . . A general laugh ensued, and Madame de Sevanne asked very seriously, what we laughed at? She has many other singularities; *the least thing that happens surprises her; is wonderful to relate; she has the strangest antipathies which were born with her, and are unconquerable; she has fainted away with eating gooseberry-jelly into which one single raspberry had fallen.* Even her illnesses are very extraordinary; she has for these two years laboured under complaints which the most able Physicians have not been able to find out; and these complaints we are forced to listen to from day to day! . . . In short, though she is in perfect health, you may every moment hear her complain of the head-ach, or of her nerves; or the weather is either too cold, or too hot, or too damp. Every thing of this kind, she says, affects her, and makes her suffer more than any body living. Adelaide hears her, and considers her with the greatest astonishment; and is convinced by her own observation, how absurd and tiresome it is to be always talking of one's self.

Our little school is established: we have taken six little girls from the most miserable state of poverty.

verty. They are all pretty, which was what we wished; because there is more danger of such than if they were plain. Our head Manager was formerly a writing-master; he understands writing and accounts thoroughly, is perfectly honest, and is taken from great distress, as is also a sempstress, whom we have appointed to teach the girls. I have deposited with Monsieur *Browne*, our Banker, the sum which you sent me for this purpose: we are in all fifteen Members, or Governors; Mons. and Madame *de Limours*, *Constantia*, *Madame de S****, the Countess *Anatole*, the Chevalier *de Herbay*, *Porphyry*, Mons. *d' Aimeri*, the Chevalier *de Valmont*, the Count *de Retel*, Mons. *d' Almane*, my children, and myself: we each give a sum according to our abilities. Some only give two hundred livres a year; nobody gives more than five hundred, except Mons. *de Retel*, who, being the richest and a single man, gives five-and-twenty louis d'ors; and is also at the first expence of furnishing the linen and other necessaries to equip the little girls, which will nearly amount to a hundred pistoles. The yearly expence at the outside will amount to six thousand livres, and this sum will provide for ten persons including the cook and maid servant: and, as all the girls are renewed every seven years without additional expence, the benefit produced by this establishment will not be confined merely to ten persons.

Adieu, my dear child; I have no news to tell you, unless it is, that Madame *de Germeuil* is separated from her husband, and absolutely banished from society; for the world, so mild in general, has for some years past never pardoned those who are separated. It is indeed necessary for all those
who

who separate to have the strongest reasons for it, and to have a just right to the esteem and good opinion of the publick ; otherwise the noise, which such an affair makes, deprives them of all consideration, let them be ever so much intitled to it.

L E T T E R L.

Madame de Valcè to the Countess Anatole.

WHAT! in the middle of winter to leave Paris all at once, and to go and spend six weeks with an aunt of an husband one no longer loves! What, my dear, is the meaning of this whim? . . . You wish to conceal your secrets from me, but, notwithstanding your want of confidence, I cannot forbear opening your eyes, and giving you that advice you are at present in want of—you fly to cure yourself!—the medicine is worse than the disease; it is therefore absurd. Besides, custom forms and strengthens friendship, but it destroys love; expect then nothing from absence; it makes one forget a friend, but it renders a lover more dear; because the imagination always represents him more aimiable than he really is: so that, by continually seeing the person on whom you have placed your affection, you will in the end love him less: but this your romantic ideas will not suffer you to credit: if you pretend to triumph over your passion, you flatter yourself with a vain conceit; take my advice, reckon more on your virtue, and less on your reason . . . Do not fear that the love, with which you are possessed, can conquer your principles; but do not hope

hope that you can tear it from your heart. What, indeed, cannot one love passionately without disgracing one's self! I am not ignorant, that in general this sentiment is not believed to exist; * but it does exist, and you cannot doubt it, for it was certainly made for you:—Cease then to be your own tormentor by reproaching yourself for a sensibility less dangerous in you than in any other.—I know exactly what passes in your soul; for you think they are bound by the sacred engagements; this is an error: there has not been even a promise given, and at this very moment they are forsaking the vain projects planned in former times. You must suppose I am well informed on this subject, and you may rely on the truth of what I have told you. I shall feel happy, if it is in my power to afford you any comfort, and be the means of restoring your tranquillity; for I am certain you are now in a cruel agitation, and my compassion for you is more than I can express: if your's was only a common affection, I would exhort you to get the better of it; but you have too much energy in your soul to love slightly; recall all your principles, and promise yourself never to deviate from them: conceal your affection from the object which inspires it; never let a positive confession escape from your mouth; and be sufficiently generous to demand only friendship in return for violent love: this now is the only advice which can be given you, and all that can be expected from a heart sensible, generous, and innocent as your's.—Adieu, my dear friend; write

* And very properly; but those who wish to corrupt a young person will begin by talking to them in this manner.

to me punctually, and be more sincere with a person who is equally interested for your happiness and your reputation.

LETTER LI.

The Baron to the Viscount.

Verfailles.

OUR affair, my dear Viscount, is settled; we set out for *L—* on the first of April. It is needless to recommend caution to you who know all my reasons for wishing to have this secret kept faithfully: I have told it to my son, on the following occasion: On Monday we supped at Madame *de G—*'s. The Countess *Anatole* was there; we had not seen her since her return; she wished to play at trictrac; and, finding no one to make up her party but a lady who knew little of the game, she desired *Theodore* to make one, and took him into a closet joining the saloon where the table was; by this means I lost sight of him all the evening. At supper he appeared thoughtful; his eyes and those of the Countess often met. On leaving the table, we all went to the Villa of *M. de G—* situated in the approach to Versailles. There was a delightful fight;—and *Theodore* was placed close to the Countess: I was so situated as to observe them without being seen. My son spoke little, but heard and saw nothing but her. She seemed only to talk to him by stealth; being so near, she dared not look at him. She sat upright in her place, without turning her body; and yet she every moment cast her soft and languishing eyes towards him,

him, and hastily turned them down to the ground! a glance well understood, and which speaks very plain!—The Countess, after a moment's thought, talked with a Lady that sat next to her, and for a time seemed to forget *Theodore*, who in the mean while was admiring two very long braids of the finest hair in the world, and waiting with impatience for the end of her conversation.

After the fight, *Theodore* handed the Countess to her carriage: we got into our's, and discoursed of our amusement and different subjects, and never mentioned the name of the Countess till we went to bed. The next morning, as soon as I waked, my son came into my room. He dismissed my servants, and, seating himself with his back to the Window, that the light might not shew his face, he took and squeezed one of my hands between his: he was much moved, and at a loss, and for some time unable to speak. I embraced him, and, smiling, said to him, Do you know that you would make me very uneasy, if I was not perfectly acquainted with you? I see that the heart of my *Theodore* wants to relieve itself, and that he wants to trust a secret to his friend.—But I cannot imagine this confidence can be distressing to you, or afflicting to me.—I thank God! I have nothing as yet of real consequence to reproach myself with;—but I am in a particular situation! . . . Particular! . . . not at all. You love a person worthy of the firmest attachment, and at the same time suffer yourself to be flattered and seduced by the coquetry of a woman as fickle as she is imprudent. Such a situation is not extraordinary. . . . How could you find it out?—The Countess *Anatole's* conduct is well known to me. . . I own, my father, that I did not believe her to be a coquette.

coquette.—I conceive it to be flattering to think she has sensibility. If our self-love did not often produce similar deceptions, coquettes would never seduce us. Your want of experience renders your fault excusable: besides, the Countess *Anatole* is one of those coquettes who mistake themselves: she is lively, and thinks she loves you How then is she mistaken?—Because she before thought she loved Monsieur *de St. Phar*, and because you are too young to inspire a passion in a woman who has been four years in the world. Well, I am comforted: you have read my heart; but what must I do? Avoid the Countess; never place yourself near her, nor look at her: it will cost you but little to do this, as you have a command over yourself, and if you love *Constantia* If I love her! You know, Sir, there is no sacrifice I could not cheerfully make for her sake: her idea alone possesses me: I think only of her: yet I mistrust myself; and I fear, I own, the Countess *Anatole*. Her remembrance never troubles me; when she is near *Constantia*, I do not even see her; but, . . . when you play at trictrac with her in a small closet, you find her very handsome and very bewitching; particularly when she tells you that she only took her journey of a fortnight (which ought by the bye to have been for six weeks) to snatch herself from the danger of seeing you.—Here *Theodore* blushed exceedingly, and had the greatest surprise marked on his countenance. You take me for a conjurer, added I, laughing; really I did not hear one word that passed at your *tête à tête*; but I have known by heart, for these five and twenty years, what she said to you yesterday Coquettes are not dangerous, when they are so easily discovered. I promise you, my father,

father, to avoid the Countess *Anatole* with the greatest care: yet politeness will often forbid my quitting her as much as I could wish.—Well, you must keep yourself out of her sight long enough for her to forget you: for example, a year.—A year and *Constantia*?—You shall leave *Constantia* without regret: I propose to you a way of making yourself more worthy of her.—War is broke out in—Let us go—You know that the Chevalier *de Valmont* and I had that intention last summer—I have been earnestly busied since upon that object; I have now hopes of being employed; should that be the case, I will take you and your friend with me. *Theodore*, transported with joy, flung his arms about my neck. In that moment he saw nothing but glory; he forgot all the sacrifices that were to be made to it. Yesterday I told him my petition was granted, and our departure fixed for the end of March. He has given me his word, that he will keep this a secret from his mother. I know perfectly *Madame d'Almane's* good sense and resolution: I am sure she will approve of a scheme which she herself would have advised: but I can too well judge how much she will suffer at heart! I will not distress her unnecessarily: I will not therefore impart this to her, till a fortnight before we leave her. Adieu! my friend, I will return to Paris on Tuesday night for certain, and will immediately join you in your box at the Opera.

LET.

LETTER LII.

The Baroness to Madame d'Ostalis.

From Paris.

I HAVE just experienced a very great pleasure, my dear child. A Tragedy of *Porphyry's* has been performed this evening for the first time; and it has had, as it truly deserved, the most brilliant success. It did not require the advantages of being well acted, or the addition of beautiful scenes; it will bear reading, and will confirm the good opinion the first representation of it has given. *Porphyry* has learnt by this the advantages which an Author derives from bearing an excellent character. He is certain before-hand of having the good-will of the Public, and that there will be no cabal against him. He has only written valuable Works. He has never taken notice of the criticisms which have been made by the envious and severe, and he does not pride himself on his moderation. We generally attribute great merit to people who have a number of enemies. The reason is, because we see so many persons boasting of being hated, and repeating frequently, with such emphasis *my enemies*, which in fact means *my rivals*. *Porphyry* is privately much afflicted at having gained enemies; but, so far from being proud of them, he has not even made a single complaint against them, which has much softened them. Incapable of envy or resentment, he can forgive their injustice, and finds a noble pleasure in extolling his rivals. He has always been intimately connected with the most celebrated men of letters; he was at all times desirous of

of their friendship and advice, and took every possible opportunity to oblige them. He thinks with *La Bruyère*, who says, "Come in; all my doors are open to you. . . . Come always without ceremony; you bring with you that which is more precious than silver or gold: if I can oblige you, tell me so. What is there I can do for you? If it is to quit my books, my studies, my works, even this line which I have begun? What a pleasing interruption for me to be useful to you! &c." . . . With such an obliging disposition, can any one be more capable of gratitude? If you solicit a favour for him and succeed, he will be infinitely obliged; if you are not successful, he will not be less grateful. Thus it is impossible to reunite more good qualities, or to have a more distinguished place in society. Every one is ready to acknowledge his superiority, because he does not appear to expect it. In short, his gentleness, his modesty, and simplicity appear less surprising in him than in any other person. Men of the world can only shew their wit by their conversation. It is not therefore astonishing that they should aim at doing that which makes them shine. But a man of letters, whose merit all the world knows, ought not to be susceptible of this trifling ambition. *He has given his proofs*; what then can it cost him to be humble and modest? If he is not superior to such littleness, he is not worthy the glory he has gained. Besides, by employing himself in company to make others appear to advantage, he will always appear most amiable himself. People are always insupportable, when they wish to rule; and never obtain the success they aspire to but by attention,

tention, mildness, and modesty, with a desire to please and to be beloved.

I saw, by this first representation of *Porphyry's* Tragedy, how few people judge from their own sentiments. I supped with fifty people this evening; *Porphyry* is universally esteemed, his Play had met with the most brilliant success; and yet they only praised it with the greatest precaution, endeavouring, before they said anything, to sound the persons who were thought to have the most judgment, and to collect the general opinion; and restrained their admiration, contenting themselves with saying, *This play has given me great pleasure; there are many fine lines in it and beautiful scenes.*—For before the Public had given their sentiments. They had not the courage to say, It is an excellent Piece, a Work of great genius. In short, people rather chuse to appear too difficult than not to be nice enough in their judgment. These very persons, who are so reserved in giving their opinions and approbation with regard to men of genius, make themselves amends for their prudence and restraint by judging freely on the conduct of society, which they boldly decide upon, and are not afraid of being contradicted by the Public.

Adieu, my dear child; I perceive the approach of Spring with concern, since at that time, as *Theodore* is entered into the army, I must part from him for many months. He yesterday proved his sensibility on this occasion, which affected me extremely. I was alone with him and his sister: *Theodore*, said I to him, you are every day more and more dear to me; so that I perceive I shall part with you this year with more reluctance than I have ever done yet!.... At these words *Theodore*

looked at me in a manner which penetrated my heart; he then rose up, and went to the chimney; he turned his back to us, but *Adelaide*, who saw his face in the glass, flew towards him, and threw herself on his neck, crying out, *My dear Theodore!* Oh Mamma, look at him....I got up: *Theodore*, bathed in tears, threw himself into my arms. He could not speak; and his emotions were so extraordinary, and so lively, that they appeared downright affliction; which surprized as much as it affected me. Adieu, my dear child; the twentieth of next month we shall have been separated a whole twelvemonth; in another month *Monf. d'Almane* and *Theodore* will leave us!—I am very melancholy!—Ah, when shall I see you again! when shall we be re-united?

LETTER LIII.

Count de Roseville to the Baron.

IN a year at farthest, my dear Baron, I shall have the pleasure of returning to you and to my country. An event, which will complete my pupil's happiness, is now my only delay. The Princess's pregnancy is announced, and the Prince, in the hopes of a son, is already busied in the choice of a Governor. I have recommended to him a book little known, (intituled a Treatise on the Education of Princes destined to a Throne, by *Monf. de Bassedow*, translated from the German by *Monf. de B***.) This Work is well worthy of notice, and makes essential remarks on the choice of a Governor, among which are the following: "The King named
" for Governor to the young Prince, *Polyprates*, a distinguished

“ distinguished Nobleman. It was not high birth,
“ nor military and political abilities, that deter-
“ mined this choice. For, said he, the most ex-
“ perienced politician, the sagest civilian, may not
“ have the necessary qualifications for educating a
“ young Prince. Therefore the young *Agatacrator*
“ was intrusted to *Polyprates*, as he had assiduously
“ attended to the bringing up of his own children
“ who excelled in prudence and learning all their
“ cotemporaries..... Three years before he placed
“ them under the tutor he had appointed, he made
“ him qualify himself for that employment by
“ reading the most approved Works on the subject,
“ by consulting those who had succeeded best in
“ their Plans of Education, and by making trials
“ with poor people’s children, which would at the
“ same time give him opportunities of practising
“ acts of benevolence. *Polyprates* had also pro-
“ cured servants, from whose conversation no harm
“ could arise to the children. The intended tutor
“ was directed to appoint them to their places about
“ other children, that they might know how to
“ conduct themselves about his own.... With-
“ out such a Governor, said the King, and a most
“ scrupulous choice of all the Prince’s attendants,
“ it is impossible his education can be perfect.
“ Neither trouble nor expence should be spared to
“ seek, even in foreign countries, proper persons,
“ and to prepare them by a well regulated course
“ of experience.”

This is not all, said I to the Prince; your son will
be first under the care of the women; to fix upon
a fit Governess is much more essential than is ge-
nerally thought. She will give him the first im-
pressions; and the Prince will owe her gratitude

and affection; she should be of an excellent character and well accomplished. Consider farther, Sir, after all these precautions, you will but imperfectly fulfil your duty, if you do not yourself watch over your son's education. What more important affairs can employ you even on a Throne! Your most useful and glorious actions will have only a temporary effect, if your successor is not a great Prince. He will bring to perfection or destroy your Works. Without him you may be great; but without him you cannot hand down your good name to posterity. Watch then over him, over his Governor, and all who attend him. Study his character, learn his inclinations, his faults, and his virtues. Always bear in mind that *Augustus*, master of the whole world, found leisure to superintend the education of his grandson.—At this audience I gave the Prince a short list of people in my opinion worthy of being appointed Governors. You will find there, said I, four names; a great many without doubt. Happy the Prince who can reckon at his Court four men truly meritorious! Out of these you should chuse a Governor; but I would advise you to study and observe them carefully, and not to determine hastily; for all your prudence and reflection is necessary in an affair of so great consequence. The Prince examined the list, without surprise, at the three first names. The Public had already approved them. At the fourth name he exclaimed, what Mr. * * * ? Do not you know his birth intitles him not to this honour?—It is true he is not of an illustrious or an ancient family, but he is received at Court. What signifies his having fewer titles than others, while his merit is superior?

In

In every other post, which essentially requires great abilities, high birth is never regarded. Nothing but merit is sought for in a Prime Minister. Is it not equally necessary in a Preceptor? Is his a less important charge? You wonder, Sir, to see the name of Mr. * * *, how much more would you have been surprised in reading that of *Monf. d'Elford*?—What, a man who is not even admitted at Court?—The same: a man replete with virtue and genius. It was not his mean birth hindered my proposing him, for that circumstance would have been an additional advantage in his appointment. What a noble lesson for a young Prince to find his own Governor an example of virtue rewarded? With how much greater respect will he hear him, as knowing his qualifications and superior abilities gained that office?—But can I, without offending common prejudices, avail myself of *Monf. d'Elford's* talents to assist the education of my son in a lower degree?—If he is not at the head, and with the title of Governor, he will have but very little influence. The places, Sir, of a lower degree, which you mention, though very honourable for those of *Monf. d'Elford's* situation in life, are seldom accepted by men of real genius. They can do good but by halves; even should the Governor adopt their plan, they would not reap the most pleasing reward of their labour, the credit of it, and the gratitude of their country.—Do you suppose that common prejudices can influence me, when my dearest interests are concerned?—No, to be sure.—Why then did you not propose *M. d'Elford*? Because he never lived in the Court, or in the great World; and it is absolutely necessary that a Preceptor

should have a knowledge of both.—You do not think then that a Prince, brought up far from Court and in ignorance of his birth, will be the fitter to reign?—The heir apparent cannot be so treated: This plan is merely chimerical; of course I have bestowed little reflection upon what benefits might result from it.—But is it not very easy, without concealing his birth, to bring up a Prince far from Court?—It has no advantage that can sufficiently repay his misfortune of being from under the eyes of his parents. It is his duty to regard them in the highest light; his happiness to possess their affections; and, to effect these good purposes, he should live always with them. I am much pleased with the idea of a house of education seven or eight leagues from the Court, for the young Prince to spend there two or three months every year. At such a distance he would frequently enjoy the company of his parents, and this retirement would be of equal advantage to his body and his mind.—I am so struck with this thought, that I will certainly have such a house built; I am of opinion, that the plan is not to be trusted solely to the architect. Instruction should not only be gained from the tapestries, carpets, and other furniture of the apartments; one should meet with it in the Court-yards and gardens. It should be without gildings, looking-glasses, and other useless decorations. It should present every-where objects calculated to inspire virtuous sentiments in youthful minds.*

You

* For example, pictures of the most noble actions, and, in the gardens and courts, statues and busts of the most famous men; their histories should be written on the pedestals. Without

You will easily believe, my dear Baron, that I shall engage the Prince to reflect seriously on the plan of this house, before it is built; and to consult those who are capable of giving the best advice on this head.

Adieu, my dear Baron. I write also by this post to Madame d'Almane, so I do not mention Monsieur and Madame d'Ostalis: Madame Almane will shew you my letter: the accounts contained in it will give you the greater pleasure, for you are sensible that I never allow myself to exaggerate in the least, even to give you pleasure.

LETTER LIV.

The Baroness to Madame de Valmont.

Paris.

AH! Madam, you alone can conceive the condition I am in and the griefs which surround me! To you I may disclose that grief of which here I conceal the greatest part in my own breast; you will share it; you feel it yourself. Alas! at break of day to-morrow they depart! . . . They wished to deceive and persuade us, that they did not set out before Monday or Tuesday. I pretended to believe them; but I knew the truth this morning What a supper this last! Monf.

out any additional expence, a King might select from his own collections pictures, drawings, prints, and statues, which hand down to us great men and their actions. These should be always before the eyes of the Prince, his son.

d'Aimeri and the Chevalier dined here: they did not leave me till five, and Monsieur *d'Almane* and *Theodore* returned with them at seven: this eagerness alone would have made me suspicious. We supped together; the manner Monsieur *d'Almane* had placed us at table had something very remarkable in it: I was seated between him and my son, *Adelaide* was on her father's right hand; he told the Chevalier to sit on the other side of her; and he, fearing he did not hear right, obliged Mons. *d'Almane* to repeat this invitation twice The conversation was very melancholy and ill supported. You are sensible how difficult it is to forbear weeping when we speak; *Adelaide* and I were silent—When we rose from table, I felt I had so little command over myself, that I resolved to retire for a minute—At eleven Monsieur *d'Aimeri* looked at his watch, and I saw him make a sign to Monsieur *d'Almane*; presently they all arose; my husband and son drew near, and in an hesitating manner bid me good night; on embracing them, I could not refrain my tears. I felt my son's flow; my face was bathed with them.—*Adelaide*, shocked and comprehending but too readily that these embraces were a farewell, came and threw herself between her father and brother—At length Monsieur *d'Almane* snatched himself from our arms, and took some steps towards the door.—*Adelaide*, pale and trembling, seeing him go, attempted to follow him; but, unable to support herself, would have fallen, had not the Chevalier flown towards her, caught her, and carried her to a chair—Monsieur *d'Almane* returned, to assure his daughter that they should not leave us that night; then, observing that the Chevalier and

Theodore

Theodore could no longer hide their extreme sensibility, took an hand of each and went abruptly out of the room. *Adelaide* cast herself into my arms, and we gave a loose to our tears. . . . We were above two hours together without speaking; we could only weep. . . . Besides, inquietude and sorrow sometimes inspire such dismal ideas that it is impossible to communicate them. . . . We have not courage to utter them; we experience a kind of superstition in our fears for those we love, which hinders us from expressing our most distracting thoughts. In this case, such terrible words occur, that one cannot resolve to pronounce them. I remember *Adelaide* at four years of age had a blow on her head; she fell ill at the time, and had a fever; I sent for a physician; I talked of the blow she had received; I asked whether her fever did not proceed from it. It would have been possible for me to have said, Don't you think she has fractured her skull? That horrid word *fracture* was uppermost in my thoughts night and day, but my mouth could not give it utterance. . . . Such is my situation at this moment, it would exceed my resolution to communicate all my thoughts to the person in whom I place the greatest confidence! Ah! Madam, when I reflect (and at what minute do I not think of it) to what an height of happiness I am raised, I tremble at my own good fortune: is it possible that such perfect felicity can be permanent? . . . It is now four o'clock in the morning, and they depart at six; I know not if I can resist the desire of seeing them again for a moment and embracing them! My poor *Theodore*, how deeply is he affected! what goodness and sensibility! how dearly do I love him! . . . and the

15 Chevalier

Chevalier de Valmont ! . . . believe me, Madam, he also is very dear to me. . . . But in eight or ten months we shall see them again. They will have made a glorious campaign. . . . They will distinguish themselves, I am very sure. . . . Oh ! what joy, what transports on reading the letter which announces their return ! . . . When we know they are landed ! . . . Alas ! what mortal fears, what pain must we support, before we taste such delight ! but then, can it be bought too dear ? Adieu, Madam ; Monsieur *d'Ameri* will spend three weeks with us at *St.* — Then he will come to you ; so you will certainly have the pleasure of seeing him towards the end of April.

LETTER LV.

The Baronefs to Madame d'Ostalis.

De St. . . .

I HAVE been two days here, my dear daughter ; the two most unhappy and painful days of my life. . . . Although naturally I weep with great difficulty, for these last forty-eight hours the tears have been continually in my eyes and every moment ready to flow. In hopes of amusing myself on Monday evening, I took up my harp and played some lessons, chusing those I knew not, in order to force my attention ; but, as I was playing, my eyes were so darkened with tears that I could not see the notes. It is possible to banish reflection, but not fly from sorrow : a frightful weight always remains at the bottom of the heart ! . . . Hitherto I can reap no true consolation but from Religion, by addressing myself to God in prayers,

prayers, by placing all my hopes in him alone. It is with a firm faith I dare implore him, and he has already deigned to revive and strengthen me: in every event of my life may I render myself worthy to be either sustained, consoled, or guided by him! The Viscountess and *Constantia* are here; the dejection of the latter fully evinces her attachment for *Theodore*; *Adelaide* readily fees into her sentiments: she pities but cannot comprehend her. As I do not chuse to have my daughter the confidant of such passions, I take the greatest care to prevent her being alone with *Constantia*, and have strictly forbid her ever talking to her of *Theodore*. The Viscount, to calm his Lady's fears (which are as tormenting as *Constantia*'s) a fortnight before Monsieur d'*Almane*'s departure, positively refused the Marquis de *Hernay*, and assured her at the same time, that in his heart he always preferred *Theodore* to any other. The Viscountess intreated him to make a contract with Monsieur d'*Almane*; but she could not prevail, which causes her much fear and uneasiness.

Adelaide is much afflicted, but her strength of mind equals her sensibility. She is continually employed, and has lost none of her activity.

Porphyry came here with me, but leaves me tomorrow; he has received a letter with the melancholy account of Monsieur *Lagaray*'s being dangerously ill; and he is going to nurse his benefactor. Adieu, my dear daughter. Ah! why must I be deprived of the consolation of confiding to you the most cruel incidents of my life! . . . I write indeed, but when will you read this letter? When shall I receive your answer? . . . God bless you, my child! I will write again on Thursday and give you more particulars.

LETTER LVI.

The Viscountess to the Baroness.

Paris.

I HAVE a great deal of news to tell you, my dear friend. Madame de Blemur has revenged herself in a very striking manner on Madame de Serville. A thousand circumstances united to make the latter ardently wish for the place which you know she applied for, and thought herself sure of obtaining, when Madame de Blemur returned from the waters. This event intirely changed the face of things: for she planned so deep and well-formed an intrigue, that she absolutely contrived to make the affair come to nothing; and then wrote to Madame de Serville to glory in the exploit. All the world have copies of her note, which are in the following words: "In former times you experienced, Ma-
 " dam, I knew how to serve my friends; it is then
 " but justice that you should feel I also know how
 " to revenge ingratitude and deceit; it was owing
 " to me that your schemes failed. I have not in-
 " deed returned you all the evil which you did to
 " me, but yet feel myself satisfied at having it in
 " my power to convince you that I am not to be
 " deceived and betrayed with impunity."—This extraor-
 " dinary manner of making a boast of one's
 " anger, and glorying in revenge, has, however, met
 " with its success, and is applauded by many people;
 " for they find in this proceeding a generous sincerity,
 " and repeat all the common expressions you al-
 " ready know, which are so dangerous as well as
 " false;

false; "that people of the greatest sensibility know
"best how to shew dislike;" and "that grateful
"hearts are always the most revengeful." Such
maxims are now become proverbs, not on account
of their truth, but on account of their being an
excuse for wickedness. A feeling and grateful heart
will always act nobly and generously, and will
think of hatred with horror, and of revenge with
disdain. Those who avenge themselves shamefully
give way to a furious passion, and sacrifice honour
and humanity to the most terrible of feelings. To
think of employing one's thoughts without ceasing,
only to injure and to endeavour to make the object
of one's dislike for ever unfortunate, to find plea-
sure in the traits of so black a picture, to carry into
execution so horrid a design, does it not shew, at
the bottom, a savage character absolutely void of
all feelings either of tenderness or affection? Ma-
dame *de Blemur's* friends say, by way of excuse,
that she did not give herself time to reflect on this
action, and endeavour to persuade one it was not
premeditated: but Madame *de Serville's* scheme
could not be defeated in four-and-twenty hours;
and it has been sufficiently proved, that this was
the effect of more than two months intrigue; be-
sides, never does a sudden fit of anger make a really
good heart guilty of a bad action. If we ever give
way to passion, reason forsakes us, and for a time
we are lost to ourselves; but then the instinct of a
natural good disposition is left, and will serve as our
guide.—Another event is, that Mons. *de Somiré*
has just gained his cause. It was expected he
would have acted in the most generous manner to
his relation, who has a numerous family, and al-
most reduced to beggary by this event; during the
three

three years which this law-suit has lasted, you are not ignorant of all that Monsi. *de Sommes* and his friends said on the subject; well then, after all that violent display of heroic sentiments, Monsi. *de Sommes* keeps all his fortune! It has been proved he has the right, and he shews he has the inclination also.—But I cannot endure to find words and actions so very contrary; why say, *I am more generous than another*, in order to prove in the end, that one is only an impostor? But yet, on the whole, I do not think it a bad plan; undoubtedly it renders one contemptible in the opinion of sensible people; but then it is sure of gaining one the esteem and admiration of fools, who are always more guided by expressions than actions. If Madame *d'Iselin* was not for ever talking of her own *rank* and *greatness of soul*, and did not pronounce these two words with such strong emphases; and if she was not herself to tell of her dislike to every thing that was *mean*, would any one talk either of her rank or greatness of soul? For she dearly loves money, is very parsimonious, and has nothing the least obliging in her manner. She seeks, cultivates, and flatters, all persons who can be serviceable to her: and she has spent her whole life in begging and soliciting favours, but assures people that her sentiments are perfectly noble; and they give her credit for it. Every one says the world is bad; as for myself, the longer I live, the more I see that it is equally credulous and foolish: and indeed there needs no great wit or genius to impose on it; nothing is wanted but impudence and art.

My last news is that Madame *de Gerville* is seized with a religious zeal; her pretence for this alteration is the death of her brother, whom it is well

well known she never loved: but the motive has made the change very interesting, and she is now quite restored to favour; which costs her only the sacrifice of her box at the Opera; for now even the outward forms of religion are not so strict as they were formerly, and neither rouge nor head-dress is discarded; it is only forsaking public amusements, and assuring one's friend that one is a devotee. Thus, since my return here, I absolutely hear little else than the praises of Madame *de Gerville* for her sensibility.—All principle apart, I cannot hate her; though she is certainly the person in the world who has done me the greatest injury; yet she causes no alteration in my disposition. Was I to see her in distress, I should feel the same compassion for her as I should for a person wholly indifferent to me.—Even in the midst of her prosperity, I wish her no harm; but will confess to you, that the sight of her happiness is not pleasant to me, as I really think her not deserving of it; for she is a person I cannot esteem, and I do not take aversions without feeling contempt; I never hate what I once valued: for, even if any rivals of mine were to obtain the prize I wished to gain, and succeeded without using either artifice or falsehood, I should own the generosity of their conduct, though they deprived me of the happiness of my life; and I should never hate them. It is with the greatest ease I can forbear exposing in public the faults of those who are not my friends, and can even defend them when they are falsely accused before me: but I must own it does hurt me to hear them praised and extolled for virtues which I know they do not possess. It is then with difficulty I keep within bounds; but my

my anger soon ceases, and reflection restores to me ease and indifference.—Adieu, my dear friend; on Thursday I mean to come and spend three days with you.—I endeavour to amuse myself and divert my little *Constantin*; but yet we are not in spirits, and when alone can talk only of you, M. d'*Almane*, and *Theodore*.

I have received only one letter from *Porphyry* during the three months that he has left us, and I fear there is no hope of *Monf. Lagaraye's* recovery. What a loss will he be to humanity! and with what regret must that good man leave this world, when he reflects on the numbers of those unfortunate people who, by his death, will be deprived of their only benefactor!—How terrible must his last moments be! What a shocking scene for our poor friend!—If you have heard from him since the fifteenth, pray let me know.

LETTER LVII.

Porphyry to the Baroness.

De Lagaraye.

OH, Madam! I have lost my benefactor, my father, my guide! . . . His death was worthy of his life. The melancholy account, which rends my heart, can alone relieve it and procure the only consolation it is susceptible of at this dreadful moment . . . Oh! can I better honour his memory, than by relating with fidelity his actions and his discourse, which will raise him higher in your estimation?

I in-

I informed you, Madam, in my last letter, that I then had some hope, but two days after I lost it intirely. Last Monday, M. *Lagaraye* would not permit me to sit up with him; I lay in an adjoining closet. About four o'clock in the morning I was called, and informed he was much worse. I found him in a swoon and in Madame *de Lagaraye's* arms; which lasted for a considerable time. When he came to himself, his pulse became pretty good, which was thought a favourable circumstance. At six he desired we would quit the room and leave the Priest and him together. We went into his anti-chamber, and, in about an hour, the folding doors opening, judge, Madam, our surprise, on seeing his servants carrying him in a great chair; he just stopped, and told us he was going to visit *his sick*. These words struck us all with the same idea, that they were meant as his last adieu, which drew tears from every one in the room... M. *de Lagaraye* desired me to announce his visit in the infirmary, that his presence might not alarm the invalids; which proved a very necessary caution, for they were transported beyond expression, all concluding that M. *de Lagaraye* was out of danger. Many exclaimed, now is life desirable!... Others offered up to Heaven their most fervent prayers, expressive of their gratitude and joy. All renewed their promises to God of accomplishing their different vows for the re-establishment of their benefactor's health. The moment M. *de Lagaraye* appeared in the hall, they all drew aside their curtains, and leaned almost out of their beds to see him come in. There was a confused murmur of sobs and tears; their misfortunes were forgotten, their sufferings suspended, grati-

gratitude alone employed and filled their hearts. *M. de Lagaraye* ordered himself to be carried round the hall, in order that they might imagine he was past all danger. At the same time he exhorted them to resignation, in case it should please God to take him; and, for their greater consolation, he ordered that part of his will to be read, in which he had directed, that they should remain in the infirmary till they were perfectly cured. At last he informed them, that, as he found himself weak, he should not visit them again for ten or twelve days: he then retired, loaded with benedictions and thanks. As I followed him, I remarked that he looked back at the door, and with a profound sigh lifted up his eyes to Heaven. As soon as he got to bed, finding himself faint, he took a few drops of æther, and made some pretence to send *Monsi. de Lagaraye* out of the room, as well as all his attendants, except myself; and, begging *Lemire*, his surgeon, and *St. André* to withdraw, and then holding out his hand to me, moments, said he, are dear to us, and there are none to lose. Has *Lemire* told you the truth? How, interrupted I, with inexpressible grief, what do you mean! He replied, on my situation... This struck me dumb, for till then I had flattered myself; but now my hopes were fled, for I saw it was all over, and that he was sensible of it... I laid my head on his hand; and he, perceiving that I bathed it with my tears, remained for a short time silent; then resuming the discourse: Regret me, said he, you ought; but do not pity me; think on my life and the reward which I shall receive, and be not so selfish as to be inconsolable for my death... No, cried I, you will not die; no, it is impossible. Cease, replied

plied he, cease, my dear *Porphyry*, to flatter yourself. I have not twenty-four hours to live . . . You ! Great God ! it was for that reason that I wished to see the sick ; I owed them that consolation. You, my father At sixty-three, then your career will be finished . . . Well then, what occasion have you for murmuring ? If I had lived fifteen years longer, I should have been rewarded later . . . But these unfortunate people to whom your life is so necessary ! . . . I put them again with confidence into his hands, who first inspired me with the resolution of consecrating my life to them . . . You think, perhaps, I bitterly regret all the good I could have done, had I ten years longer to live ; if I had only worked for glory, it is true, I should die in despair ; these two years I have been thinking on my new plans, and was just about carrying some great things into execution. A few years more, and I should have left establishments which would have survived me. But death comes and destroys all these hopes. What does it signify ? God, who reads the very bottom of our hearts, will keep an account of my projects as well as of my actions. All my designs are overturned ; but I had formed them, which will intitle me to the reward ; so that I die fully satisfied, and twenty years more could not have made my last moments more sweet and tranquil. O admirable triumph of Religion, cried I ! O my father ! How you make me love this sublime piety that can alone, by inspiring heroic actions, even raise a great soul above glory ! Ah, what signifies the judgment of men and the vain reputation of a moment, when we are under the eye of the Supreme Judge, who penetrates the motives, who
knows

knows the desires, from whom virtuous intentions are never hid, and from whom we must expect immortal recompence, for the good we have done, and for that we are willing to do. At these words, *M. de Lagaraye*, looked at me with eyes which expressed the sweetest satisfaction; promise me then, said he, to preserve these religious sentiments in a world where so many look on irreligion as a proof of strength and superiority of understanding. Remember, my dear *Porphyry*, that *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Fenelon*, *Boileau*, *Bossuet*, and *Paschal*, were as much distinguished by their eminent piety as by the superiority of their talents . . . Your example is sufficient for me; I shall compare the life of the slanderers of Religion with your's; and I shall preserve to my latest breath the principles you have instilled into me. On pronouncing these words, I fell on my knees at his bed-side; he clasped me in his arms, and was some time before he could speak; then, raising me up, and making me sit down by him, he charged me with a painful commission, that of acquainting *Madame de Lagaraye* with his situation; and at the same time ordering me to take all necessary precautions that his death might be concealed from the sick till after their recovery; which the precaution he took of telling them he should not see them, for twelve days, the better enabled me to do. He finished by recommending to me a young man of his school, to whom he had taken a particular liking, and for whom you will easily believe, *Madam*, I shall have the greatest friendship. After this cruel and affecting conversation, I went in search of *Madame de Lagaraye*: the sight of me but too well prepared her for the dreadful news which

which I was charged to communicate : she, trembling, questioned me, and soon discovered the extent of her unhappiness. She clasped her hands together, and, lifting up her eyes to Heaven, filled with tears, she remained some minutes in that attitude, without uttering a single word ;—but the sublime and affecting expression of her countenance sufficiently declared her thoughts and sentiments. She offered the happiness of her life as a sacrifice to God ! and yet there was nothing violent or frantic in her grief ; it appeared strong, but a perfect resignation softened the bitterness of it ; so that my commiserations were in part lost in admiration At last, *Madame de Lagaraye*, wiping away her tears, arose, and, leaning on my arm, Let us go to him, said she ; be not under the least apprehensions that the sight of him will add to my weakness : on the contrary, it will give me firmness ; for is it possible to want resignation or courage in his presence ? I conducted *Madame de Lagaraye* to the door of the apartment, and stayed in the next, where I found *St. André* and *Blanch*. The first was standing, leaning again the chimney ; he did not weep, but grief and consternation were strongly painted in his pale and disfigured countenance. You are, Madam, already acquainted with his history, and with the natural violence of his passions ; and how sincere and violent his enthusiasm is for *Monsieur de Lagaraye*. I went up to him ; he pressed my hand, and perceiving my tears to flow, You are young, said he, this is an event you had reason to expect ; but for me, who am so much older than him, and a useless burden upon earth, to survive him !—As *St. André* pronounced these words, we heard a dreadful scream ; it was
Madame

Madame *de Lagaraye*: terrified and trembling, we ran towards the door, and, entering the room, what a sight presented itself to our view! We saw Monsieur *de Lagaraye* ready to breathe his last; the frightful paleness of death had already overspread his countenance: his unhappy wife, seated on his bed, supported him in her arms. The Priest, standing by the bed-side, held one of his hands.... On perceiving us, he made a sign for us to draw near him; then, turning his head towards us, with a look full of mildness and serenity, *Porphyry*, oh, my son! said he, remember thy promise; and you, my dear *St. André*, continued he, never leave my wife; but do you and your family continue with her in such retreat as she shall chuse; and may Friendship, but, above all, Religion, be your comfort. In pronouncing these words his head fell on his breast, and his eyes closed: the surgeon drew near to feel his pulse, and made a sign that he still breathed: a moment after he said aloud, *His Pulse revives*. Alas! how easily is the human heart impressed with hope! These few words caused an universal transport; every one repeated them, and expected a miracle.... I approached, and, looking stedfastly at Monsieur *de Lagaraye*, I perceived the paleness dispersing, his colour returning, his eyes opening, and a supernatural expression made his venerable appearance more and more striking.... All at once he lifted up his hands to Heaven, and with the most fervent emotion he said, Oh, my God! thou callest me; I come! These were his last words..... Struck with surprise, and seized with emotion, which such a sight never perhaps before produced, we all fell on our knees. We looked on his death without

without fear, and we considered the melancholy object of our loss without terror; because we were sure that he was happy. It appeared not as if death had approached and struck him; but the Almighty had descended from Heaven to call and to receive him. After having torn Madame de Lagaraye from his apartments, I recollected his last injunctions concerning the sick; I ran to the Infirmary, but too late; the screams of the domestics, the tears, the groans of the nurses, had but too soon divulged the melancholy news which I was charged to conceal. I stayed only a minute, and withdrew, penetrated with compassion and horror..... I was doomed to be a witness to a still more pathetic and dreadful scene.

The day before yesterday, that I intended for the funeral, I went at the time appointed into the school-hall, where the coffin then lay: in crossing the court I perceived it was filled with many of the inhabitants of the village and all the manufacturers in tears: on entering the hall, I found near sixty children kneeling round the coffin; *St. André*, in a long black cloak, was, at the top of the room, motionless and plunged in the deepest meditation, with his eyes fixed on the coffin, which he seemed to contemplate in the most melancholy and unhappy manner. His three sons were placed behind him; we were waiting for the Priest, when all at once six men, with the most terrifying aspects, pale, livid, and emaciated, cloathed in white sheets which covered them from head to foot; who could scarce support themselves, and appeared like phantoms; like ghosts coming out of their tombs; prostrated themselves before the coffin with the most hideous groans..... These unfortunate people

people stole out of the Infirmary to render their last homage to their benefactor, in the absence of their nurses, who had left them in the general trouble and confusion Two of these unhappy people fainted, and fell near the coffin: I had them removed, and went with them myself to the Infirmary, where I gave them all the relief that they stood in need of; and returned to the hall just as the Priest arrived, and immediately we were in motion. As soon as we came near the court, we heard more distinctly the lamentable groans of the multitude, who waited to join the funeral pomp; but, the moment they saw the coffin, an universal silence ensued, and an awful respect stopped their lamentations and tears. In about half an hour the numerous retinue arrived at the church. Alas! in my infancy I saw *Monf. de Lagaraye* lay the first stone of this sacred edifice! We now approached the awful tomb which was going to inclose the precious remains of the most virtuous and best of men. The grave was half open, and the coffin placed on it: my heart was now torn asunder, and I turned my trembling eyes from it. At this moment I heard a plaintive voice, and saw the unhappy *St. Andrè* staggering on the edge of the grave; his sons tried, but in vain, to drag him from it; lost and wandering he struggled in their arms, crying out, Oh, my master! Oh, my Friend! and at that instant fell into the grave, and expired on his benefactor's coffin; a noble and striking victim of gratitude and friendship.

I cannot give you an account, Madam, of the conclusion of this melancholy scene, as I was deprived of my senses. On my recovery I found myself in my own room; they bled me, and obli-

ged

ged me to keep my bed, being in a high fever. Yesterday, finding myself a little better, I arose, in order to pay my respects to Madame de Lagaraye who communicated to me all her plans: she proposes to reside at Anjou, where she was born, as soon as the sick are recovered. She will there establish a charitable hospital and a little school for girls; to which she will devote the thirty thousand livres a year which were left her. She takes with her the unhappy family of St. André: the latter was interred this morning; and they have justly immortalized his memory and his death by placing his body in the same grave with Monsieur de Lagaraye.

The heirs of Monsieur de Lagaraye are all bent, and treat her with the greatest regard and respect, which indeed they cannot refuse to her virtues; but it is already known that they will not keep up any of Monsieur de Lagaraye's establishments. As to me, Madam, I know not when I can enjoy the happiness of seeing you: I shall stay with Madame de Lagaraye as long as I can render myself useful to her; therefore, in all probability, I shall not return to Paris till the beginning of the Winter.

LETTER LVIII.

The Baroness to Madame d'Ostalis.

From St. *222*

IT is determined, my dear child, that I shall stay here all the Winter; for what should I do at Paris in the situation in which I am. Could I go

to public places, or even mix with company? Even supposing dissipation was not wholly disagreeable to me; yet prudence would oblige me to reëssance any pleasures it might afford me. How can a woman venture to show herself at an opera or a ball, when her husband or her son are exposed to all the dangers of war? Madame *de Limoges* came frequently to see me: but you know it must be a little Paris to please her, as she owns herself; therefore she never stays more than eight or ten days at a time with us.

The Count *Anatole* died yesterday of a consumption, or rather of the excesses in which he has lived for these two years. He has left a rich and lovely widow, and, I think, not an inconsolable one. One thing pleasant enough is, that *Constantia* is jealous of the Countess *Anatole*; for she has found out her attachment to *Theodore*. So she never mentions her name; and, if by chance she hears any body speak of him with admiration, she blushes and appears hurt. So young and already to feel such strong passions!

Monsieur *de Valcè* has sold one of his finest estates. We hear he is nearly ruined;—you would not know his wife; she is at this time as red-faced, as ugly, and old as she was young and pretty five years ago. She seems more sensible of this misfortune than she is of her husband's ruin. *Adelaide* grows every day more lovely; she is quite capable now of being my friend.—Her sense is equally as good as her temper. No conversation can be more agreeable to me than her's: our sentiments and opinions are exactly alike. We often spend whole days *à tête à tête*; and they pass away quicker than others. We know how to

employ the leisure in which I am

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employ them. We are equally lively, with the same tastes, the same manner of thinking. Can we ever be tired of being together? Even if I did not love her so much, her freedom and extreme candour would make me always prefer her society to any other. She is not only incapable of falsehood, but exaggeration is also as much unknown to her as telling lyes. She is in every action of her life as sincere as is consistent with prudence and politeness. This charming quality gives inestimable value to whatever she does or says: we are sure that neither interest nor flattery will ever dictate the praises she bestows. Her attentions are obliging; the proofs of her friendship really affect the heart. We listen to her with earnestness, and are interested in what she says, because truth in its most pleasing form comes from her lips; her looks, her gaiety, her smiles are all natural and without art. Was she not handsome, had she not so much grace nor talents, yet she would please; she would engage your friendship; she would still possess that inexpressible charm which truth and candour bestow. We cannot have this precious virtue without possessing many others; we can never be perfectly sincere without being noble, equitable and generous. We do justice to our enemies; we acknowledge freely their good qualities: we reject praises which are not our due; and, in short, we can neither intrigue nor flatter; for to do either we must make use both of cunning and falsehood.

Adelaide is not yet eighteen years old, and has already corrected all the faults natural to her age and sex. Since *the Heilsee des quarante*, she has never been tempted to make a joke of any one;

particularly on account of those things which are so common and trifling as clothes and head-dresses, &c. At the same time she takes a joke herself; even if it were severe, provided it did not affect her character, she would receive it with good-humour and sweetness. She despises that kind of malignity so much, that such a joke would neither confuse nor distress her.—She tells me all her observations, and confides to me her private opinions on the persons we see: but never, before a third person the least suspicious, will she permit herself to criticise the smallest matter. As she has an excellent understanding, she is absolutely exempt from that trifling curiosity which women in general are so justly reproached with, and which is only occasioned by idleness and envy. *Adelaide* thinks such trifles of no importance, and wonders how people can disturb themselves for such things or wish to know a secret which cannot interest them. When she lives in the world, she will be the last to hear the scandalous reports which are circulated of quarrels, agreements, &c. &c. She will be witness to many treacheries, without taking any part in them; and often, without attending to them. People ridicule her on this account, and will be always asking her, *from whence she comes that she knows nothing?* It is true, she will be ignorant of them; but she will know how to find out the characters and dispositions of the persons with whom she associates. Wickedness, indolence, and gossiping often betray the little intrigues of society; but sense and prudence only can give penetration. *Adelaide* will seldom be deceived by false friends, (for what good heart is not sometimes made a dupe;) but she will not bestow

bestow her confidence, unless to those who deserve it; which is an essential matter: for, if you cannot prevent being treated with ingratitude, prudence at least will keep you from being betrayed. *Madelaide* never forget our little retreat in the Convent *&c.* and *Mademoiselle de Celigny*. She will never more judge of people by their appearance nor expressions; she is cured of this infatuation. No one ever carried this weakness so far as *Madame de Lismours* did; when she was young, to be amiable in her eyes, it was sufficient to have a long face, light hair, and an aquiline nose. On the other hand, all the *Brunetts*, who were handsome, she called lovely, striking, and witty; and those who were plain were cross and good for nothing. However, as it is very possible to have black eyes and a mild disposition, or a pale complexion with a peevish temper, the Viscountess frequently found herself deceived in her opinions; an error which experience alone could discover. *Madame de Berniere*, a fair and interesting figure, became her intimate friend in the space of eight days; and they intirely broke with each other in three months, after having had a dozen quarrels in the time. To this friendship *Madame de Semire* succeeded, a *Brunette* full of wit and vivacity. But the Viscountess soon put an end to this attachment, enraged at the insupportable folly and impertinence of a person she had thought so droll and so clever. I could tell you twenty stories of her on similar occasions. . . . We saw her for six months inseparable from a woman whom she called *my love*, *my dear*, and *my child*; and the very next Winter they were quite strangers. This conduct did much harm to her character, and her cast-

old friends aspersed her without mercy, and betrayed all the little secrets she had confided to them during their intimacy. The extreme youth of the Viscountess, and the bad education she had received, could only plead her excuse; and she had too much sense not to endeavour to correct her error, when she grew older.

No, my dear child, *Addaide's* affection for *Hermione* is not at all lessened. On the contrary, she is every day fonder of her. *Hermione* is now ten years old, and is really as pleasing in her temper as in her person. She has all the sincerity of her little Mamma, a virtue which she entirely owes to her, as she had naturally a disposition to falsehood. The poor little girl has been under great trouble to-day, she had a little white cat which she took great delight in. This morning the unfortunate Azolin fell out of a window into a paved court, and two hours after died on his mistress's lap. At this shocking sight, *Hermione* turned pale as death, and then burst into tears, throwing herself into *Addaide's* arms, who did not receive her without emotion! This scene made me recollect a picture of de Grenze, which represents a little girl weeping for her Canary bird. . . . The tears of *Hermione* on this accident, gave me I know not what kind of pleasing sensation. . . . These infantine troubles are agreeable to contemplate, because they prove the innocence and felicity of that age. These pure tears, which fall for the loss of a cat, convince us that the heart has never experienced any real grief. Happy age. . . . *Addaide* has this evening given *Hermione* a squirrel. Should any similar accident happen to it in two or three years, may it be wept for as sincerely as Azolin!

ling! *Adelaide*, and I have waited till near mid-night merely to talk of *Hermione*. *Adelaide*, like a true mother, pleases herself with building Castles for her. She looks forward to the time when *Hermione* will be twenty years old; she wishes she was so now. But in that case, said I to her, you would be eight-and-twenty, and no longer in the prime of youth.

But *Hermione* would be in all the charms of her age! . . . This is a sentiment which not only consoles a good mother for the loss of her charms, but makes her even desirous of growing older, that she may see the happy days destined for her children. She cannot be under any concern on the decrease of her own beauty, when she sees her daughter's every day improve. Time only takes grace from the mother to add them to her child. When, my dear child, on Tuesday I shall send to your Father a little picture painted by *Adelaide*, which represents her giving a lesson to *Hermione*. I hope the painting will please you as well as the resemblance.

LETTER LIX

The Barnefs to Madame de Valmont.

From . . .

How happy we are, Madam! . . . How great will your felicity be, what joy will you feel! Ah, who is more sensible of it than myself? Our children are equally distinguished; they are well! . . . We shall see them in three months.

I send you all the particulars, and not only the letter *Monf. d'Almane* has written to you, but that which I have received from him, as I imagine it will give you still more pleasure, and I have nothing I wish to conceal from you! . . . When this precious packet was brought me by the *Chevalier de Har-Asie*, I was with *Madame de Lincour, Constantia*, and my daughter. I trembled so much I could scarce open my letter or speak. At length I found it was from *Monf. d'Almane*. I opened it and judge what I felt on reading these words: "Glory and happiness, my dearest friend!" and I could not utter a word. I threw myself on my knees. My dear *Adelaide* came and flung her arms about my neck; all my friends surrounded me, and joy added to my felicity. . . . Why were you not here, *Madame*? How delightful would it have been for me to embrace you at that moment! What would I not have given, had you been here, that we might have read our letters together! Poor little *Constantia* was much affected, and the name of *Theodore* escaped her lips! . . . and she shed a torrent of tears! Nevertheless, when I read an account of the action, I observed that *Adelaide's* transport and emotions infinitely exceeded her cousin's. Great souls alone are capable of feeling sentiments of this kind! or. After *Constantia* had heard that *Theodore* had received no wounds, the rest of the account appeared to have very little effect on her. . . . Adieu, *Madam*; remember me, I intreat you, to *Monsieurs d'Aimeri* and *Valmont*. Ah! that I were but all here! . . . *Adelaide* has written you a very good letter, which she has just shown me. . . . she has not expressed half the part she takes in your joy. . . .

LETTER LX.

The Viscountess to the Baroness.

LAST night I took *Constantin* for the first time to one of the dressed-balls; we staid to the very last, and guess what time it was before we were in bed; absolutely half past three in the morning.—The Assembly was magnificent: an immense crowd and all the prettiest women in Paris were there; but they only appeared to show their fine clothes; for they came at two, and went away again at three; that is, as soon as they had been viewed by the whole Assembly, and when their rings began to run, and their hair to get out of order, they gaped, complained of heat, and retired. Oh! in our time, people had more real spirit; I cannot conceive any thing more absolutely dull or inanimate than the flirtations now-a-days; for they really consist in nothing more than grimaces and inquiries about dress.—I supped the other night with one of these fashionable flirts; it was *Madame de Blime*; she has a flow of words, with a constant giggle which she styles wit; she has a positive manner, and her conversation is as stupid as it is common; and, when she particularly wishes to show herself off, one may discover it in a moment, for she tosses herself about the room, never sits still, walks with a careless air, and even jumps to admire herself in the looking-glass; and finds a thousand occasions to show a pretty foot, and she laughs quite loud.—These now are all the artifices of a fashionable Coquette: they appear to me perfectly innocent, because it is impossible that they can

THE I K 5 ever

ever injure any one. — *Constantia* was with me the evening I met her, and all the company were full of her praises; indeed I never saw her look so well. *Madame de Blemur* had not sense sufficient to know she ought to disguise her envy; she could not perceive that *Constantia* was pretty; at first she used all her arts to endeavour to eclipse her, and tried all those graces which I have described; but, when she perceived all her arts were in vain, and that the eyes of the company were still fixed on *Constantia*, she was absolutely so disconcerted, that she took no further pains to conceal her envy or ill-humour. How much does a foolish and ridiculous envy disgrace and humble one! . . . I remember when I was young, there was nothing I so much dreaded as the fear of being thought to possess a jealous disposition; and I not only agreed in the praises of all the pretty women, but really found pleasure in talking of their beauty, in hopes of persuading those who heard me, that I was absolutely exempt from this contemptible vice. But to return to *Madame de Blemur*: what completed my aversion to her was, that, when the conversation turned that evening on *Madame de —*, she, in my opinion, abused her in a most shameful manner, and wanted to turn into ridicule her love for her husband: she gave us several proofs, which, however, had a very different effect from what she expected, as all the company admired the character, sense, and behaviour of *Madame de —*. *Madame de Blemur* agreed that she was a person quite perfect—but pronounced that last word in a most satirical manner, and then added, that *Madame de —* tired one to death in conversation, and that she was romantic to the greatest excess: I had a great inclination to answer, they con-

not

not be very tireſome who poſſeſs a good underſtanding, great ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and much information, and I ſhould rather be ſtyled romantic than ill-tempered: for I am certain, that, if *Madame de M.* was to ſhew that affection to a lover, which ſhe ſhews to her husband, *Madame de M.* would then think her engaging, and would be always praiſing her for her ſenſibility. People, void of principle, have always an averſion to thoſe who are amiable, and wiſh to make even virtue itſelf appear ridiculous! a difficult taſk! and which can only ſerve to diſcover their own faults and depravity of heart.

I yeſterday made a hundred viſits with *Conſtance*, and carried her among the number to *Madame de M.* She returned delighted with a *Mademoiſelle de M.*; in truth it is impoſſible for any perſon to have been better educated, or to be more amiable. She is neither ſhy nor confuſed in any company, and yet has all the modeſty which is ſo deſirable at her age, and that deference, and even reſpect, for married women, which is always engaging in a young perſon. Her manner of expreſſing herſelf is always gentle, unaffected, and obliging; and her ſigns are as pleaſing as it is agreeable; and I know, that ſhe poſſeſſes as much knowledge as ſhe has wit and grace.—But how is it poſſible for a mother ſuch as her's not to make her children abſolutely delightful? Adieu, my dear friend, I ſhall come and ſee you either on Thursday or Friday. There is no alluſion either to you or me in thoſe ſhameful veſſels which you have heard of, and that is all I know about them, as I abſolutely reſuſed to ſee them. At all times one meets with people (otherwiſe amiable) who are curious to ſee

such abominable productions, will learn them by heart, and repeat them in all companies; but surely to read and repeat such horrid stuff is making one's self a partaker with the wicked Author of the calumny! I can hardly conceive how any persons of real principle can suffer themselves to read a libel; still less that any one can so much despise all decency as to talk of them and quote passages from them in company.

LETTER LXI.

The Baroness to Madame d'Orléans.

I HAVE been very uneasy these two days past, my dear child. Miss Bridget has been dangerously ill with a sore throat. The day before yesterday she was bled for the third time; and at night *Monsieur* came into my room with tears in his eyes, telling me that Miss Bridget was worse. I beg, *Monsieur*, added *Monsieur*, you will permit me to sleep with her to-night, for it is of great consequence that she should take the medicine which the Physician has just ordered her every hour, and it is impossible to trust to the care of a nurse or a chambermaid. Very well, interrupted I, I consent to your sitting up to night: to-morrow I shall watch in my turn. *Monsieur* went out of the room, and I remained alone with Madame de Lamoignon. What, said she to me, do you permit *Monsieur* to sit up a whole night? At her age all young people go to bed at night, so &c. but Miss Bridget has a fever.

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demands Miss Bridget's disorders, not standing; besides, to save my daughter a little fatigue, and even a slight fever, I would not prevent her discharging her duty. Yet what could she do more for you? I do not know; and I flatter myself she herself does not; but, the more gratitude and attachment I see in her to her Governess, the more I shall depend on her tenderness to me. According to this manner of thinking, I have reason to be satisfied; for Miss Bridget has received from *Adelaide* the most tender marks of affection. She would not suffer her to pass the whole night with her.—*Adelaide*, to satisfy her, pretended to leave her at three o'clock; but concealed herself behind her bed; that she might watch the attention of the nurse. She did not close for a moment; she put out the medicine every hour, and gave it to the nurse, whom she was obliged to awake several times. When the Physician arrived at nine in the morning, *Adelaide* was still in Miss Bridget's chamber, and gave the most exact account of the night. The Physician assuring her then, that Miss Bridget was absolutely out of danger, she burst into tears, and her joy so greatly overcame her fatigue, that she would not consent to lie down, but passed the whole day in her chamber. She was tired at night, but her spirits were not exhausted, as her resolution had kept them up. She slept twelve hours last night, is extremely well to-day, and Miss Bridget is perfectly recovered.

There has been a little dialogue to-night, between *Adelaide* and *Constantia*, the account of which I am sure will give you pleasure. The Viscountess was a little out of humour this morning, and after dinner found fault with *Constantia* rather

rather unjustly. I went into my own room as usual, at five o'clock; *Adelaide* went to her studies in an adjoining room, and left her door open, so that I could hear her sing, speak, and play, as well as if we had been together. You know that no noise prevents me from writing, and that I composed all my Works by the sound of the harp and harpsichord; and interrupting myself every minute to say, *that is wrong, you play out of time, &c.* I seated myself at my desk, and my daughter took up her harp. In about half an hour after I was informed that *Mademoiselle de P——* was coming; that her coach was in the avenue. I told *Adelaide*, that I was obliged to go down and stay in the saloon till supper. Coming out of my chamber, I met *Constantia*, and told her the same; but a moment after I found it was a mistake, and that *Mademoiselle de P——* was not come. So I went up stairs again, and, as there was a carpet in my room, I went in without making the least noise. I had left a candle upon my desk, seated myself in my great chair, and took up my pen; and hearing *Adelaide* and *Constantia* talking, I thought it would be amusing to write their conversation, which forms the following dialogue:

Constantia. One quarter of an hour only?

Adelaide. Ah, my dear! I would converse with you with all my heart, if my *Mamma* knew it; but she thinks I am busy at this time, and the thought of that would give me pain; it looks as if I deceived her. —

Constantia. At your age my aunt does not require you to study without some relaxation. —

Adelaide. She knows how much I love to be employed. I should have ill profited by her care

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and her example; if putting aside my work would be any pleasure to me, but I repeat it to you, this the reason I had rather talk to you another time is, because I told my Mamma, when she went down stairs, that I should work hard. How do you like that?

Constantia. Well, then, I must go. But it is very cruel, however.

Adelaide. *Constantia*! What is it?

Constantia. What is it? I told you I was angry.

Adelaide. If you are angry, stay there.

Constantia. You certainly do not love me any more.

Adelaide. Do you think so?

Constantia. But I am sure you do not love me any more.

Adelaide. Come, let us talk there.

Constantia. If you know how unhappy I am to-day!

Adelaide. How so?

Constantia. You saw in what a manner Mamma treated me this afternoon.

We may speak before *Hermione*, she will not tell what we say.

Hermione. Oh! I read so attentively, I shall not even hear it.

Constantia. When Mamma returned to her chamber, I followed her, and wished to speak to her; but she received me with such severity, notwithstanding I was not in fault, as you were witness to.

Adelaide. Not in fault, my dear *Constantia*!

do you consider what you say? You accuse your mother of injustice.

Constantia. I have not complained to any body else, but may I not to you?

Adelaide. No, for if such an idea should enter into your imagination, you ought to reject it, and think you have deceived yourself. Would you tell

tell my aunt you were not in fault? No, surely, on the contrary, you appeared to show she was in the right; the complaints which you have since made taken from you all the merit of the mistakes you shewed her, and looked like hypocrisis. Besides, supposing it true that my aunt was for a moment out of humour, who will excuse it, and seek to conceal her little foibles, if you do not? This is the only proof of gratitude you can shew her. Have you a right to expect that she is perfect? Pardon my freedom, my dear Confin; it gives me great pain to afflict you, but I love you too much to conceal the truth.

Constantia (weeping.) Yet I flatter myself you do not doubt my affection for my Mamma.

Adelaide. It is because I know the extreme goodness of your heart, that I speak to you with so much sincerity.

Constantia (still weeping.) I know you are in the right.

Adelaide. Amiable candour! embrace me, my charming friend.

Constantia. My dear Confin, I wish I could resemble you!

Adelaide. You have nothing to wish for; you have every good quality! but, as I am older than you, it is not surprising that I should have a little more reflection.

Constantia. I am in despair; you have just made me sensible that my fault is inexcusable.

Adelaide. Well, my dear *Constantia*, repair it; it is in your power.

Constantia. How? I have just said I am in the wrong. At the end of the conversation I got up softly, and went to find the Viscountess. I did not tell

her the whole of what I had just heard; nor in-
 formed her that *Constantia* was in despair for having
 displeased her; and desired her to conceal my
 having heard the conversation. While we were
 talking, the door opened, and *Constantia* came in
 with her eyes much inflamed. Perceiving, no,
 she was a little confused; I told her that the
demonfelle de P was not come, and I suffered
 her to believe I had been all this time with the
Viscountess. After a moment's reflection *Constan-*
tia approached her mother in tears; the *Viscount-*
ess embraced her; and *Constantia*, throwing her-
 self upon her knees, frankly owned she had been
 complaining of her, and that *Adelaide* had made
 her sensible how much she was in fault. As these
 words the *Viscountess*, much softened, raised her
 up and praised her for her sincerity. *Mons-*
ieu said *Constantia*, I have not had the merit of
 doing it of my own accord: it is *Adelaide* who
 advised me to make this confession! At this last
 proof of her sincerity the *Viscountess* and I both
 embraced her, and found it impossible to refrain
 from tears; for who could avoid being affected
 by such proofs of ingenuous frankness? I praised
 this action with enthusiasm, for indeed it was
 charming; but the *Viscountess* insisted that I
 should not have been so much affected by it, if it
 had not made *Adelaide* appear so amiable. In proof
 of this little incident, the *Viscountess* desired
 I should acknowledge what *Adelaide* had
 secret fault. I must own, says she, I do not know
 myself that she has any; but I should think she
 must have one at least, however trifling it may
 be. That would be my fault, since we are con-
 vinced that there are no imperfections, nor even
 vices,

vices, that education cannot destroy. Then you really do not know one single fault she has. But first we must understand each other; explain to me what is the having a fault? It is an inclination, more or less dangerous, which constantly governs us. — Which constantly governs us? What a terrible definition! — I believe it just. — And it also, which is the reason that I have always thought it impossible to be perfectly happy, if we have a single defect. And you think that education is able to extirpate them all? — If it corrects one, why can it not correct more? — Oh, because it is not possible for us to be perfect. — Perfect! no, certainly; but consider it is a very difficult thing to commit a fault, and to have a fault. I speak to you that *Adelaide* has not one single defect; that is to say, one bad custom that has taken root, or rather, as you say, no dangerous inclination which constantly predominates; yet she is not perfect, since no mortal can be so. She is very gentle; yet it is possible certain circumstances may make her shew a little impatience and even anger; she may be deceived; she may be unjust for a moment, or out of humour. But, since she has no habitual faults, her errors will appear very rarely, and be very trifling, and can never hurt her reputation, or make her unhappy. — Then you think, if I had been better educated, I should have had a milder disposition. — I have no doubt of it. — In that case, replied the Viscountess, it is an excellent thing to be well instructed. — Adieu, my dear child; you often ask me for particulars and whole conversations. I hope you will be contented with this letter; but I should not be satisfied myself with it, if I had not written

at the same time these long pages to Seraphina, merely to talk about you.—Embrace her for me, as well as her sister, to whom I shall write on Thursday.

I have opened my letter again to tell you news, of which Mademoiselle *de P.* had undertaken to acquaint the Viscountess. *M. de Valre* has just quitted the army, and is totally ruined; of all his great fortune he has nothing remaining but an annuity of fifty thousand livres! Mademoiselle *de Valre* has consumed all her fortune, for her debts far exceed the portion she received. Her husband went away last night; it is said he means to travel for two or three years. Mademoiselle *de P.* remains here without assistance, without advice, without resource, abandoned by all her friends, and even by *Monsieur de Rouvenot*. She is very ill, and keeps her bed; at this moment the Viscountess sees only her misfortunes; she forgets the causes of them, and has just left us to fly to her assistance.

LETTER LXII.

The Baron to Monsieur d'Aimeri.

I SHALL most certainly, Sir, be at Paris the beginning of April. I bring back our two children all alive deserving of our affection, and of the happiness that awaits them. Could they have been otherwise? They are Frenchmen! They have given us much knowledge and strength of courage. In giving them due praise, we cannot say they have distinguished themselves; for, amongst such

such a number of young Frenchmen as are here, no one can distinguish himself by courage only.

I hope, Sir, to find you at Paris as well as Monsi. and Madame de Valmont. I keep in reserve for our amiable Charles all the pleasures of surprising him. I think he entertains great hopes; he sees I love him as a son, but I please myself sometimes with perplexing him, at least I keep him in suspense.

Yes, we are about to form that union so much wished for, that union, the object of both our vows! Drive away then from you those dark thoughts which possess you. Forget, if possible, those melancholy reflections which have imberbered your life. Dare to think yourself worthy of happiness; you have acquired that right. Adieu! Sir, I beseech you to engage Monsi. and Madame de Valmont to keep the secret, till Madame d'Almane has communicated it to the Viscount and Viscountess de Limours.

LETTER LXIII.

The Baronsess to Madame d'Offalis.

IMAGINE my happiness, my dear child; they are coming!—We shall see them in two days!—To-morrow we set out, and are in hopes we shall meet them thirty or forty leagues from Paris.—Oh, what would add to my felicity, if you were but here! You cannot conceive all that passes in my heart; no, though you know it so well, you cannot guess at it!—I only returned from—
this morning. The Courier sent by Monsieur
d'Almane

d'Almane came through Paris, and told me *Madame de Valmont* was just arrived and waited for me at my house. This intelligence I concealed from my daughter. I sent for horses, and we set out immediately. *Adelaide* had no suspicion of the event which was to fix her fortune. . . . When we alighted from the coach, we saw *Madame de Valmont* on the steps; *Adelaide* flew to embrace her and express her joy. As to myself, I was so much moved and softened to find myself in *Madame de Valmont's* arms, that I cannot describe to you what I felt. . . . We all three went, without being able to say a word. However, as soon as we entered my apartment, I took *Adelaide* by the hand, and said to her, embrace *Madame de Valmont* again; embrace her, my dear *Adelaide* with the tenderness of a daughter, for soon you will become her's. . . . At these words *Adelaide* blushed and trembled; a flood of tears bathed her cheeks. For the first moment she saw only her mother. . . . She was struck with the ideas of fear and grief, considering that I was to be no longer arbitress of her fate. . . . We each took her in our arms. *Adelaide* leaned on my neck; she could only answer by sobs and sighs; she was indifferent to the caresses of *Madame de Valmont*. It appeared she wanted to let me see she could love no body but me. . . . At length *Madame de Valmont* left us; and, when we were alone, she opened her heart to me without disguise: she confessed that she preferred this match to any other; and the more so, as she was sure the *Chevalier de Valmont* would never separate her from me. But she added, that she thought the *Chevalier* was too young,

and she wished he was a few years older. I satisfied her on this matter by saying I perfectly knew his disposition, and that, when one has received a good education, twenty-four is old enough to avoid being corrupted. Monsieur and Madame de Valmont and Mons. d'Amerval supped with us this evening; *Adelaide*, though for the whole time rather serious, behaved charmingly. I have had to-day a very high quarrel with the Viscountess. It was necessary to tell her, that *Adelaide* would be married in six weeks. This news, which was not confided to her, could not fail of exciting her anger. She told me, I put no confidence in her. I was obliged to reproach her with indiscretion. — Friendship, said I to her, does not require me to expose the peace and happiness of my daughter, in trusting you with a secret which I knew you could not keep. Did you not give me your promise, to conceal from *Constantia* your design of marrying her to *Theodora*? Did you keep it? . . . At these words the Viscountess, having nothing to answer, rose up in a furious passion, which actually terrified me. I would have stopped her; but she went away instantly, declaring she would never see me again, as long as she lived. About an hour after I went to her house, where I found her alone with her daughter, who was in a dreadful situation, for she thought we had intirely broke with each other: and her mother at that moment, being governed by her passion and resentment, was more irritated than affected by her sorrow and tears. As soon as I appeared, she sent her away, and, coming up to me with determined rage, asked me *what I wanted*? I was so much affected with seeing her in such a situation, that I trembled as if I had been the guilty person.

son. I am come, said I, to endeavour to restore the tranquillity which you have not only lost yourself, but have deprived me of. It is very true, that I have concealed from you the most important secret of my life. It is not my fault;—it is yours. I could not depend on your discretion; but I never doubted your justice or your friendship. . . . As I finished these words, the Viscountess, bathed in tears, threw herself into my arms with that charming frankness, which accompanies all her actions. I received this embrace as a pardon; it restored me to happiness, which I could not enjoy without her friendship. Our hearts were made for each other;—how then does it happen they are formed so unlike?

The Countess *Anatole*, prettier than ever, came to see me this afternoon. She talked to me for an hour of *Monf. d'Almane's* return, and asked me a thousand questions about *Theodore*. Poor *Madame de Valce* is dying of a consumption, and can scarcely live three months. Adieu, my dear child; it is two o'clock in the morning, and I must rise to-morrow before seven. Adieu; though the post does not go till Tuesday, I shall write every day: you may depend on a particular and exact Journal, since I have no other means of informing you of my sentiments and ideas.

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LETTER LXIV.

The Baroness to Madame d'Osalis.

Tuesday.

O! MY daughter, they are here!... I have seen and embraced them!... They are here; and neither grief nor joy has been fatal. Scarce was I out of bed this morning, when I heard a carriage in the Court: thinking it mine, I finished dressing, when my door suddenly flew open, and I saw Monsieur d'Almane and Theodore... At the same instant, *Adelaide*, amazed, ran in and threw herself into her father's arms. What a scene!... what happiness! after a year's absence, after having felt so many fears and anxieties! you, my daughter, who know my heart; you alone are capable of judging of the extent of my felicity!... The meeting of *Adelaide* and the Chevalier de Valmont was at noon! He is so affected, so transported with his good fortune, that he is deprived of speech. He can only gaze on *Adelaide*, embrace his mother, and kiss my hands. *Adelaide* blushes more than usual, and redoubles her tenderness to me. Her eyes frequently are filled with tears, when she looks at me; but she does not avoid the Chevalier, nor even omit any opportunity of shewing her attention to him, or saying an obliging thing. Theodore takes a lively share in his friend's happiness; to-morrow evening he will be acquainted with his own; for M. d'Almane has sent an express to the Viscount who has been absent a week, and they only wait for his return to declare the marriage of *Constantia* and Theodore. You

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cannot form an idea of the affectionate joy of *Monf. d'Aimeri*, yet the indelible remembrance of the hapless *Cecilia* troubles him in the midst of his transports! Have I deserved so much happiness! said he to me this evening, I always dread losing it. . . . He pronounced these words in a voice that penetrated me: one single subject of remorse suffices to taint the purest felicity. . . . To enjoy true happiness, one must have merited it. God bless you, my dear child! I will continue this letter to-morrow, as it cannot go till Thursday.

Wednesday Night.

I HAVE this moment received your letter, in which you acquaint me of the Chevalier *de Murville's* death. I would not have *Monf. d'Aimeri* hear it, till the weddings are over: for in his present frame of mind I am sure he would be extremely affected. I have mentioned it to no one but *Madame de Valmont*, who agrees with me in the necessity of concealing it at present from her father; and we have taken all proper precautions, in case any parcel should arrive from . . . that this melancholy restitution may not be delivered to her in his presence.

The Viscountess is all in raptures; the Viscount is arrived, and it is agreed, that *Constantia*, *Theodore*, *Adelaide*, and *Charles* are to be married the same day. What a day for me! . . . We are in hourly expectation of the Count *de Roseville*; his last letter was dated from . . . The return of so beloved and deserving a brother will complete *Madame de Limour's* bliss. . . . Mine, alas! will not be perfect,

you will not be present! . . . And what a space divides us! . . . You will not read for a month all these particulars you so impatiently expect!

The Countess *Anatole* came to see me to-day; I acquainted her with my son's marriage. She blushed, turned pale, and cast down her eyes. I took no notice of her concern, and changed the discourse. In a few minutes she told me she should leave Paris to-morrow for two months, and presently after went away. I own myself deeply interested for her. What mother does not in her heart pardon a weakness, of which her son is the cause.

I am writing to you, my dear daughter, surrounded by taylor's, mantua-makers, milliners; no less than ten persons are in my room, and my bureau is covered with rich stuffs, flowers, gauzes, and lace. *Adelaide* will chuse nothing, and depends on my taste. This is trusting to me a business which I shall be very attentive to; it is the adorning and beautifying of *Adelaide*. No Coquette can be more taken up with ornamenting her own person than I am with studying what will best suit her's. During this time she attends to her books, her learning, and her musick, just as usual. *Hermione* did not know till to-day, that her Mamma was going to be married. She shewed the greatest astonishment; and, looking at *Adelaide* with tears in her eyes, said, Mamma, shall I still be your child? . . . These words made *Adelaide* weep also; and, taking *Hermione* in her arms, she assured her, with a thousand embraces, that she should always love her dearly. This restored the little one's spirits; and she told me, she was very glad I had chosen the Chevalier

de

de Valmont, because he was almost as amiable as her little Mamma.

What they informed you concerning *Madame de Gerville* was then true, but is now no longer so. She has given up devotion, and with it the character she had attained; and all for the sake of a young man just coming into the world, and whom she has undertaken to fashion and introduce. She only needed this kind of error, so scandalous in a woman of her age, to render her as ridiculous as she is despicable.

Madame de Valcé continues in the same state: it is said to be disappointment alone which kills her. The Viscountess's behaviour to her ought to augment her remorse, if she is really capable of any emotions of gratitude and repentance.

Thursday.

THE Count *de Roseville* comes to-night; so we shall certainly sign the articles next Monday... Oh what a day!... I am really not myself... I am continually moved, ever ready to shed tears. I neither sleep nor eat; I cannot speak; my looks are wild and stupid; I have but one thought,—but one idea.

I forgot to mention *Madame d'Olcy*; she behaves perfectly well on this occasion. Her vanity is flattered by her nephew's nuptials; she is at present the tenderest and best of sisters. She insisted on *Madame de Valmont's* lodging with her; she never leaves her, and she is always here; which irages

the Viscountess, who cannot abide her. Adieu, my dear daughter; were you but here, what happiness could equal mine!

LETTER LXV.

The Count de Roseville to the Prince.

AH! Sir, what an expression has escaped you! You praise, it is true, the moderation of the Prince your father; that virtuous principle which leads him to prefer peace to almost certain conquests: you add, however, "that a war, though unjust, would have given you an opportunity of signalising yourself." Is this your reason for discontent?—The much esteemed Author of the Institutions of a Prince, *Abbé Duguet*, exclaims, "Unhappy is the Prince who engages in an unjust war; he is the murderer of all the victims to his ambition or his other passions: he plunges the poniard into the heart of his subjects, and is the executioner of all those who perish in the enemy's army. All the carnage on both sides will be set to his account: the blood of both parties, that is shed, will be required of him. He will be found, in the sight of God, guilty of all the horrid consequences of war, of all the conflagrations and rapine committed both by his own troops and by those of the enemy: of the ravages and devastations, which the most active and humane Generals cannot prevent. All this dreadful heap of crimes and of wickedness will fall on his head,"

&c.

What

What a frightful and terrible picture of the shocking mischiefs ambition produces!—Does it not deeply affect you, Sir? To acquire merely fame, you need not be uniformly virtuous: even then, however, courage and ambition will fail you, unless attended by good fortune: it is only in prosperity that injustice can dazzle for a moment the eyes of the vulgar. Brilliant successes alone gain a vein of temporary triumph. Should Fortune abandon you, hatred, contempt and infamy follow of course. But a reputation founded on true glory is not subject to chance nor the caprices of Fortune. Be just, be merciful, and you will appear as great in adversity as in the most established state of happiness.

Your Highness will allow me to make some remarks on this question: “Whether a Prince should suffer himself to read anonymous satyrical Works against himself, or his Ministers, his people in office, and those nearest his person?” Your Highness seems willing to think, that such writings may discover to a Prince his own faults and the true character and conduct of those about him. I agree with you, Sir, that useful truths may sometimes be extracted from such contemptible productions: those, however, which concern yourself, would disgust without improving you: for blame, dictated by malice, vexes, without amending us. If by chance, in a work of this sort, amongst the various accusations of your Ministers and people in office, there should be one founded in justice, how are you to sift it out of the confused heap of impositions and calumnies? Is a Prince to seek truth in a libel? Is he to expect it from a coward or a villain? Will you Sir, who detest and will not listen to a slanderer, read a libel without scruple? Will you not give up a blameable curiosity to the gratitude you

owe to your Minister, or your people in place, who serve you with zeal and attachment? What! whilst they are dedicating their time to you, and labouring for your glory, and whilst your approbation is in their opinion the sweetest reward, will you in private read an infamous writing in which hatred and calumny seek to blacken and dishonour them? Ah! shudder, Sir! If you are not ashamed of being ungrateful, fear at least becoming unjust! If it should be in the power of imposture to deceive, lead astray, and deliver you up to fatal prejudices, ought you to expose yourself to this frightful danger? No man, scrupulously honest, will ever read a libel: a Sovereign should, if possible, be more delicate in this respect, and should look upon the man, who dares to quote a part of such a work, as a slanderer. I have heard of a great Prince, who, willing to give means to his subjects of informing him of the truth, placed in one of his closets a box which had an opening into the street, into which any one might throw a paper, and the Prince alone kept the key. This institution might be of great use, if the Prince should declare, that he would burn, without reading, all anonymous papers. If you, Sir, should ever be tempted to hold this kind of correspondence with an infinite number of people who have no other way of approaching, and writing to you, let me advise you to insist particularly on the name and direction of each, and to impose it on yourself, as a fixed rule, to read none, till you are sure that the names and directions are not fictitious. Finally, Sir, without having recourse to this method, you may always discover the truth, if you encourage it, and have faithful friends. I learn with pleasure, that the Baron de Sulzbach becomes daily a great favourite with you.

you. You are sensible of his integrity and knowledge. Consult him always. But I must repeat, Sir, that in affairs of real consequence, you should take the advice of more than one, and follow none rashly. I cannot but observe, notwithstanding my great partiality for the Baron *de Sulbach*, that he is yet much too young to be your only confidant. He is well informed, rational, and virtuous; but he is only four and twenty: at that age, and at Court, one may easily degenerate and become corrupt. It will be soon perceived, should his principles be changed: he will grow more supple, more obsequious, and have less sincerity. The fear of your displeasure, of making himself enemies, or even more trifling considerations, will prevent him from telling you freely the truth. You will see him insensibly lose his disinterestedness and his moderation. He will value your favour more than your esteem. He will endeavour to form a party in his interest: he will be busied solely in making his own fortune, in removing his enemies from about your person, and in supplying their places with his own creatures. He will fear all persons of a truly distinguished merit, and will do his utmost to prejudice you against them. Attend to him strictly, and you will easily discover these arts; and, should there be such, you surely will not suffer yourself to be a dupe to him.

I will not repeat to your Highness, how happy your bounties and your remembrance make me. You know my heart: and that your success, your honour and friendship, constitute the chief comforts of my life. I must intreat you not to forget your promise to me of reading frequently *Telema- chus* and the *Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius*.

LETTER LXVI

The Baroness to Madame d'Orléans.

O, MY daughter, what an event! This unfortunate Monsieur d'Aimeri. Yet I believe his disease is not mortal: the physicians give hopes; but he has such fatal forebodings, he sustained so cruel a shock! . . . Yesterday, Monday, the day fixed for signing the articles, we all assembled at the Viscountess's: Monsieur d'Aimeri had a slight attack of the gout on Sunday. We had not finished our business above a quarter of an hour, when a servant whispered Madame de Valmont, that a person desired to speak to her on an affair of great importance. She turned pale, and desired the man might be conducted into the Viscountess's closet. She then rose, and communicated her suspicions to me. I recommended shutting herself up in the closet, and she went out directly. Monsieur d'Aimeri, having observed her trouble and agitation, was questioning me anxiously, when all at once we were alarmed by the sound of an unknown voice, crying aloud, Help, help. I attempted in vain to detain Monsieur d'Aimeri; he burst from me; the Viscountess, M. de Valmont, and myself followed him; we met a man in deep mourning, who told us, that Madame de Valmont had fallen down in dreadful convulsions. . . Monsieur d'Aimeri quickened his pace; we entered the closet; I got before him, saying, For Heaven's sake go; in the name of Friendship, I intreat you to absent yourself for a moment. . . I would have forced him, but he pushed me away, and, advancing, saw Madame de

Valmont.

Valmont in a fit by a table, on which stood a box half open... He flew towards his daughter, caught her in his arms; he raised her up. At that moment a parcel slipped from under her gown to the ground.... He made a false step, he staggered, recovered himself as he was falling; cast his eyes on the floor... Heavens! what an object struck him! the wretched man trod under his feet the hair of the unfortunate *Cecilia*.... He could not avoid knowing this dear and sacred relic.... *Madame de Valmont's* situation, the box, the stranger, all confirmed it... He shuddered, turned pale, and trembled; he seemed to receive a mortal wound!... I drew near, and hid from his eyes the melancholy object which had just renewed all his remorse. *Monsieur d'Almont* advanced at the same time, took him in his arms, and carried him into the next room. They were scarcely gone, before the *Madame de Valmont* recovered her senses. There were then in the closet only the Viscountess, *Monsieur de Valmont*, the stranger, and myself. What I have been relating, all past within three minutes. I had the precaution, on leaving the saloon, to forbid our children following us, and they remained with *Madame d'Oley*, the Ladies *de S****, and all the company whom we had invited on this occasion. In the mean time *Madame de Valmont* sighed, revived, and some tears dropped from her half closed eyes!... O, my sister, exclaimed she. Pronouncing these words, she raised herself gently; opened her eyes; saw the stranger; started; recovered her recollection; turning, she perceived me, and extended her arms towards me with transport: Oh! cried she, do you know?... My son!... the *Chevalier de Murville*? Yes, *Madam*, interrupted the stranger, addressing

himself to me, I was commissioned to present that box to this Lady, and to request her to open it immediately, as it contains Monsieur *Murville's* will, by which he appoints the Chevalier *de Kalmont* heir to all his fortune; that is to say, to seventy thousand French livres a year. As the stranger concluded his speech, Madame *de Valmont* and the Viscountess embraced me, with the most affecting expressions which the tenderest friendship could inspire. Monsieur *Kalmont*, who had hitherto appeared a more surprised than concerned spectator of what had passed, now took a true share in our joy. He wanted to run into the saloon, and to inform his son and all the company of this good news: but we convinced him, that it was necessary first to acquaint Monsieur *d'Aimeri*. The gentleman in mourning (whose name is *Arnol*, an old friend of the Chevalier *de Murville*) told us, that the will was in the hands of Monsieur * * a lawyer; and, after giving us all necessary information, he took his leave with a promise of seeing us again at seven the next morning. — We told Madame *de Valmont* the situation of Monsieur *d'Aimeri*: she went directly to him with the copy of the will. He shewed much sensibility on the occasion, but persevered in his deep and heavy sorrow. The Chevalier received this news in a manner the most delightful to *Adelaide* and to me, testifying all the delicacy of the tenderest and most passionate lover. He is truly enamoured, and for life. *Theodore* is violently in love with *Constance*; but the Chevalier's passion is as fervent and far more profound. Monsieur *d'Aimeri* did not sit down to supper and went to bed at ten o'clock. He encouraged us in regard to his health, and complained only of a little lassitude. *Adelaide* came into

into my room this morning, before I was up, in a visible agitation: she sat down on my bed-side, and I looked on her with an air of anxiety. What ails you, my child, said I, you seem to me to have been weeping? Mamma, I have a confession to make to you, which hurts me a little . . . Hurts you! . . . O how you surprize me! . . . Condescend to hear me. Yesterday in my first agitation I wrote a letter before I went to-bed, which I intended sending this morning unknown to you, lest you should disapprove it; although my tenderness for you was my only motive for writing it: but I have recollected, that we must swerve from our duty, even to do a good action I owe you an unlimited confidence; no motive can justify my concealing any important step from you: therefore I come to acknowledge that I have written to the *Chevalier de Valmont* . . . and here, Mamma, is my letter. I embraced *Adelaide*, and, taking the letter she offered, I read the following words:—
 “My heart is rent by a cruel uneasiness which I cannot help imparting to you, since one word from you will dispel it intirely. *Monsieur de Mureille’s* will makes a change in your situation, which alarms me. An inheritor of so large an estate, do you not form new schemes Will you be always satisfied with this plain and contracted apartment? . . . which was even yesterday so charming in your eyes! . . . Remember, Sir, that my mother, when she made choice of you, had a right to expect never to be parted from her daughter! with regard to me she deigned to consult, do you not think that so pleasing an expectation contributed to my ready compliance? . . . You owe the preference, with which
 L 6 “you

“ you have inspired me, to the regard my parents
“ have for you, and to the attachment which I
“ believe you have for them; in short, to my per-
“ suasion that you would be perfectly happy in the
“ midst of my family. Alas, is it possible you
“ should be capable of sacrificing such solid and
“ gentle happiness for the vain desire of possessing
“ a fine house and of displaying your magnifi-
“ cence? Can the most frivolous vanity make you
“ forget the sacred rights of friendship and grati-
“ tude? Yes, gratitude; you own it to my mo-
“ ther who loves you. She and my father adopted
“ you in their hearts, even before your conduct
“ justified their choice; and could you have the
“ inhumanity to rob them of their daughter? Could
“ you despise this habitation which has been
“ destined for you these eight years; this ha-
“ bitation, which my mother planned herself, and
“ which she pleased herself in decorating with so
“ much care and delight? Could it be true,
“ that you harbour so cruel an intent? Do not
“ conceal it from me, it is not yet too late!
“ . . . It is still my duty to prefer my mother
“ to you; and I declare that I do not hesitate.
“ Thinking otherwise, should I be worthy of the
“ sentiments you profess for me? What could you
“ expect from my heart, could I now be so un-
“ grateful as to waver between my mother and
“ you? What should I be at present but for the
“ sacrifices she made for me, and for the atten-
“ tion and care which she has bestowed on me?
“ What would become of me, was I deprived of
“ her example and advice? . . . I am indebted to
“ her for all that can insure the happiness of my
“ life. I owe to her a grateful heart, a love for
“ vir-

"virtue, those talents which please you, and the
"sentiments with which I have inspired you. O,
"if you really love me, how very dear should she
"be to you!—Promise me you will never part
"us.—Since my mother has chosen you, you
"must be virtuous and benevolent.—To what
"worthy and satisfactory purposes may you not
"dedicate these unexpected riches which Heaven
"has granted you; O, consult only your own
"heart and understanding, and you will use them
"as I wish. Once more I repeat to you, Sir, that
"a single word will re-assure me; a promise will
"annihilate all my fears, and dispel all my un-
"easiness."

ADELAÏDE.

You will easily conceive, my dear, how sensibly I have been affected by this letter. *Adelaïde*, seeing my tears flow, threw herself into my arms. O my child, said I, how happy have you made me! —not only by giving me so affecting a proof of your tenderness, but by convincing me how very dear your principles are to you, since you did not think you could send such a letter without my consent. Persevere always in this manner of thinking, and never forget that a woman may have good qualities, but never can be virtuous unless her principles are unshaken.—But never willyou permit me to send this letter?—Recollect, my dear, that (in the general opinion) you require from the *Chevalier de Valmont* a very great self-denial. To content himself with an apartment at his father-in-law's; to promise to reside there always; to have no house; no kitchen of his own; not to have it in his power to give a supper; is too much to ask of the owner of an estate of 100,000 livres a year. —He will be so much the richer, and may indulge

dulge far more rational tastes. So far from your society's being new to him, he has no connexions nor friends but your's.—Nevertheless no other young man of his age, with such a fortune, would consent to what you demand; therefore you ought not to expect it.—If he has only a common way of thinking, I shall not regret him.—You are then resolved not to marry him, unless he promises what you require?—Yes, Mamma, if you will condescend to allow me to decide.—But, if *Mons. de Retel* had had a more pleasing person, you would have married him, and yet he would not have lived with me.—You, Mamma, have taught me, that our pleasures must yield to reason and justice. *Monsieur de Retel* had no obligations to you; I could not expect a favour from him which I have a right to demand of the *Chevalier*.—The latter is certainly incapable of deceiving you, and should he refuse?—He will not deserve me, should he only hesitate.—Have you considered the ill effects of such a rupture, after the articles are signed, and even after an engagement still more binding; the preference you have avowed?—I feel all the force of that engagement; and that it binds me never to marry another; but, if he obliges me to give him up, I shall be wholly your's; my life will be devoted to you.—O do not doubt it; I desire no better lot!—*Adelaide* could not refrain from tears as she uttered these words. I strove again to persuade and divert her from her design; but she interrupted me, and besought me so earnestly to permit her to send the letter, that I could not resist her intreaties.—It was not without some inquietude that she waited for the answer. At length 10 o'clock struck, and they brought

brought her a letter, which she received with a trembling hand——She gave it to me, and I opened a note which contained the following words:

“Whol me! I separate you from so beloved a mother and so worthy of your affection! O Madam, since she condescended to chuse me, ought not you to esteem me at least!——You, who are unacquainted with love, cannot conceive the extent of its dominion!——But who is more sensible of the sacred rights of gratitude and of friendship? It is at the feet of Madame d’Almane. (Alas! I have not as yet a right to prostrate myself at your’s.) It is at the feet of the best of mothers that I will renew an oath so dear to my heart and which, I hope, will restore my happiness, which your unjust suspicions have disturbed, by dispelling all your fears.”

Adelaide did not conceal from me the joy this note gave her. We went down together to *Monfr. d’Almane*, and shewed him the *Chevalier’s* answer. At this first moment *Adelaide* shewed a sensibility which she had never before discovered; and *Theodore* left us abruptly in the midst of our conversation, saying he would go seek his friend, and assure him that *Adelaide* was no longer unjust. *Adelaide* ran after her brother to prevent his going out; but I believe she did not employ all her strength to stop him. *Theodore* returned in an hour, and told us that *Monfr. d’Aimeri* suffered prodigiously with the gout, and that he had also a fever. *Monfr. d’Almane* and I went directly to see him. His Physician and Surgeon did not seem to think him in a very dangerous way; but he is so violently affected with what happened yesterday; he is so struck with the idea that Heaven denies him the consolation of
seeing

seeing his grandson married before his death; that he believes his illness mortal. He confessed and received all the Sacraments at noon. The Chevalier de Valmont is absolutely in despair. He is tenderly attached to his grandfather; and it will delay (supposing the best) his marriage and Theodore's at least three weeks;—my son, you may believe, shares his sorrow. Mons. d'Almane and Theodore have been all the evening with Mons. d'Aimeri. Adelaide and I supped alone; the pleasure of talking together kept us up till midnight. I can, said she, at present have no doubt of the sincerity of the Chevalier's affection; but will these sentiments last for ever?—You are not speaking of love I suppose, you know that is a passion which can never last.—His love will be over perhaps in a year; it certainly will not continue three. But, if you behave well, he will never feel a passion for any other, and you will be the object of his tenderest affection. If you know how to inspire this unalterable attachment, you will enjoy all the felicity this world can afford. You will obtain the only influence you ought to desire; the influence which we acquire by our conduct and virtue; you will never feel that you have a master; the sacred title of mother will not be a vain one to you; you will be consulted in the establishment of your children; you will preside over their education, and you alone will marry your daughters; you will become the friend and confidant of your husband; you will preserve him from the errors of youth; you will strengthen his principles, and increase his love for virtue; you will have part in all the respect he merits; for you can only share his glory and his success by obtaining his affection and making him happy. You will be ranked
highly

highly in the most distinguished societies; in short your talents, your understanding and beauty, will add to the lustre of the example of your virtue, and render it more alluring. But virtue alone will not suffice for the attainment of such felicity; reason and prudence must direct and regulate all your actions, and you must form to yourself a fixed plan of conduct. For example, you should from this minute consider of a manner of behaviour to your husband from the first. Shew him only those sentiments which will always last. If you should be too fond at first, you will hereafter appear cool. By shewing much love, you will increase for a time that which you inspire. For some months you will be more ardently beloved; but it will be in a less solid and durable manner. Love is not a sentiment made for you, yet your heart is so tender, that you should perpetually strive to moderate your extreme sensibility; and if it should be sometimes too lively, know at least how to dissemble the excess of it. To pretend to sentiments which we do not feel is falsehood; not to disclose all we feel is prudence. Express only confidence and friendship; but be sure never to exact the cares and attentions of a lover; receive them with politeness and pleasure, but at the same time never expect them; and appear more affected by a mark of esteem, than by a proof of love. Finally, convince your husband that his presence is at all times most agreeable to you. The surest and only means of keeping him near you is to receive him always with equal pleasure. This is a duty, replied *Adelaide*, I shall certainly find no difficulty in fulfilling. Besides the care of my own reputation would of itself be a sufficient inducement. Calumny can
never

never fix her invenomed tooth in a woman who, so far from flying or avoiding her husband, wishes to have him a witness to all her actions, and the presence of the least amiable husband cannot be a restriction, provided she is totally exempt from coquetry. You are in the right, answered I, but few people have elevation and sense enough to think as you do. A young woman, who has never thought in her life, desires only two things in marrying: to attract attention and to go by herself, that is, without her husband or mother-in-law; and the former is generally reckoned the most offensive and tiresome of *Chaperons*. If by chance a husband takes it into his head to be fond of his wife, and chuses to sup frequently with her; she never fails complaining in secret of such tyranny. The bosom of friendship receives her groans; the friends declaim against the insupportable man, who is presently described as a jealous tyrant and a monster. All the young men speak of him with derision, and turn him into ridicule. Every one is in league against him; they all wish to be able to banish him from society; and the whole world deplores the hapless lot of his victim. It is true, that this woman, so interesting in the eyes of such a number of simpletons, loses at once her peace of mind, her happiness, her reputation, and the esteem of all sensible persons.—Nevertheless, Mamma, returned *Adeleide*, the jealousy of their husbands is a real torment to many virtuous women.—True, my dear; neither do I speak but in general; I always admit exceptions in every thing; but in this particular, which allows of none, namely, that a virtuous woman should never betray any suspicion of the jealousy of her husband; and, if she avoids every temptation that

that could give it birth, if she conceals it carefully, she will certainly cure him, without the world perceiving it.—But how is a man to avoid the imputation of jealousy, if the young men accuse him of it, merely because he is always seen with his wife? That is what never happens; let a beloved husband be ever so attentive, he will not be accused of jealousy. You know the Baron *de T**** and *Monf. D*****; they and their wives are inseparable. Has it ever been said, that they are jealous? Yet the Baroness and Madame *D***** are amiable, young, and handsome; but they are as much distinguished for their conduct as for accomplishments; and they do not think a husband's presence can be any trouble or constraint. . . . In this part of our conversation I heard the clock strike 12, and I sent *Adelaide* to bed, with a promise to renew the discourse to-morrow. Adieu, my dear daughter; it is three in the morning; but I would not go to bed till I had written all these particulars, since the Courier sets out to-morrow. I know the share you take in my conversations with *Adelaide*; and, as a mother and a friend, I assure you I relate them faithfully, and I believe without changing a word. You know the tenaciousness of my memory; so you may believe in truth, that it is as if you were by and listened; for you know exactly all we say. Finally, the sole idea that *Diana* and *Seraphina* will one day read all these letters would give me all that minute exactness which you so earnestly recommend. Farewell, my dear child! I shall continue my journal to-morrow, and go on with it until *Monf. d'Aimeri's* recovery.

The Count *de Roseville* has engaged to send your stuffs by a safe and speedy conveyance. He break-

fasts

fasts with me almost every day, not only to see me, but to talk of you for hours together. Judge how agreeable his company is to me! Besides, he is truly interesting, by his wit, his way of thinking, and that extreme simplicity which is his characteristic. No man surely can have more knowledge and merit and be less assuming. Our friend *Bryere* very justly observes, "It is profound ignorance which inspires one with a dogmatical manner. He who knows scarcely any thing thinks to teach others what he himself has but just learned. He who knows a great deal thinks it hardly possible for any one to be ignorant of what he says, and therefore speaks with more simplicity."

LETTER LXVII.

The Barones to Madame de Ossalis.

Wednesday.

M. *d'Aimeri* is still nearly in the same state, yet they say he has less fever; but I find him more dejected, more depressed, than he was yesterday. He has been shut up for an hour to-night with two notaries: in short, he takes all the precautions of a man who thinks himself at the last extremity. At the same time I observed a change in him to-day which struck me; it appeared to me, as if he wished to flatter himself, or rather to deceive us, in regard to his health. He told me to-day, for example, that he had slept pretty well last night, which is not true. He added, that he was in less pain than yesterday; he no longer talks of his fatal presages; his heart appears quite hardened;

dened; and he shews an insensibility which even extends to his grandson. I believe that his remorse, and his apprehensions, naturally violent at this time, give him up to the most cruel terrors; to such dreadful ideas that he can only think of himself. Nothing makes us so selfish as being in imminent danger; and how dreadful is that which looks him in the face! His tortured soul seems excluded from all hopes; he is inaccessible to the soft sentiments of friendship and to all kind of consolation. I spent three hours with him: I observed also, that he could not without extreme pain hear the *Chevalier de Murville's* will mentioned; but unfortunately *Monf. de Valmont* has not yet exhausted that subject of conversation, and it is absolutely impossible to make him understand, that it displeases *Monf. d'Aimeri*. He answers, that certainly his father-in-law must be delighted at *Charles's* having an estate of an hundred thousand livres a year; and of course he talks of nothing else; and still keeps praising *this good Chevalier de Murville*, whom he knew formerly only a poor Gentleman of Picardy, but whose person deserved to have made his fortune; for he was as handsome as an Angel. You know *Monf. de Valmont*; therefore can both hear him and see him. If, in the midst of this prating, any one makes a sign to him in order to silence him, he never fails asking aloud what they mean. He afflicts all *Monf. d'Aimeri's* nurses, except the Viscountess, whose attention is sure to be fixed by talking of the *Chevalier de Murville*; and I have even surprised her several times questioning *Monf. de Valmont* softly on this subject, in order to know what kind of man the *Chevalier de Murville* was in his youth.

Theodore

Theodore conducts himself in a most delightful manner: instead of dining and supping at home with the Viscountess and *Constantia*, he stays with his friend, and never quits him but for one half hour in the day to come and see us just before dinner. He certainly cannot make a greater sacrifice to friendship. The Chevalier *de Valmont* is still more unhappy; for, since the day before yesterday, he has never seen *Adelaide*, who receives from him every day a most beautiful nosegay and a charming basket of flowers for *Hermione*.

To-night before supper, according to my promise, *Adelaide* and I resumed the conversation of yesterday. She questioned me very particularly on the Chevalier *de Valmont*'s disposition. I am certain, answered I, that he has all the essential virtues, and that he has excellent principles; yet I will not assure you, that he is without faults. He is naturally inclined to melancholy, and it is very possible he may sometimes be out of humour. He will certainly love you passionately the first year of your marriage. Take advantage of this temporary, though boundless, empire, which love will give you over him, to acquire the right of speaking freely to him of his faults; which should always be with a tone of interest and tender affection. At the same time ask advice of him; and, if you wish him to receive your counsels, appear desirous of his. What an interest have you in correcting all his defects, and in forming his temper and mind as much as possible! Reflect, that his virtues will be your happiness; that your fortune, the establishment of your children, your consequence, your glory, will depend upon his conduct; in short, that if you render him

him better, he will become more dear to you, and you will attach him to you by the most lasting affections, esteem and gratitude. Engage him to cultivate his mind; to be always employed; and, above all, to make a good use of his fortune. Convince him, that every action of benevolence will make him dearer to you. What lover will not be desirous of distinguishing himself, and of acquiring glory; when his virtues give pride to the object beloved? But it is a virtuous woman alone that can inspire this noble enthusiasm. If you are not yourself truly estimable in all particulars, your husband will set no great value on your esteem. To deserve all his regard, be exactly that you are now; and, above all, preserve that sincere piety which distinguishes you: it will secure your happiness, it will defend you from all the strokes of calumny, and it will certainly preserve your husband from injurious suspicions of jealousy. So it is necessary, from the first year of your marriage, that your husband should be acquainted with your principles and your virtues; it is necessary for you to employ yourself in studying his disposition, and to accustom him to gently hear you tell him the truth. . . . It is very essential also, that I endeavour to gain his confidence. . . . You have a very easy method of doing that; give him your's, and he will not refuse you his. When we are well disposed, we have at the bottom of our hearts a natural equity, which, without the assistance of reflection, will make us feel and partake all the reasonable sentiments we inspire. If you would be loved, avoid artifice; it subdues sometimes, but never attaches. Love in good earnest, and you will be beloved. One attracts,

tracts, one obtains confidence, in the same manner as friendship. If you have discovered to me your prudence and discretion, and if you are desirous of reading my heart, trust me with your most important secrets, and mine will escape me. Besides, my dear *Adelaide*, the knowledge you have gives you a right to your husband's confidence in all things. Though he should have the most perfect esteem for you, if you did not understand business, he could not converse with you about it. But *Monsi. Leblanc's* instructions have made you capable of discoursing sensibly on all kinds of affairs. To preserve the confidence he will grant you, never boast of it; if he should think you wanted to persuade people that he consulted you in every thing, he would not easily pardon this trifling vanity, as his pride would be hurt; and, even exclusively of this reason, if he knew that you imagined he concealed nothing from you, prudence alone would set bounds to his confidence.—I once knew the friend of a Minister of State, whose vanity of this kind rendered him very ridiculous. He was every moment telling people how great a confidence was reposed in him; and it was impossible for him to talk in that manner without his being guilty of many indiscretions; therefore such a person is the most dangerous confidant a Courtier could rely upon. A little political secret might easily have escaped him without his perceiving it; and a mysterious and cunning look, or even an affectation of silence, would be sufficient to make a discovery. I remember, once my father-in-law solicited a favour of great importance; the Minister's friend came to acquaint him privately, that
his

his request was granted. This attention did not arise from friendship, but was merely an indiscretion occasioned by vanity.—He only wanted to shew, that he was the first who knew it; and that he had heard it, even before the person most interested in it. This was a conduct well calculated to expose the Minister, who had so injudiciously placed his confidence. As to you, never think of gaining any one's confidence, except your husband's.—All the world will imagine you possess it; and this opinion will neither hurt his consequence nor his fortune; which far from being established by your indiscretion, will be founded on your merits and your virtue.

I have still one thing more to advise you about, my dear *Adelaide*. You have an unalterable sweetness and gentleness of disposition; but yet you must not flatter yourself, that you will have no disputes with your husband. In all the little arguments you may have together, I recommend you always to wear an air and tone of respect; and at the same time never to suffer from him any expression that can wound your delicacy, without appearing much concerned at it. In short, in all situations, the more regard you shew him, the more he will shew for you.

After this conversation, I went and fetched your letters, and read to *Adelaide*, that, which you wrote me some years ago on the subject of the attachment *Monf. d'Ostalis* had conceived for the Countess *Annette*. During my reading it, *Adelaide* was in an agitation, at the same time affecting and comical. Her anger against *Monf. d'Ostalis* at least equalled her admiration of you; and I am not yet certain, whether she has not still a

little rancour at the bottom of her heart against *Monf. d'Ostalis*. But she was much struck with the prudence of your conduct; and she said with a deep sigh, I promise you, Mamma, to follow so good an example, if ever I should be in a similar situation.

Thursday Evening.

MONS. *d'Aimeri* is much worse. I am just returned from him, overwhelmed with grief, tenderness, and compassion. About six in the evening, he became confused in his head; and insensibly grew delirious to the most frightful degree. Every moment he called out, *Cecilia*; this name, from his lips, made me tremble! . . . At other times, he cried with a voice half choaked, and in the most piercing accents, take away that hair, take it away from me . . . He thought he saw it on his bed; he shook the bed-cloaths with all his strength; and turned his head away with grief and terror painted most forcibly in his eyes . . . At seven o'clock, he grew calmer; he recovered his senses, and demanded a Confessor; and we all left the chamber. In about half an hour he sent for me; I found him so moved, so softened, that he could not speak. I seated myself near his bed, and, after a moment's silence, he wiped his eyes, and said, I am going to tell you a thing which gives me great consolation . . . You know, Madam, that *Monf. . .* the Notary, has in his hands twenty thousand crowns, which belong to my grandson. The first day of my illness *Charles* took ten thousand livres upon this

this sum, with which he has delivered thirty prisoners, detained at *Fort l'Evêque*, till they had paid the expences of their nurses. He has not only carefully avoided boasting of this action, but he has taken great precaution not to let it be known, that he was the author of it. However chance discovered it this day to the Abbè *Moreau*, who has just informed me of it. This is not all, said Mons. *d'Aimeri*; he has employed my steward to purchase a piece of ground, which joins to our little Charity School. He means to build a house, which may hold ten girls; and he charges himself with the whole expence of this second school, which will be established on the plan of the other. How happy ought you to think yourself, interrupted I! the *Chevalier de Valmont* is your own work; he is indebted to you for all his virtues, as he owes his education wholly to you! . . . At these words, Mons. *d'Aimeri* raised his eyes to Heaven; fetching a deep sigh.—Do me the favour, Madam, said he, to fetch Mons. *d'Almans*, Monsieur and Madame *de Valmont*, and my grandson, and return with them. I went out immediately. When I came into the saloon, every body surrounded me to enquire after Mons. *d'Aimeri*.—I was so much affected, I could not speak; and besides, at that moment I saw nobody but the *Chevalier de Valmont*; I ran to him, and embraced him with the affection of a real mother. . . . I afterwards acquitted myself of my commission, and we returned to Mons. *d'Aimeri*. As soon as he saw his grandson, he held out his arms with the most affecting tenderness. The *Chevalier* flew to him, and Mons. *d'Aimeri* pressed him to his bosom. Oh, *Charles*, said he, you

have established peace and tranquillity in my soul... Yes, Heaven will pardon me on account of your virtues? . . . Think, my dear child, that every good action of your life will be an expiation of my crimes. . . . The Chevalier could only answer by sobs and tears;—and *Monf. d' Aimeri* was so much affected, that finding his strength failed him, he made a sign for us to lead his grandson into the next room.— Before I left him, I asked the Physician's opinion, who did not seem to be intirely without hope. You may easily imagine, how much *Adelaide* has been delighted by these particulars . . . The school for girls has above all given her infinite pleasure. She flatters herself, that love has had a great share in inducing the Chevalier to perform this noble action; and this is a motive, which does not lessen the merit of it in her eyes. Adieu, my dear child; as the post goes to-morrow, I must finish this letter; but be assured the journal shall be exactly continued till the wedding-day.

LETTER LXVIII.

The same to the same.

Friday.

THIS unfortunate *Monf. d' Aimeri*! . . . Alas! his forebodings were but too just! Heaven has not permitted him the happiness of conducting his grandson to the altar. He retained his senses to the last; and died this morning at six, after having insisted on *Monf. de Valmont* and *Monf. d' Alman* giving their words of honour, that the weddings should be cele-

celebrated the 18th: that is to say, in four days. The Chevalier is in a pitiable condition. He was here this evening for the first time, since the articles were signed. His interview with *Adelaide* was truly affecting: he enjoyed the purest of all consolation; that of seeing the object of his love a sharer in his sorrow. He has seen *Adelaide* weep, and her tears fell for him.

In conformity to the last request of *M. d'Aimeri*, the weddings are fixed for next Tuesday at nine in the morning; there is to be no parade; and we go from the Church to *Saint **** on Tuesday the 18th of April; what a day for me! what an epoch in my life!

Saturday, 15.

THE Viscountess has discovered a secret concerning *Theodore*, of which I was intirely ignorant. The day after his arrival, the Countess *Anatolle* sent him a letter, which contained a full acknowledgment of her sentiments, and an offer of her hand. She added, that his success and behaviour during the campaign had completed the discovery of a passion to her, which she had long endeavoured to suppress, &c. A person must have a weak head, and very little greatness of soul, to make such advances to a man of nineteen and a half. It is true, she had not thought of the possibility of a refusal; our engagements with *Monf. de Limours* were unknown to her, she has a vast fortune, is only twenty-one, and perfectly beautiful. Not doubting her success, she trusted the secret to a friend,

who told it to another, and from friend to friend it reached the Viscountess; who related all these particulars to me this morning. *Mons. d'Almane* tells me, that *Theodore* had no certainty of marrying *Constantia*, when he received the Countess's letter. Yet, as you will easily believe, he did not hesitate, but sent immediately an answer full of respect and acknowledgments, but declared that his heart was engaged. The Viscountess, in order to raise *Theodore* in *Constantia*'s eyes, told her all this History, which I highly disapproved.—She is naturally inclined to jealousy. She must meet the Countess *Anatole* frequently at her relations, and in public company, and she will never see her undisturbed. I received a letter from *Porphyry* yesterday, which announces his long expected return. He has spent near a year with *Madame de Lagaraye*. This conduct adds greatly to the esteem and friendship I already felt for him. He informs me, that the sole reason of his coming is to enjoy for a moment the sight of my happiness; and that he shall then return to Anjou, to the widow of his benefactor, whose affairs are not absolutely settled. Good night my dear. Still two days to Tuesday.

Sunday, 16.

WHAT a delightful morning has this been to me! Although I did not go to bed till two, I was up again at seven; for how is it possible to sleep an instant, when the most interesting day of my life is so near! . . . I have been breakfasting with M.
d'Almane

d'Almane and my children. *Adelaide* was seated between us, and *Theodore* kneeled on a stool before us. He talked to us with as much affection as animation, of the excess of his happiness, and of his gratitude to us. You unite me to her I love, said he; every wish of my heart will after to-morrow be gratified. *Constantia* will have pledged her faith to me; I shall call my beloved friend by the dear name of *Brother*. Within three days *Constantia* and *Charles* will be your children; they will be there!—We shall never breakfast without them—*Adelaide* and *Constantia* will be placed between my parents; *Charles* and I shall be at their feet. During this discourse, *Adelaide*, reclining gently on my shoulder, with her eyes full of tears, looked tenderly on her brother, and from time to time pressed one of my hands, which she held in her's—*Theodore* left us at nine to go to *Madame de Valmont*; and *Adelaide* retired to write some letters:—only *Mons. d'Almane* and I remained; and the pleasure of talking of our children kept us together till dinner. We not only were transported with our present prosperity, but we enjoyed all the felicity which we discovered in future days. I see you returned to Paris; and your children and mine educated in the same principles, forming but one family, too numerous, too united not to constitute a society in themselves. Their virtues, their affection, and their behaviour making the happiness of our lives! Such delightful hopes cannot be chimerical: we have a right to expect what we have deserved to see realised. You have no idea of the joy which fills this house; *Adelaide* and *Theodore* are adored, and they now receive the most affecting testimonies of affection from all the servants. But there are two persons who partake

almost all the sentiments which I feel; *d'Airville* and Miss *Bridget*. He has already made ten allegorical pictures upon the marriages of *Theodore* and *Adelaide*. Besides he shews his satisfaction by an excess of gaiety, which makes him appear mad. As for Miss *Bridget*, she is much more deeply affected: she says, she is charmed; in effect she can neither speak nor weep. She was never very explicit; but now, she cannot even return the compliments made her on *Adelaide's* nuptials; she can only bow her head, and repeat, that she is charmed. *Theodore* presented *d'Airville* this morning with an annuity of 1500 livres, and *Adelaide* did the like for her dear Miss *Bridget*. For the rest, these two persons, who have been of such great use to me in the education of my children, will end their lives with me; they will remain in the same rooms which they now occupy; and they both look forward to the time, when they can devote their talents to the education of my grand-children. My grand-children! — In a year most probably I shall be a grandmother! Oh how I shall doat on the children of *Adelaide*, and on *Theodore's*! How extremely dear will the daughter of *Adelaide* be to me! To me who can never hear her call *Hermione* my child without emotion.

The Chevalier de Herbain to the same.

Monday, 17.

I AM commissioned, Madam, to continue the journal; and I must send it to the Count de *Rosville* before nine o'clock this evening. Madame d'*Al-*

mane,

man, surrounded by fifteen people, who will not leave her till midnight, will not be able to write till after supper; therefore, I hope you will excuse my being the relator this day: but without partiality you will lose nothing; for, in reality, I am the only person in the house who is at leisure to write, joy and happiness have turned all their heads. The business of the day is the acceptance of the wedding-basket sent by the Chevalier de Valmont. First of all you must know, if you have not already some idea of it, that Mademoiselle d'Almane has declared she will neither accept of diamonds nor trinkets; in fact, the gifts of Madame d'Almane and the presents from uncles and aunts would have been sufficient to gratify the wishes of a much less sensible and moderate young person, than our charming Adelaïde. At five o'clock the arrival of the basket was announced, which made us eager to have a peep at it. Madame d'Oley, with whom I am a favourite, whispered me, that she had not been consulted, and she was sure, it would be in a frightful taste. She went into Mademoiselle d'Almane's closet, where we saw the basket, and it really was rather a mean-looking one. Madame d'Oley put on a scornful look; I winked at her, and opened the basket; being a nice observer, she presently judged the contents (military) were not worth 4000 livres. Judge, Madam, of her indignation: while she was attacking her sister and nephew with the most ill-natured pleasantry, Madame de Limours finished emptying the basket, and discovered a very pretty pocket-book at the bottom, on which was written *Hermione's* name. Little *Hermione* came running to us quite delighted: Madame de Limours gave the pocket-book to Mademoiselle d'Almane, who opening it,

found written on a piece of paper, with something inclosed therein, *A wedding gift from Madame de Valmont to her daughter.* *Adelaide* blushed and looked at her mother, who, on opening the paper, found it inclosed a settlement of 4000 livres a year on *Hermione* during her life. Madame *d'Almane*, and Madame *de Limours* embraced the Chevalier *de Valmont*. Madame *d'Olc* in a cold constrained manner exclaimed, *that is delightful!* and Mademoiselle *d'Almane* with a most enchanting grace took *Hermione* by the hand, and said, you may accept of this present, my dear girl, for to-morrow he will be your father. Then leading *Hermione* to him, told her to embrace him, and he returned it with the greatest transports, holding her for some time in his arms. All this while *Theodore*, from whom no secrets are hid, being impatient that all the treasures of the basket should be discovered, lifted up a kind of pocket which contained a bit of pasteboard. —Here is a plan, said he, for a charity-school for ten young girls; it is you, sister, who are to be the foundress, and for whom this is intended, as what was supposed would be the most agreeable to you. Here Madame *d'Olc* cried out again, *delightful, delightful!* Because she is all politeness; but I am very sure she thought that a basket made by Miss *Bertin*, would have been much more desirable than this. You will allow, Madam, that such wedding-gifts as these are still more honourable to those that receive, than to those that give them. For my part, what I almost as much admired, was, that out of sixty persons, who have been here to pay their compliments to Madame *d'Almane* for the last two hours, there is not one knows the contents of the basket. It is true, Madame *de Limours* went home,

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home, or she alone would have made it public; for Monsieur and Madame *d'Almane* never speak of what passes in the family to those whom it does not concern. Besides, in this house, great, delicate, and virtuous actions are not remarked; they give satisfaction and pleasure, but never that extreme surprise which makes them esteemed miraculous, and worthy of being the common talk of the week: as a proof, after having examined the basket, we left the closet; and though there was none but the family, Madame *d'Almane* changed the conversation, and no more was said of the basket. There is in this simplicity of acting something so sublime, that it demands from the bottom of the soul the utmost of our admiration.

Porphyry is just arrived in time to compose the nuptial songs. I am writing, Madam, in a closet adjoining the saloon, and am interrupted every minute by one or other with some message for you: among others, there is *Porphyry*, who complains of your silence; and Madame *de Puisigny*, the widow of a relation of Madame *de Valmont*, who spent some time with you in Champagne, at your mother-in-law's. This Madame *de Puisigny* is one of the most agreeable persons I ever met with: she is lively and easy, without being capricious: she argues without severity, and contradicts without displeasing; she has read and seen a great deal, and her conversation is as instructive as it is entertaining: in short, the goodness of her heart keeps pace with her wit and agreeable manner, and must be productive of the most lasting and solid friendship. It gives me pain that you were only eighteen years old when you last met her, as I am afraid you will not recollect her, particularly

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particularly as her age would make you feel so much respect for her; that you could not form an exact estimation of her worth. Adieu, Madam; accept with your usual goodness, my professions of that real attachment for you, which I have vowed for life. The only person in the world, who can possibly love you better, insists upon my pen, and I cannot refuse it.

Oh! my daughter! my dear daughter! to-morrow is the day! It must be within twelve hours!... Consider the agitation and confusion I am in!... I can write no more; my hand trembles so, and my heart is so full! Adieu, my child!... I am happy—and I love you *beyond expression*.

LETTER LXIX.

The Baroneſs to Madame d'Oſalis.

Saint

Tuesday April 18.

SHE is married!... O God, grant that it may be for her happiness!... that hope alone directed me. Neither interest nor ambition determined my choice: I may therefore be allowed to expect from this union all the joy of my life.

You will credit me, that I never closed my eyes this night: No sooner did I behold the first dawn of day, than I rung. I rose hastily, and was going down to Monsieur d'Almane, when my daughter came into my room: she threw herself into my arms; afterwards she fell at my feet, bathed in tears, and eagerly embracing my knees!... Oh,

Mamma,

ON EDUCATION.

Mamma! exclaimed she, you are going to give me a new master; but in delegating to him those sacred rites which you have over your daughter, promise me at least to preserve and exert them yourself in their full extent. On my part I vow you the same submissive obedience I have ever paid you. The first and dearest wish of my heart is, to take you for my model, to copy you, if it be possible; to observe all your advice, to devote my love to you. I am sensible, that all your happiness depends on my conduct. Ah! I will justify your expectations! . . . Did I not respect my duties, I would fulfil them, to insure your felicity; I would fulfil them for your sake, who was to me in the place of a Governess and an instructress; who was my dear benefactress, my tender mother! . . . At these words she raised her arms towards me; and looked at me with those melting eyes, which so justly describe the tenderness and purity of her soul! . . . I raised her up, and embraced her a thousand times. I could not speak, but she saw into my heart.

In about half an hour Monsieur *d'Almane* and *Theodore* came to seek us. My son, already dressed, hastened us to our toilets. Mine did not take long. I would myself dress *Adelaide*. What a pleasure I felt in decorating her; in placing in her head that little sprig of orange flowers! in putting on her nuptial robe! . . . *Adelaide*, who is commonly only pretty, was beautiful to-day. A soft melancholy was spread over her features, and added to the beauty and nobleness of her figure, made her modesty more affecting.

A consecrated nosegay, always worn by Brides.

I shall

I shall not pretend to describe what I felt in conducting her to church; in seeing her at the altar! You will one day marry a daughter, and you will then know all, that passed in my heart As soon as the ceremony was over, we all set out for *Saint ***; where I shall remain all the Summer and Autumn; my son-in-law, or rather my second son, and *Theodore*, will stay till the time of the Summer campaign; that is to say till the month of June. The poor Viscountess is obliged to leave us to-morrow, in order to return to her attendance on *Madame de Valcé*, who cannot live a week longer. It is settled, that *Theodore* and *Constantia* shall only reside four years with *Monsieur d'Almane*; and then they are to take possession of an apartment, which is allotted them in the house which the Viscountess is building. It is but just, that he should enjoy the company of the only child that is left him, and for whom he has for these last two years conceived the most tender affection. In four years *Theodore* will be twenty-four; he may then quit the paternal dwelling without danger: besides, the Viscountess's house will be so near this, that this separation cannot be felt.

I am now, my dear child, going to give you a description of the wedding present I made my children. I took *Adelaide* and *Theodore* into my closet; and fetching from my bureau two copies of a Work in three thick volumes: This, said I, my children, is all I have left to give you. It is written for you; and intitled, *LETTERS ON EDUCATION* . . . You will find in them a faithful picture of the manners and fashions of the world. In this sketch of human life, I wished to point out to you the road which leads to happiness; to mark the

the rocks you should avoid, the crosses and errors from which you should preserve yourselves. This undertaking required courage! . . . I knew it; nor was I ignorant of the numberless dangers to which we expose ourselves by attacking without reserve vice and folly! . . . But neither fear, nor any other consideration could stop me when I was writing for you. I had no difficulty, or even any merit in speaking the truth: my wishes were to enlighten you. It was labouring for your happiness and my own. I am still young enough to flatter myself with the hopes of superintending the education of your children: but if death should rob you of your mother, you will find in these books all the advice she could have given you. This book is adapted to youth, not to childhood: it reveals all the secrets of education. If you adopt my method, do not give it your children before their wedding-day. In fine, you alone can judge, and prove to others, if my system really deserves to be preferred. If you never swerve from your duties, if you preserve your principles untainted, if you are always virtuous and benevolent; if your knowledge and your talents daily procure you new pleasures; in short, if you find an inexhaustible spring of happiness in the constant pursuit of benevolence, and the practice of every virtue . . . then my plan is a good one; my system is not chimerical; and my work is no romance. O, my dear children! I do not doubt but you will prove the utility of this work;—when your characters and your hearts are known, the method I have followed will be applauded.

F I N I S.



*Course of Reading pursued by ADELAIDE, from
the Age of six Years, to Twenty-two.*

ADELAIDE could read perfectly well at *six* years old; but then she only read by way of lesson, and did not understand what it was about. And though by that time she knew the History of the Bible, she learned it solely, by means of the Magic Lantern. She had also some notion of Geography, which she learned by means of Perspective Glasses; and she had seen Pekin, Canton, Moscow, Kola, &c. a thousand times. She not only knew the Capitals, but the principal rivers, and other things worth notice; which she learnt in the same manner, by amusing herself with *Madame d'Almane* and *Miss Bridget*, in looking through the Perspective Glass. She spoke French and English equally well. Such were *Adelaide's* improvements, when she arrived in Languedoc. Although she appeared to have both penetration and sense at that age, yet *Madame d'Almane* did not think it would be any advantage to her to read those little Tales, which are composed for children in their infancy. She thought it better to give her six months preparation for reading them, by teaching her to read little true stories still better adapted to her capacity, but which were not worthy the notice of the publick. *Madame d'Almane* had five or six sets of these little works printed; but took care to conceal her being the author. When she arrived in Languedoc, she waited for a proper opportunity to produce them! for she would not give them to her daughter,

ter, but at the time when they might be useful. *Adelaide* was very impatient to read to herself; and her eagerness was increased by desiring to satisfy it;—however, one day, that she had been contradicting her brother, there came a pedlar to the Castle with books, one of which she was permitted to choose; she did not fail to take the only one which was bound; indeed it was in Red Morocco, with a gilt edge; when she had purchased it, she found it was called, *The History of Cephisa*, a charming little girl, very mild and obedient, who never contradicted her brother in her life. She read this history with great delight; and that very evening *Adelaide* asked her brother's pardon, and assured him she would never more behave ill to him. A week after came another pedlar, and brought another book, which was a new lesson*. In short, in six months *Adelaide* had read, and got by heart, all the little neatly bound books, in which were *Madame d'Almane's* histories.

At seven years old she had read *The Bible*, *The Conversation of Emilius*, and *Les Hochets Moraux*, by *Mons. Monget*; which are pleasing Tales in verse, dedicated to *Mademoiselles d'Orleans* and

* *Madame d'Almane* made use of, more than once, this indirect method of giving instruction. When *Adelaide* left *Langue-doc* to return to Paris, she was ten years old, and during that Winter she used every morning at breakfast to read aloud the *Paris Gazette*. During this Winter, she read near sixty false sheets, which her mother had caused to be printed expressly for her, and substituted instead of the real news-papers; *Adelaide* and *Thodore* read all these with inexpressible delight. They contained pleasing histories; proofs of great courage, benevolence; filial affection, &c. &c. and many other similar lessons, which were thought necessary for the particular occasion.

de Chartres; these *Adelaide* got by heart*. At seven years and half she read Plays and Dialogues for children, written by Madame de la Fite, a work in two volumes, equally valuable and interesting, as well for the use it is of to children, as by the wit and graces with which it abounds. At eight years old she read the seven volumes des *Annales de la Vertu*; *La Géographie comparée*, by Monsi. Mentelle, and a Treatise on Heraldry. By this time *Adelaide* began to write a large hand pretty well, and instead of giving her one single sentence for a copy, she had a different page every day. The first she began with, was *le Catéchisme Historique*, which lasted her six months; and the next six months, she wrote *l'Abregé de la Géographie*, by Monsi. le Ragois.

At nine years old she wrote *l'Abregé de l'Histoire Poétique*, and *l'Instruction sur les Métamorphoses d'Ovide*, also by Ragois; which lasted her till she was ten, when she read, and acted, five Comedies of the *Theatre d'Education*: *Agar dans le Désert*; *les Flacons*; *la Colombe*; *l'Enfant Gâté* and *l'Aveugle de Spa*. To these were added *Eléments de Poésie Francoise*, three Volumes in Twelves, and *Robinson Crusoe*. By this time her lessons for writing, were an Abridgment of The Beauties of History, as she then began to write English, which before she could only speak. When she had written her English copy, we made her read it in order to pronounce it properly; and this taught her to read English; so that one lesson contained three, Writing, History, and the English Language.

At eleven years old she wrote over again all

* Les Hochets Moraux are to be had at Lambert's and Baudouin's rue de la Harpe.

those books, which we have just mentioned; and she knew by heart the *Annales de la Vertu*—so much the better, for having seen in the tapestries and magic lanterns the most remarkable incidents in History. She also read at this age, Rollin's Ancient History, The Imitation of Jesus Christ, The Father's Instructions to his Children; and *le Theatre de Campistrion*.

At twelve years old she received the Sacrament; she read *les Quatre fins de l'Homme*, by Monsieur Nicole; an excellent book, which, read in early youth, makes an impression not to be effaced. Echard's Roman History; *le Theatre de la Grange-Chancel*; and Macaulay's History of England.

At thirteen she read the Princess of Cleves, Zaide, Cleveland, the Dean of Coleraine, Anecdotes of the Court of Philip Augustus, the rest of the *Theatre d'Education*; a book on Mythology, by Madame d'Almane, and the Travels of Cyrus: and in the course of this year she wrote for her copies, a Collection of Poems taken from different authors; such as Bertaut, Godeau, Pavillon, Desmabris, &c. At fourteen she read Tremblay's Instructions from a Father to his Children; a good book, which contains a course of instruction well written upon all subjects; The History of France, by Velly, &c.; *le Theatre de Boissy*; *le Theatre de Marivaux*; *le Spectacle de la Nature*, by Monsi. Pluche; *Histoire des Insectes*, in two vols. and Lady M. W. Montague's Letters. Adelaide began at this time to read Italian, which she already spoke very well, and set out with the translation of the Peruvian Letters, and *les Comedies de Goldoni*. She continued writing the Poems before mentioned, and began to answer the Letters written by Madame de Almane, as mentioned

in

in the third volume, and also took Extracts of what she read.

At fifteen she read *les Synonymes de l'Abbé Girard, la Manière de bien penser dans les ouvrages d'esprit*, one vol. *Reflexions critiques sur la poésie & sur la peinture*, by the Abbé Dubos; *Histoire de Pierre le-Grand*; *Voltaire's Universal History*; *Theatre de Desfontaines*; *Theatre de la Chaussée*; *D. Quichotte*; *la Poétique de Marmontel*; *Hume's History of England*, and the Works of Metastasio in their original languages; and this year she only wrote her Copies with a Master twice a week; she finished the Answers to *Madame d'Alman's Letters*; and made Extracts from the English and Italian Histories. At sixteen she read *Virgil's Æneid* and his *Georgics*, translated by *Monf. l'Abbe de l'Isle*; *Madame Sevigny's Letters*; *Pontaine's Fables*; Translation of the Greek Theatre; *Theatre de Crebillon*, and some detached Pieces, as *Manlius, de la Fosse*; *Ariane*, and the *Comte d'Essex, de Thomas Corneille*; *la Metromanie*; *Ines de Castro*; the Translations of *Plautus* and *Terence*; *Clarissa*, and *Thomson's Works* in English; and *Pasto Fido*, in Italian.—This year *Adelaide* left off writing Copies, and only wrote Extracts, and made Verses. She also began again to compose Answers to the Letters *Madame d'Alman* had written; and in six months she had written forty Answers. At seventeen she read *Voltaire's Ages of Lewis the Fourteenth*, and his *History of Charles the Twelfth*; the Poems of *Madame Des Houlières*; the Works of *Gresset*; *Theatre du Grand Corneille*; *Theatre de Racine*; *Theatre de Voltaire*; *les Sermons de Bourdaloue*; and *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Pamela* in English; with *Ariosto* in Italian. She made Extracts from History, and from *Corneille*; she read *Voltaire's Edition* of the latter, in order to judge

judge of it herself. When she had made her Remarks, Madame d'Almane corrected her opinions, by shewing her *Voltaire's*; at the same time observing, that his were not all equally just. * Between eighteen and nineteen she read *Théâtre de Molière*; *Boileau's Works*; *Regnard*; *Dufron*; the Poems of *J. B. Rousseau* †; *Sermons de Massillon*; with the Spectators in English, and Petrarch in Italian.

After the marriage of *Adelaide*, Madame d'Almane engaged her to continue her reading as usual, which she did at her toilet; and as she received no company at her house for two years after she was married, she had time to pursue her studies from eighteen and a half to twenty years and a half. She read during that time Letters on Education; *Emilius* and *Odyssey*; *Buffon's Natural History*; *Telemachus*, *Flecbier*, *Bossuet*, *Mascaron*: *les Ca-*

* Among others, the criticism on that beautiful imprecation of *Camilla*, in the *Hornes*;—and in that line in *Rodogune* is admirable, because it comes from *Cleopatra*; whose desperate character and motives of action it points out so well: after having heard her say these words: *Fall upon me Heaven, &c. &c.* we are not surpris'd to see her poison herself with a view of being revenged. Take away this single speech of the Play, and the plot, which is the most beautiful of any on the Theatre, would appear no longer probable. The Author of *Zara* ought to feel, better than any one, the superior merit of the above excellent line.—*Osmyn* says, *I am not jealous: Have I ever been so!*—This beautiful piece of oratory, prepares us for every thing: it gives us the character of *Osmyn*; it shows us the unravelling of the plot. Take away this one line from the Play, and the murder of *Zara* would only inspire one with horror and amazement, and the catastrophe would appear no longer probable.

† The great merit of *Rousseau's* Poems depend less on his thoughts than on his harmony. It is necessary to have read a great deal of Poetry in order to taste the beauties of his; and for this reason Madame d'Almane did not hurry herself to give them to her daughter.

racleres de la Bruyere; Rochefoucault's Maxims; and in English Pope's Works, and Locke, including the Iliad of Pope so elegantly translated; with the History of Italy by Guicciardini, and the Works of Dante, in Italian.

From the age of *twenty and a half to twenty-two*, she read *the Pensées de Pascal; Gil Blas; Memoirs of the History of France; Hamilton's Works; Treatise on Wisdom, by Charron; Persian Letters; and l'Esprit des Loix; in English, Milton and Shakespeare, and in Italian, La Jerusalem délivrée.*

At *twenty-two* Madame d'Almane gave her notice of all the New Works which were worth reading; and advised her to read over again the books she had been accustomed to from sixteen to twenty-two; which would last her, with some additional books which it was necessary she should be acquainted with, such as *Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds, ses Discours Academiques*, and some others, till she was seven or eight-and-twenty. This Plan of Study seems to be carried to a great length; yet it does not take in many works of which there are Extracts to be met with in the seven volumes of *Annales des Vertus*; such as the Histories of Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Poland, Turkey, Arabia, and Russia. It is remarkable that this plan of reading, at the beginning, only required half an hour each day; and only three quarters of an hour from the age of thirteen to twenty-two, even supposing they did not read fast. There are only two or three of the Works which are voluminous; and there is not a year where one has more than fifty volumes to read. It must be observed that Plays are read in much less time than other books, because the names of the persons take up a great part of the room.

The studies of *Theodore* were much more ex-

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tensive. Many Latin Books, of which *Adelaide* never read even the translations, as well as many books on Laws and Political Subjects, were comprized in his reading. Yet there was not more time employed on that account. *Theodore*, from the age of sixteen to twenty-two, read every day about two hours and a half. He learned no music nor singing; he did not draw so long at a time as his sister. When the weather was not fit for walking, *Adelaide* amused herself with Embroidery, or other little works of that kind, and *Theodore* read, played at billiards, &c. So that *Theodore* had read infinitely more than *Adelaide*; yet she met with very few women who had so much knowledge as herself, or whose ideas were more clear and just; for she had learned and digested every thing she had read.

A mother, who wishes to adopt this method of studying for her daughter, and who at the same time does not intend her to learn English or Italian, will have very little to alter. It will only be necessary to substitute translations from the principal Works in those languages. Therefore it will only be dispensing with seven books, which are not absolutely necessary to be read, and which *Adelaide* had learned by her Copies from ten years old to thirteen. These books are the Beauties of History; Father's Instructions; Macauley's History; the Travels of Cyrus; Lady M. W. Montague's Letters; The Peruvian Letters; and Goldoni's Comedies. Instead of these, you may take *Modeles Militaires*, in two volumes, *Histoire generale des Voyages*, abridged by Mons. de la Harpe, twenty-one vols.; the Translation of the Fables of Phædrus; and Advice from a Mother to her Daughter, and to her Son, by Madame de Lambert. One may add more

more French Books, if one does not teach them English, because one can read much faster in one's own language, unless one is quite perfect in others, and then it makes little or no difference. But when *Adelaide* read English and Italian, they were not so easy to her as her own tongue; and therefore I have substituted for the foreign Works, more voluminous Works in French.

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*The Author has not entered into particulars relative to the Education of a Prince, because she has written a Comedy on the subject, called *Probus*, or the Governor of a Prince, in her Theatre of Education; and therefore would not repeat herself in this Work.

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. There is a faint, dark smudge or mark near the bottom center of the page. The overall tone is a light, off-white or cream color.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a visible texture and some minor blemishes, including small dark spots and faint smudges, characteristic of old paper. There is no text or other markings on the page.

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